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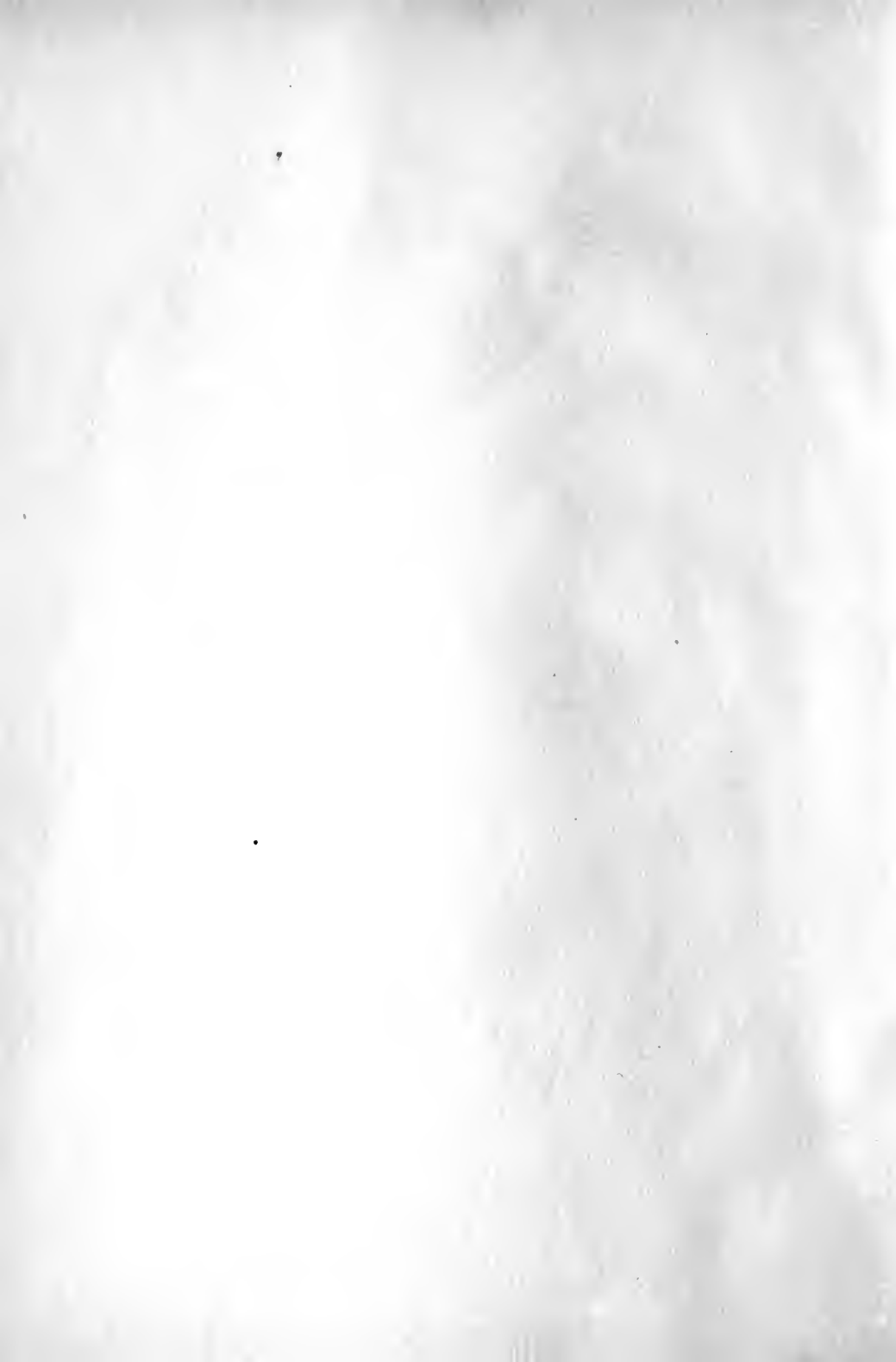
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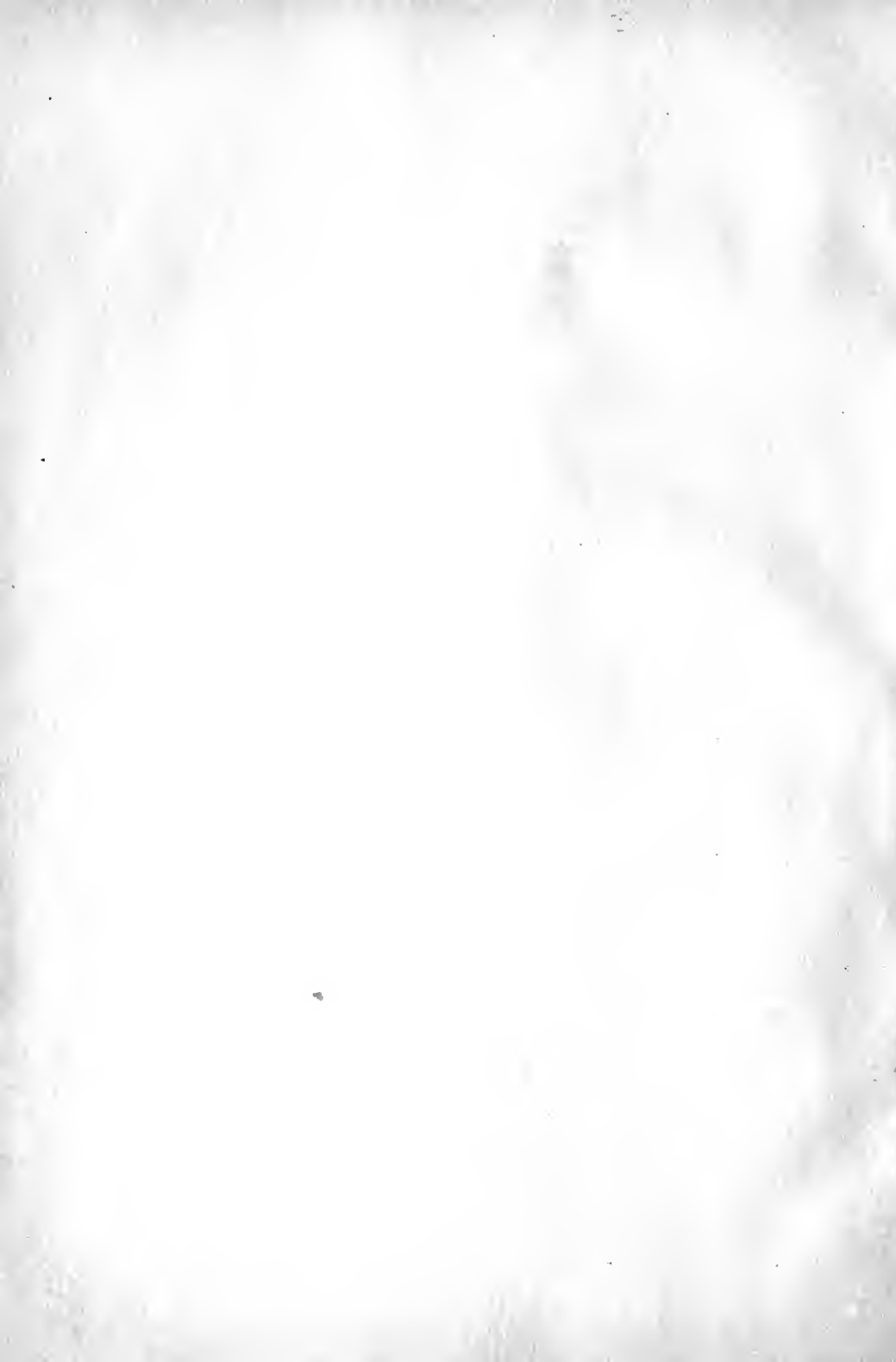
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Publications of the Spenser Society.

*Issue No. 28.*

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# Britain's Remembrancer.

BY

GEORGE WITHER.

*PART I.*

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

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.1880.

# The Spenser Society.

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### *For the First Year 1867-8.*

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2. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio Edition of 1630. *Part I.*

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7. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

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PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,  
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## CONTENTS.

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Britain's Remembrancer *Containing* A *Narration* of the PLAGVE lately past ; A *Declaration* of the MISCHIEFS present ; And a *Prediction* of IVDGMENTS to come ; (If *Repentance* prevent not.) It is *Dedicated* (for the glory of God) to POSTERITIE ; and, to *These Times* (if they please) by GEO: WITHER.

IOB. 32. 8, 9, 10, 18, 21, 22. *Surely, there is a spirit in man ; but the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding. Great men are not alwayes wise, neither doe the aged alway understand judgement. Therefore, I say, heare me, and I will shew also my opinion. For, I am full of matter ; and the spirit within mee compelleth me. I will not accept the person of man, neither will I give flattering titles to man. For, I may not give flattering titles, lest my Maker take me away suddenly.*

Reade all, or censure not : For ; *He that answereth a matter before he heare it, it is shame and folly to him.* PROV. 18. 13.

Imprinted for *Great Britaine*, and are to be sold by JOHN GRISMOND in *Ivie-Lane*. CIO IOCXXVIII.

(*Lowndes*, p. 2965 ; *Hazlitt*, No. 19.)





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# Britain's Remembrancer.

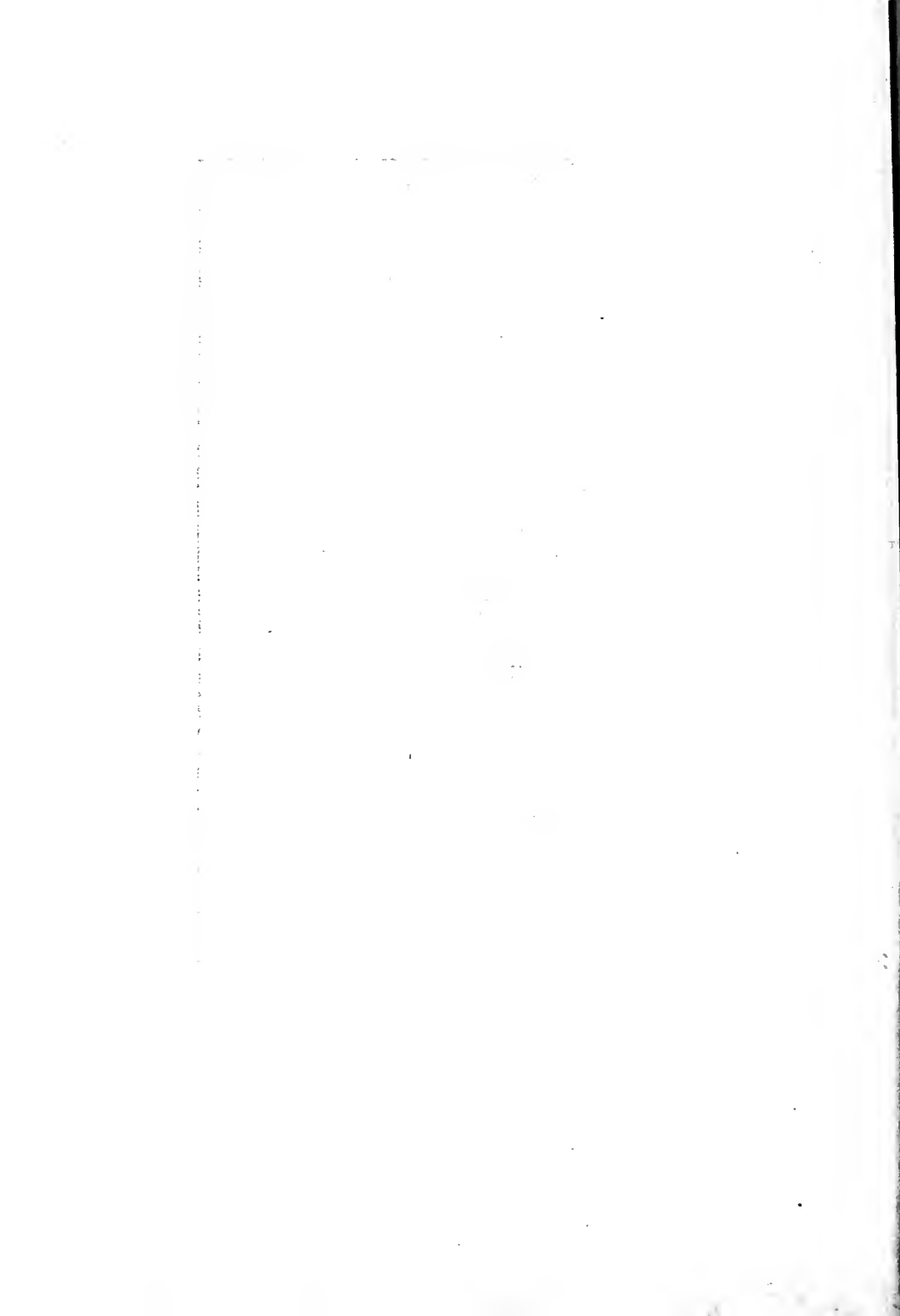
(LOWNDES, p. 2965 ; HAZLITT, No. 19.)

The meaning of the Title page.

**B**Ehold ; and marke ; and mind, ye British Nations,  
*This dreadfull vision of my Contemplations.*  
*Before the Throne of Heav'n, I saw, me thought,*  
*This famous Island into question brought.*  
*With better eares then those my Body beare,*  
*I heard impartiall IUSTICE, to declare*  
*God's Benefits, our Thanklesnesse, and what*  
*Small heed, his Love, or Iudgements here begat.*  
*I view'd eternall MERCIÉ, how she strove*  
*God's just deserved Vengeance to remove.*  
*But, so encrease our Sinnes, and cry'd so loud,*  
*That, at the last, I saw a dismall Cloud*  
*Exceeding blacke, as from the Sea ascending,*  
*And over all this Isle it selfe extending :*  
*With such thicke foggie Vapours, that their steames*  
*Seem'd, for a while, to darken MERCIÉS beames.*  
*Within this fearfull Cloud, I did behold*  
*All Plagues and Punishments, that name I could.*  
*And with a trembling heart, I fear'd each houre,*  
*God would that Tempest on this Island poure.*  
*Yet, better hopes appear'd : for, loe, the Rayes*  
*Of MERCY pierc'd this Cloud, & made such waies*  
*Quite through those Exhalations, that mine eye*  
*Did this Inscription, thereupon espie ;* (said,  
BRITAINÉ'S REMEMBRANCER : &, somewhat  
*These words ( me thought ) The Storme is, yet, delaid,*  
*And if ye doe not penitence defer,*  
*This CLOUD is only, a REMEMBRANCER.*  
*But, if ye still affect impiety,*  
*Expect, e're long, what this may signifie.*  
*This having heard and seene, I thought, nor fit*  
*Nor safe it were, for me to smother it :*  
*And, therefore, both to others eyes, and eares,*  
*Have offred, here, what unto mine appeares.*  
*Iudge as ye please, ye Readers, this, or me :*  
*Truth will be Truth, how e're it censur'd be,*  
GEO: WITHER.



J. W. B. S. G. M. A. N. G. R.



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*Ivie-Lane. cId IdcXXVIII.*



TO  
THE *KINGS* MOST  
EXCELLENT  
MAIESTIE.

Most Royall SIR :

**B***Ecause I doubted who might first peruse,  
These honest Raptures of my sleighted Muse ;  
Observing in the quality of most,  
To passe rash judgements (taken up) on trust ;  
And, that according to the wits of those  
Who censure first, the common Censure goes :  
Perceiving, too, with what oblique aspect,  
Some glaring Comets, on my Lines reflect ;  
Awhile I pawsed, whether trust I might  
My plaine-pace'd Measures to their partiall sight,  
Who may upon them (e're you reade them) seize,  
And comment on my Text, as they shall please,  
Or sleight, or scoffe ; such men were knowne to me ;  
And being loth, they first of all should be  
My Iudges ; here, I offer to your eye  
The prime perusall of this Poesie.*

*For, minding well what hopes I have of You ;  
What course, my Fortunes urge me to pursue ;  
What blurres, good Studies by those Fooles have got,  
Who sleight desert, because they know it not ;  
What freedome Nature gives to ev'y soule,  
To speake just things, to Kings, without controule ;  
How farre from noble, and from wise they be,  
Who disallow the Muses should be free ;*

A 2

*How*

To the KING.

*How eas'd we are, when we our minds disclose ;  
What profit from our honest boldnesse flowes ;  
What Resolutions I have made mine owne,  
And what good cause there is to make them knowne :  
All this well weighing, with some Reasons moe  
( Which usefull are for none but me to know )  
I did not feare these Poems forth to bring,  
To bide, at first, the censure of a King.  
And loe, on milke white paper wings they flye,  
Reade they that list, when you have laid them by.*

*But, SIR, I humbly pray you ; let not fall  
Your Doome, till you have read, and read it all :  
For, he that shall by fragments this peruse,  
Will wrong himselfe, the Matter, and the Muse.  
Although a tedious Worke it may appeare,  
You shall not wholly lose your labour here.  
For, though some heedlesse Courtiers censure may  
That on this Booke your time were cast away,  
I know it may your spirits recreate,  
Without disturbing your affaires of State ;  
And, with more usefull things acquaint your eares,  
Then twenty hundred thousand tales of theirs.  
You also know, that well it fits a King,  
To heare such Messages, as now I bring.  
And, that in doing so, to take some pleasure,  
Great Monarchs thought it just to be at leasure.*

*Long since, I have elected you to be  
Mœcenas, to my Muses, and to me,  
And if my hopes in you shall be bereft me,  
I have no other hopes in this kind left me ;  
Nor any purpose, whatsoever come,  
To seeke another Patron, in your roome.*

*Nor seeke I now, that I from you may gaine,  
What, other times I covet for my paine.*

*Nor*



*Nor for because my heart hath any doubt,  
That I shall need a Friend to beare me out  
Against the fury or the fraud of those,  
That openly, or secretly, oppose  
Such Works; For, He that me to this doth call,  
Shall save me harmlesse, or I meane to fall.  
Not that I sleight your favour, speake I this;  
(For deare and precious to my soule it is)  
But rather, that the world may know and see,  
How him I trust that hath inspired me.*

*(Though some suppose I may) I do not feare,  
As many would, if in my case they were.  
I doe not feare the World deprive me can  
Of such a mind, as may become a Man;  
(What ever outward miseries betide)  
For, God will Meanes, or Fortitude provide.  
I doe not feare (unlesse I merit blame)  
That any one hath pow'r to worke my shame:  
Since they who causlesly my Name shall spot,  
Reproach themselves; but me disparage not.  
And, sure I am, though many seeke to spight me,  
That ev'ry Dog which barketh cannot bite me.  
I oft have lookt on Death, without dismay,  
When many thousands he hath swept away  
On ev'ry side; and from him have not stirr'd  
One foot, when he most terrible appear'd.  
I know of Want the utmost discontents;  
The cruelty of Close-imprisonments;  
The bitterneffe of Slanders and Disgrace,  
In private corners, and in publike place:  
I have sustain'd already, whatsoever  
Despight can adde, to wrong a good endeavor:  
And, am become so hopelesse of procuring  
True Peace, (but by a peaceable enduring)*

A 3

That,

To the KING.

*That, what remains to suffer shall be borne :  
And, to repine at Fortune, I will scorne.*

*I doe not feare the frownes of mighty men,  
Nor in Close-prison to be lodg'd agen :  
For, Goods, Life, Freedome, Fame, and such as those,  
Are things which I may often gaine or lose,  
At others pleasures : and, o're much to prise  
What Man may take, or give, I much despise.*

*I am not fearfull, as (I heare) are some,  
What of the Times, now present, will become :  
For, God to prosper them empling still,  
I fearlesly attend upon his will ;  
And am assur'd, by many Prefidents,  
That like proceedings will have like events.*

*I doe not feare those Criticks of your Court,  
That may my good intentions misreport ;  
Or say it mis-beseemeth me to dare  
With such bold language to salute your eare :  
For, as I know your Greatnesse, I have knowne  
What freedoms on the Muses are bestowne ;  
And, that their Servants should not whine like those  
Who are your daily Orators in prose.*

*I feare not any man that would abuse,  
Or in her lawfull flights affront my Muse,  
Because, perhaps, exceptions may be tooke  
Against some passage in the following Booke.  
For, she to none hath purposed abuse,  
And, therefore, needs nor shelter, nor excuse.  
And when she pleaseth, she hath meanes to fray  
Those Buzzards, that would interrupt her way .  
She dares not onely, Hobby-like, make wing  
At Dorrs and Butterflies : but also spring  
Those Fowles that have beene slowne at yet by none,  
Evn those, whom our best Hawks turne taile upon.*

*Not*

*Not only at Crowes, Ravens, Dawes, and Kites,  
 Rookes, Owles, or Cuckowes, dare she make her flights,  
 At wily Magpies, or the Iay that vaunts  
 In others Plumes; or, greedy Cormorants;  
 Or those, who being of the Kastrell-kinde,  
 Vnworthily aspire, and fan the winde  
 For aerie Titles; or, the Birds men rate  
 Above their value, for their idle prate.  
 At Wag tailes, busie Titmife, or such like;  
 But, with her pounces, them dares also strike  
 That furnish Courtly Tables. As, our Gull,  
 A bird much found among the Worshipfull.  
 Our Dottrells, which are caught by imitation.  
 Our Woodcocks, shadowing out that foolish Nation,  
 Who hide their heads, and thinke secure they be,  
 When they themselves their dangers doe not see.  
 Our strutting Peacokes, whose harsh voice doth show,  
 That some sharpe stormy windes will shortly blow.  
 Our Herneshawes, slicing backward filth on those,  
 Whose worths they dare not openly oppose.  
 Our traiterous Mallards, which are fed and taught,  
 To bring in other wilde-fooles, to be caught.  
 Those Fowles, that in their over-daring pride,  
 Forget their breed, and will be Eglifide.  
 Our British Barnacles, that are a dish  
 That can be termed neither flesh nor fish.  
 Ev'n these, or any Fowle, she durst surprize,  
 If they dare crosse her, when to check she flies.*

*Or, if that any one shall doe us wrong,  
 Who for our mounting Falcons is too strong;  
 I can unkennell such an eager packe  
 Of deep-mouth'd Hounds, that they afraid shall make  
 Our sternest Beasts of prey, and cunning'st Vermine,  
 Ev'n from the Fox-fur, to the spotted Ermine.*

A 4

In

To the KING.

*In plainer termes ; if any shall oppose  
My Muse, when in a lawfull path she goes,  
She will not much be startled ; but, goe neare  
To tell them what they would be loth to heare.  
She's none of those that spew out railing Rimes ;  
Against some publike persons of the Times,  
Through spleene or envy ; then, for feare, or shame,  
Divulge them to the world without a Name ;  
Or hide their heads. Nor can those threats (that fright  
Such Libellers) compell her not to write,  
Vnlesse she please : for, she doth know her Warrants,  
And sends her Messengers on lawfull arrants.  
She utters Truth ; ev'n that, which well she knowes  
Becomes her, at this present, to disclose.  
That call'd she was, to make this Declaration,  
She stands assured ; and of that vocation  
Such testimonies hath, that I despise  
His judgement who the pow'r thereof denies.  
For, yours I doubt not, and if pleas'd you are,  
For what mans censure living need I care ?  
No such like pannick feare affrighteth her,  
As that which doth her enemies deterre.  
But, if she list, in spite of all the rage,  
(And all the bitter malice of this age)  
She dares reprove, and vexe the proudest of them,  
Who her, and her endeavors doe contemne ;  
And set (who e're they be) her markes on those  
Who Vertue, in her honest course oppose.  
Yea, them shee'll make, whom selfe-conceit besots,  
Distrust, that we discry their secret'st plots,  
And may at pleasure, lay to open view,  
Both what they purpose, and what shall ensue  
On their vaine Projects ; though when they begun them,  
They placed many veiles, and maskes, upon them.*

S I R,

*S I R, no such Toyes as those doe make me fearfull,  
Nor of their hate or favour am I carefull.  
For shelter therefore, this I brought not hither,  
Nor am I hopefull, or desirous either,  
To compasse any private profit by it,  
Or, to my person any praise, or quiet.  
For, I can hope for nothing, till I seee,  
The World, and my deservings better be.*

*And, howsoever I am, now and then,  
As foolish in my hopes as other men;  
Yet, at this present, (and at ev'ry season,  
In which my oft weake eyes of Faith and Reason  
Vnclosed are) me thinks, those things, in which  
The world appeares most glorious, and most rich;  
Are no more worthy of my serious hopes,  
Then Railes, Pot-guns, or the Schoole-boyes Tops.*

*If God will give me bread but for to day,  
(And, but my foule vouchsafe me for a prey)  
Twixt him and me, there shall be no conditions  
For worldly honours, or for large possessions:  
For, (as long since an Hebrew Prophet said,  
When such like times, as these, had much dismayd  
His fearfull Scribe) Is this a time for me  
To seeke preferment, or made rich to be?  
No, no; for, if these dayes continue such  
As now they be, each Groome will have as much  
As hath his Lord; and difference will be small  
Betwixt the richest and the poor'st of all.*

*There are enough already, who desire  
To riches, and high places to aspire.  
There be great numbers, who will projects bring you,  
And Bookes, and Tales; and Songs, it may be, sing you,  
For, their owne profit: but, there want of those,  
That would their honors, or their livings lose,*

A 5

Or

To the KING.

*Or hazard their preferments, to declare  
Those Truths, that worthy of disclosing are.  
Yet, that is all (Dread Sovereigne) I have fought,  
In tendring you these Lines that I have brought.  
And, that by my example, others may  
Take heart to speake what they are bound to say.  
I know, the ods is more then ten to three,  
That for this boldnesse most will censure me  
As mad or foolish : and, my best reward  
Will be this comfort, that I boldly dar'd  
To speake the needfull Truth, at such a time,  
In which the bravest vertue seemes a crime.*

*I doe expect this wise-appearing age  
Should at the freedome of my Poeme rage,  
And, that some witty Scorners should abuse  
With taunting Epithites, my honest Muse ;  
As if she were produce'd by Chymistry,  
Of Salt and Sulphur, without Mercury.  
But, I am prooffe against their flashy stufte ;  
And for their scornings I have scorne enough.*

*I looke our Politicians should defame  
My Straines, by censuring them to be to blame,  
Or over busie. But, my seeming folly  
May make some Readers strive to be more holy,  
Then heretofore : yea, some who thinke they know  
Enough already ; shall more prudent grow  
By This. And I am willing to be thought  
A foole, that they more wisedome may be taught.*

*Yet, I confesse, that lately when I saw  
This course, did hate, and wants upon me draw,  
And that, without a Second, I was faine  
The waight of all my troubles to sustaine ;  
I halfe resolv'd, that I would speake no more  
So plaine, against Abuse, as heretofore ;*

*And*

*And (thinking I had ventur'd well for one)  
Did meane to leave the World her course to run :  
Nay, from good words (although it was a paine)  
I fully was resolv'd to refraine.*

*But, when I silence kept, my heart became  
As hot within me, as a fiery flame,  
Yea, like new wine, in vessels wanting vent,  
My thoughts did swell my brest to be unpent ;  
And, at the last, I empti'd with my quill  
A veine, which did the following Volume fill ;  
Supposing by the publike Presse to send it,  
To them, for whose Remembrance I intend it.*

*But, they who keepe the passage, back did thrust it  
Before perusall ; and, (belike) distrust it,  
Because my name it cary'd, to be such  
As might upon their friends too neerely touch.  
For, some of them have said ; that were my writing  
As true as that of holy Iohns inditing,  
They would not licence it : so fearfull are  
These guilty Times the voice of Truth to heare.*

*When therefore, I had this my Offring brought,  
And laid it at their doore ; a while I thought  
My selfe discharged : but, my Conscience said,  
My worke was lost, and still my vow unpaid,  
Till I had practis'd ev'ry likely way,  
To tell the Message which I had to say.  
And, since the common way it might not passe,  
To bring it by your Gate, resolv'd I was.*

*My first determining of such a thing,  
Did many severall doubts upon me bring.  
One while I doubted, that those fooles who mock  
At piety, would make a laughing-stock  
Of this and me : and say (with some disdain)  
That I would make my selfe a Prophetaine :*

*And*

To the KING.

*And puffed with selfe conceit, had penn'd a Story  
For private ends, and for mine owne vaine glory.  
Or, that with pride and arrogance deluded,  
I had upon undecent things intruded.*

*Another while I doubted some would prate,  
That these my Lines dishonored the State,  
And on the Government aspersions laid;  
As of their warnings oft the Iewes have said.*

*Sometime I feared, all my words would make  
But few or none the better heed to take.  
Because I reade, that many a Prophet spoke,  
What, small effect within his life time tooke,  
Except, in aggravating of abuses,  
And leaving them the more without excuses.*

*Sometime againe, I feared lest if You  
Referring this my Poem to their view  
Who misconceive it may, (and trusting them  
In censuring, who causelessly condemne  
Men innocent) might, by that evill chance  
Be wrong'd; and suffer for their ignorance.  
Thus Kings are often injur'd: and, some perish  
In their dislike, whom they are bound to cherish.*

*I saw, moreover, that my Foes, of late,  
Had so much wronged me in my estate,  
By needlesse charge, and causelesse hindring me,  
From those due profits, which my Portion be;  
That to recover them, (and to pursue  
My lawfull right) I have no meanes but you,  
And your just favour. Which, if I should misse,  
(By giving to your eare distast in this)  
My adversaries would prevaile, I thought,  
And, my disgrace, and ruine would be wrought.*

*These carnall doubts, and many other such,  
Against my Reason did prevaile so much,*

*That*



*That I was half afraid to venture on  
In that, which ought with courage to be done.  
But, whilst I stagger'd, and began to stay,  
Me thought, within me, somewhat thus did say.*

Bafe *Coward*; hath God's love so many dayes,  
To thee appeared; and so many wayes?  
Hast thou so often felt, what thou dost know,  
From nothing, but the pow'r of God can flow?  
Hath he so plainly told thee, with what wiles,  
The foolish *world*, her selfe, and those beguiles  
That harken to her? Hath he made thee see  
How little harme, her spight can do to thee?  
Nay, hath he pleased bin to bring unto thee,  
Great profits, by those injuries men doe thee.  
And, shall the feare but of a paltry scoffe,  
From that which he appointeth, beat thee off?  
Hath he so often kept thee from disgrace,  
And fed and cloth'd thee, meerely of his grace,  
That thou shouldst now distrust he will deceive thee,  
And, when he sends thee on his *Message*, leave thee,  
Without those necessities, which pertaine  
To those who in his *Service* doe remaine?

Hath he no meanes to bring thee fit supplies,  
But such as thine owne wisdom can devise?  
Hath God destroy'd so many of thy *hopes*,  
And dost thou build them still on carnall props?  
Didst thou so many times, in secret, vow  
Affiance in his promises? and, now  
Hast thou no surer helps to trust unto,  
Then *Kings* and *Princes*? And, as others doe  
(Who have not thy experience) dost thou shrink  
As soone as any outward *Stay* doth sinke?  
Wouldst thou thy God displease, to keepe a friend,  
Perhaps in vaine, for some poore temporall end?

Is't

To the KING.

Is't now a *Season* (when the *Lands* transgressions  
Have shaken all) to settle thy *Possessions* ?  
When all the Towne about thee is on fire,  
Wouldst thou go build thy straw clad Cottage hyer ?  
Well ; take thy course. Yet, know, if thou forbear  
What now thy Conscience bids thee to declare,  
Thy foolish *Hope* shall faile thee, ne're the lesse ;  
Thy wrongfull suffering shall have no redresse ;  
Thou shalt have greater wants then pinch thee yet ;  
New sorrowes, and disgraces, thou shalt get  
In stead of helpe ; and, which is worst of all,  
A guilty *Conscience*, too, torment thee shall.

Then, be adviced, and proceed to do  
That lawfull *AET*, thy heart enclines unto ;  
And, be thou sure, that God will make thee strong  
Against the violence of ev'ry wrong.  
Be stout ; and though all persons through the *Land*,  
Ev'n *Prince* and *People* both, should thee withstand,  
Their opposition nothing harme thee shall ;  
But, thou shalt bide them like a brazen wall ;  
And if thou suffer persecutions flame,  
Thou shalt be but refined in the same.

*Such thoughts were whisper'd in me. And though some  
May think them vaine suggestions, flowing from  
Dislemper'd Fancy ; I dare boldly say,  
They lye : And, I their motives doe obey.  
All doubts, and feares, and stops, are broken through,  
And loe (Dread Sov'raigne) I have brought to you  
( In all humilitie ) my selfe and these  
My honest and my just REMEMBRANCES :  
To passe, for those, to whom they appertaine ;  
Or, here for my discharging to remaine.  
God is already angry ( I'me afraid )  
Because this duty I so long delaid.*

*And*

*And, stand, or fall, now I have reacht thereto,  
I would not, for the world, it were to do.*

*Good SIR, reject it not, although it bring  
Appearances of some fantasticke thing,  
At first unfolding: for, those Mysteries  
Which we most honor, and most highly prize,  
Doe seeme to be but foolishnesse to some.  
And, when our sin to any height is come,  
It brings a height of folly, which oft makes  
That course to seeme uncomely, that God takes  
For our reproofe, (and chiefly) if it cary  
The shew of any way not ordinary.  
Which (out of doubt) is requisite, when sin  
That's extraordinary breaketh in.*

*Beleeve not those, who reasons will invent,  
To make this Volume seeme impertinent:  
For, what is more of moment, then a story  
Which mentioneth to God Almightyes glorie,  
His Iudgements, and his Mercies? and doth show  
Those things that may prevent our overthrow?  
Sure, nothing is more worthy of regard:  
And, though a foolish tale be sooner heard,  
Yet, in respect thereof, the gloriousst things,  
That stand upon record of earthly Kings,  
Appeare to me as vaine, as large discourses  
Of childish May games, and of Hobby-horses.*

*Give eare to none, I pray you, who shall seeke  
To move, within your Highnesse, a dislike  
To my unusuall boldnesse, or my phrase:  
For, who doth listen to an honest cause  
In these regardlesse times, unlesse it be  
So dress'd, as if it seem'd to say; Come see  
What's here to do. Men's wits are false asleepe;  
And, if I doe not some strange rumbling keepe,*

*(That*

TO the KING.

*(That is not lookt for) they no heed will take,  
Of what I say, how true soe're I speake.*

*I know there be Occasions, Times, and Causes,  
Which doe require soft words, and lowly Phrases:  
And, then, like other men, I teach my Muse  
To speake such language as my neighbours use.*

*But, there are also Times which will require,  
That we should with our Numbers mingle fire:  
And, then I vent bold words; that You, and They  
Who come to heare them, take occasion may  
To aske or to examine, what's the matter,  
My Verse speakes tartly, when most Writers flatter.  
For, by that meanes, you may experience'd grow  
In many things which else you should not know.*

*My Lines are loyall, though they bold appeare:  
And though, at first, they make some Readers feare  
I want good manners; yet, when they are weigh'd,  
It will be found that I have nothing said,  
In manner, or in matter worthy blame,  
If they alone shall judge me for the same,  
Who know true Vertues language; and how free  
From glozing termes, her Servants use to be.*

*Though bold I seeme to some, that Cowards are,  
Yet, you I hope, shall finde, I neither dare  
Things that or needlesse be, or desperate;  
Or, that I covet to be wondred at  
Among those fooles, who love to heare it said,  
That they to breake their necks were not afraid.  
For, as a Seaman, when the Mast he climbs,  
Is safe enough, though he in danger seemes  
To some beholders: So, although that Path,  
In which I tread, a shew of perill hath  
To those who see not what fast hold I take,  
My standing will be firme, when theirs doth shake.*

*And*

*And, if I fall, I fall not by this Act,  
But, by their malice, who dislike the Fa<sup>ct</sup>.*

*Heed none I pray, that hath so little shame,  
To say these times are not so much to blame  
As I have made them seeme: for, worse they are  
Then I have yet exprested them, by far.  
And, much I feare, that they who most defend them,  
Will make them to be worse, before they mend them.*

*Nor doubt you, Royall SIR, that from the story  
Of your just raigne, or from your future glory,  
It ought shall derogate, to heare it told,  
Such evils, whilst you raigned, were contrould.  
For, we doe reade, that Kings who pious were,  
Had wicked Subjects. And, beside, you are  
So late enthroned, that your government  
Could little in so small a time augment  
Their being good or ill: But, you shall gaine  
The greater glory, if you can restraine  
(And keepe from growing worse) a time, become  
So grossely wicked, and so troublesome.*

*If any other way my Verse be wronged,  
By Readers ill advis'd, or evill tongued,  
Vouchsafe to spare your censure, till you heare  
What just replies to their Objections are.  
Or, if that any to disparage this,  
To you, shall of my life report amisse;  
Reject their scandals (for your owne deare sake)  
And let them no impressions on you make.  
For, evill tongues sometimes will set their slings  
Vnjustly, on the sacred name of Kings;  
Much more on mine. But, for my owne repute,  
So carefull am I not to make this sute,  
But for my Muses honor. For, in all  
My outward actions, I dare boldly call*

*Your*

To the KING.

*Your strictest Lawes to censure me. And what  
I am to God, it may be guessed at,  
But rightly knowne, to none but him, and me.  
And, though from outward scapes I stand not free,  
Yet, let this Message her due merit win :  
For, Gods most holy Prophets had their sin.  
As in a Glasse, here may you, by reflection,  
Behold (without the hazard of infection)  
The horrid Pestilence in her true forme,  
Which in your Kingdome did so lately storme ;  
And is so soone forgotten, that I erre,  
Vnlesse there needeth a REMEMBRANCER.*

*Hereby, succeeding Times, in such like terrors,  
May learne to see and to prevent some errors.  
Here, understand you may (without false gloze)  
What heretofore your people did suppose  
Of You : Their hopes before your Coronation,  
And what hath beene since then their expectation,  
Here, you may partly see, what you of them  
May hope : what you should cherish or condemne.  
Here, view you may (before too far they steale)  
The sicknesses of Church and Commonweale :  
What brings upon your Person, and the State,  
Such care, and so much trouble as of late :  
What marres your Counsels, and what undermines  
Your most approved and most wise designs :  
What makes your Armes your Vertues, & your Friends  
So little helpfull to your pious ends :  
What makes your Fleets returne without successe ;  
What breedeth doubtings and unfetlednesse  
In weighty matters ; and whence discord springs  
Among the People, and twixt them and Kings.  
And, if it well observed be, perchance,  
What seemes to most a trifling circumstance,*

*Shall*

*Shall of it selfe informe, or else prepare  
To signifie those things that weightiest are:  
For, they who can my Muses reach discern  
Shall find, that what most think doth but concerne  
My person onely; may to that conduce,  
Which serves to publike, and to private use.*

*Moreover, this Remembrancer doth show,  
To what the folly of these times will grow;  
And, what in future daies will surely fall  
If we our courses long continue shall.*

*He, lastly doth declare the certaine way,  
By which, ensuing harmes prevent we may;  
Take off the skars, our passed sins have given,  
And, make our present peace with earth and heaven.*

*Deare SIR; as you your honor do respect  
For times to come: as you do now affect  
Your present comforts, and those hopes that are  
The pledges of that Crowne, you looke to weare,  
(When you must leave that golden Crowne of thornes,  
Which paines your head, as much as it adorne)  
Give heed to these Remembrances: Command them  
To passe, in spite of such as would withstand them.  
Doe you reforme, according to your pow'rs.*

*In ev'ry quarter of this Ile of yours,  
Give way to Reformation. In the Crimes,  
And many crying sins, of these lowd times,  
Be you no partner, by conniving at  
Their Aëtors; or, discountenancing that  
Which may disable them to tyrannize;  
Who will to hide old sinnes, new faults devise.  
And, doe not for some few reserve that eare,  
Which should the suit of ev'ry Subject heare.*

*But, as you have beene, yet (and as I trust  
You shall continue) be in all things just;*

*And*

## TO the KING.

*And as upright, as him it may besit,  
Who doth in place of God Almighty sit;  
That you and yours, may still in safety stand,  
What plague soever fall upon the Land.*

*And, let not my Petition be condemn'd,  
As over bold; or my advice contemn'd.  
Because a man despised gives the same;  
For, seldome hitherto, a Message came  
From God, on such occasions, but some one  
In outward show, scarce worthy thinking on,  
Was made the Messenger. All heav'nly graces  
Are not intail'd on men of highest places:  
Nor is all that which ev'ry Prelate jayes,  
To be believ'd as Gospell, now adayes.*

*God still (as heretofore) calls vulgar men  
To speake his will to Princes, now and then:  
Yea, to delude the World, or to deride  
Her arrogant vaine glory, and her pride,  
God checks her oft, by those of whom we see  
She most of all disdaines reprov'd to be:  
That, so, her loftinesse he may debase,  
And to the lowly minded shew his grace.*

*It peradventure may be thought I come  
With nothing else but gleanings, gathered from  
The common Rumors, (which I faine would strow  
Abroad againe, to publish what I know)  
But, let men judge their pleasures: I am free  
From those poore ends; and, so still hope to be.*

*In this, I mov'd not, of mine owne intent,  
Nor am I, SIR, by any Mortall sent:  
More strong is my Commission. And, what e're  
It seemes to those who unacquainted are  
With Gods Characters, and his Privie seale,  
The Times to come shall openly reveale*



*What these perceive not ; and, it shall be seene,  
That I have warrantably called beene.*

*Meane time my Conscience, knowes I have not run  
With rashnesse into that which I have done ;  
But, rather that I maugre mine owne will,  
Was rouzed up, and spurred onward still,  
In this performance ; when my Cowardice,  
My Sloth, my Pleasure, or my Avarice,  
Or worldly Policies, their baits did lay,  
To tempt and draw my heart another way.  
Yea, so untoward was I to conforme  
My Will, this uncouth Action to performe,  
That, many times I quite gave off to doe  
What I had vowed, and set hand unto.*

*For, had not God by terrors, wants, distractions,  
And crossing all those temporall hopes and actions  
Which I attempted, since I first began  
This taske : or, if he had not now and then  
Among those lashes, mixed comfortings,  
And apprehensions of diviner things  
Then flesh and blood informeth (as, no doubt,  
This Booke will prove to some who reade it out)  
I neither should have knowne what I have told,  
Nor dared in these times to be so bold.*

*For, when the World can tempt me for a day,  
To cast such Meditations quite away,  
(And plod, as others doe, in her affaires,)  
My Courage, and my Comforts, it impaires.  
And, if I happen then, to over-looke  
Some passages in this ensuing Booke,  
I wonder at their boldnesse, just as much,  
As he, whose heart had never such a touch :  
And, till by reading them, new fire I take,  
My owne Expressions, me doe fearfull make.*

*Yet,*

To the KING.

*Yet, here are poore and slender things, to that  
Which of these Times, time comming will relate :  
For though my Fortune hath obscured me,  
Yet in all matters might it fitting be  
For me to speake my knowledge of those things  
Which to my care and eye, Occasion brings,  
So many sad relations I could make,  
That every honest Readers heart would ake ;  
And think this Nation foolish, (if not mad)  
Or, that all Reason quite forsooke us had.  
Yea, had I meanes to prove to ev'ry man,  
What to my owne experience prove I can ;  
Or were it meet, in publike to declare  
All things which knowne, and unconsidered are ;  
My Muse would make, perhaps ev'n those to grieve,  
(And tremble too) who doe nor yet beleeeve,  
Nor care to know how desprately diseas'd  
This Land is growne. How ever they are pleas'd  
Who have distemper'd it ; to you I trust  
I shall not be distastfull, that I must  
Dilate my minde a little, in such wise,  
That you may see how sicke your Kingdome lies.  
For, that alone which fits me to disclose,  
And what's already knowne to friends and foes  
My Verse discouers. Yea what to conceale  
More harmes, then profiteth your Commonweale,  
Is here in part commemoriz'd, to show  
That we consider not the things we know.  
And, if I shall miscarie for declaring  
These needfull Truths, (and, for this honest daring)  
A rush I care not. For, I'de rather die  
Alone, before those dayes of misery  
That seeme to be approaching (and for saying  
What (being heeded) might procure the slaying*

*Of*

*Of universall Plagues) then live and perish  
With fooles, who doe themselves for slaughter nourish.*

*I am no Statesman, neither (by pretence  
Of having gotten large intelligence)  
Would I insinuate for more esteeme  
Then I deserve; or, to deserve may seeme.  
But, being set on such a middling height,  
Where I (by God's permission) have the sight  
Of many things (which they shall never see  
Who far above, or far below me be)  
What I observe, I ponder, and compare;  
And, what I thinke may profit, I declare.*

*I therefore hope, what e're the person seeme,  
The matter shall procure it selfe esteeme:  
And, make this age to know, there's majesty  
In simplest Truth; and such authority  
As will command regard, though want it shall  
Those glorious garbs which falshood jets withall.*

*I hope to see all Vertue shine in You;  
And that your good example will renue  
Decaying Piety. I likewise hope  
That these Remembrances shall find no stop  
By your appointment, nor by any pow'r  
Which taketh her authority from your.  
For, when it shall be seene, that you give way  
To publish This: your people justly may,  
(And will) affirme, that you are still the same  
They hoped of you: that you also blame  
As much as any, what disordered is;  
And, that you seeke to mend what's found amisse:  
Yea, they that else will storme and vexe to see  
My Lines, thus bold, will calme and quiet be.*

*However, I have said, and, I have done;  
Let what God pleaseth follow thereupon.*

*My*

## To the KING.

*My heart is fixed ; and I up have taken  
Those Resolutions, that will stand unshaken,  
( I trust ) though Earth should sinke, and all the Spheares  
Come thundring downe in flames about my eares.*

*Which Hopes of mine, some will, perchance deride,  
And foole themselves, to see my patience tride  
By what they can inflict, ( unlesse you slay  
That rage, to which my Verse provoke them may )  
But, see your Honour be not wronged by it,  
And, let them doe their worst ; for I desie it :  
Because I know, what e're the spight of man,  
Against this Poeme, speake or practise can,  
It shall continue, when all those be rotten,  
Or live with infamy, or dye forgotten,  
Who shall oppose it. I moreover know,  
That, dead, or living, I esteem'd shall grow,  
For what they blame. That Genius tells me this,  
Which never yet perswaded me amisse,  
And, I beleeeve him : Else let me become  
Of all as scorn'd, as I am now of some.  
Yea, if they ever drive me to repent,  
That honest minde with which I under-went  
This Labour ; Let the wishes of my Foes  
Befall me, and let ev'ry one of those  
Who either heare me nam'd in future ages,  
Or shall perceive, I fail'd in my Presages,  
Be bold to say, my heart was never right,  
But, that I liv'd and di'de an H Y P O C R I T E*

Your Majesties most loyall Subject,

and most humble Servant

GEO: WITHER.

### *A Premonition.*

**S**Tay *Reader*, and take a few lines by way of *prevention*: For, though in meere temporall endeavors, I observe with *Solomon*, that *The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor bread to the wise, nor riches to men of understanding, nor favour to men of skill, but that time and chance commeth to all*; yet, I know every man is to prosecute likely meanes of convenient things. And, though *Ignorance* waxeth so arrogant, and *Art* so envious, that after much paines in some good performance, wee must otherwhile take as much more to prevent misconstructions (and thinke our selves well rewarded, if at last we may escape without a mischief) yet, since it is the common lot, I will beare it patiently, and seeke to avoyd as many inconveniences as I may.

It is impossible to prevent all: for, some out of meere malice practise the disparagement of every labour whereby the glory of God may seeme to bee advanced; and if on the *Worke* they cannot fasten their *Detractions*, then they will, to disable it, vilifie the person of the *Author*. This was the conspiracy of the *Jewes* against *Jeremy*, (*Come (said they) let us devise device against him, let us smite him with the tongue, and let us not give heed to any of his words.*) And this way also in so violent a manner have I beene persecuted, as if my Disgrace might advance the publike Honour.

Against my *MOTTO*, though (as I forespake) it redounded to their owne shame, so raged my Adversaries, that not content with my personal troubles, they sought the disparagement of that Booke, by a libellous answer thereunto: wherein, I was used as most writers of *Controversies*, in these dayes, use each other: To wit, they objected what I never thought,

B

and

### *A Premonition.*

and then made replies to their owne devices : which being finished, was imprinted with an inscription falsly charging me, with labouring to stay the publication thereof ; and then also, it was very gloriously fixed on the gate of my lodging, as if it had been some bill of *Triumph*. But, it proved a ridiculous *Pamphlet*, and became more losse and disgrace unto the divulgers thereof, then I desired ; and, none thought the worfe of me or that *Booke* for those *Invectives*, save they onely, whose commendations would be more dishonor to me, then their dispraise.

Hereby, therefore, I seeke not so much to prevent the like injury to my person, as to remove those occasions of prejudice, which scandalous censures may raise in some other, who might else, perhaps, receive the more profit from this *REMEMBRANCE*: And what I will say to that purpose shall bee very briefe.

First (in regard my ayme in this *Poeme*, is chiefly God's glory, and the welfare of this *Church* and *Commonwealth*) I desire I may not be traduced, though I have here and there inferred some lighter expressions, then seeme at first view to become the gravity of the *Subject*: For, (considering the common vanity, and how tedious matters of most consequence are unto some eares) it is necessary, and by good authority warrantable, to make use of all indifferent meanes, to worke on humane infirmities, for our hearers profit.

Secondly, I request that wherein I differ from the vulgar Tenets, I may not rashly be reprov'd ; but that my affirmations, may with all their due circumstances, be first weigh'd : For, otherwhile there is just occasion to hyperbolize. And, as he that rec-  
tifying

### *A Premonition.*

tifying a crooked staffe, bends it somewhat on the other side: so, in many cases, we are constrained to urge that which appeares over much on the right hand, before those who are too far on the left hand, will beleieve they are ought awry. Thus did the *Fathers* of the *Church* when they had to doe with some *Heretikes*, and have beene thereby mis-understood, and mis-censured by heedlesse Readers. In the same manner have my writings beene abused; yea, my hearers have beene so hasty, that had I not explained my selfe to be of their opinion, within some few lines after, doubtlesse they would have robbed me of my owne meaning. But, they who well heed what I affirme or deny, will finde (I hope) that I keepe a midling path betwixt extreames.

If any conceive (as I heare they doe) that I did unwisely to remaine in *London* during the great *Mortality*, here memorized, let them peruse the third *Canto*, and they shall there see, what *Motives* and what warrant I had for so doing. I think it will satisfie them; for, so well it satisfied me, that (whatsoever others may imagine) I know it had beene better I should have perished in that *sicknesse*, then to have had a heart disobedient to such *motions*.

If any taxe me for inferring so many Lines concerning my owne thoughts and resolutions; let them consider what use some Readers may make by application to themselves; by having my inward conflicts for their examples; and by seeing also what necessities there were for me to strengthen my selfe, both against the world, and against my owne facilities, (in my hazardous undertakings) by expostulating with my heart, what my conscience could say, for it selfe.- Let them, I say, consider what in this kinde is confi-

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derable,

### *A Premonition.*

derable, and then, perhaps, those personall relations will not seeme impertinent.

If question be made, by what authority, I took on me to write this *Ilands REMEMBRANCER*: in the fifth *Canto*, and in some other places of this Book, they shall finde mention of my *Commission*; And if they be not thereby perswaded, that I have a good *Authority*, it will be through their ignorance, and no fault of mine. Those *Mercies* and *Judgements* of God's which I memorize, are such as this *Kingdome* is generally witnesse of. The *Sins* I reprove, are none but those which were, and are notoriously committed: I have reprehended them in such manner, as God's holy *Word*, and the universall law of *Nature* hath warranted in all ages. I have foretold what shall come upon such Transgressors, according to the predictions of the *Prophets*. I have assured, upon *Repentance*, those blessings which God himselfe hath promised. I have confirmed all my owne Resolutions by the divine *Covenant*, and that working of the blessed *Spirit*, which I have a feeling of in my own heart: And, if in these things I be deceived, I know not who hath power to make me confident of any thing in this life.

If any dislike my personating God (as in the first *Canto*) let them search, and they shall finde it usuall not onely in Christian *Poems*, but also in the holy *Text*. And if we introduce him according to his *Attributes*, and speaking according to what in his written word he hath already spoken, it may be justified. If my personating *Mercy* and *Iustice*, or my creating of other *Objects* representative, or my *Method*, or my *Phrase*, or any such like, seeme offensive; my *Muse* hath apologized for her selfe, as much as I thinke needfull,



### *A Premonition.*

needfull, in many places of this Booke as occasion is offered, especially in the second, fifth, and eighth *Canto's*.

If the *Poeme* seeme too large, or the particulars to be over tediously insisted vpon; consider, in how many impertinent and trifling discourses and actions the best of us doe consume farre more houres then the perusal of this requires minutes, and yet thinke it no tediousnesse: and let them call to minde how many huge Volumes this age imprints and reades, which are foolish, if not wicked: let them remember also, that our whole life is little enough to be employed in the meditation of what is here recorded. Let them be perswaded likewise, that I have not written this for those who have no need thereof, or to show my owne wit or compendiousnesse, but to warn and instruct the ignorant; to whom I should more often speake in vaine, if I did not otherwhile by repetitions and circumlocutions, stirre up their affections, and beat into their understandings, the knowledge and feeling of those things which I deliver. Yea, let them know, that I know those expressions will bee both pleasing and profitable to some, which they imagine to be needlesse, and superabundant; and that I had rather twenty nice *Criticks* should censure mee for a word here and there superfluous, then that one of those other should want that which might explaine my meanings to their capacities, and so make frustrate all my labour to those who have most need of it, and for whom it was chiefly intended.

If you find any thing which may seeme spoken out of due *Time*; blame not mee altogether; for, it is above two yeares since I laboured to get this *Booke* printed, and it hath cost me more mony, more pains,

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and

*A Premonition.*

and much more time to publish it, then to compose it: For, I was faine to imprint every sheet thereof with my owne hand, because I could not get allowance to doe it publikely: so unwilling are we of *Remembrancers* in this kind.

If you find ought else that may be doubted of, or for which I may feeme reprovabie, or needing advice; let me christianly and charitably receive intelligence thereof: And if I make not a reasonable defence, I will humbly acknowledge and give the best satisfaction for my errors, that I am able. So, I commit you to the blessing of God, and to the perusall of this *REMEMBRANCE*, if you please.

*Geo: Wither.*

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## BRITTAN'S REMEMBRANCER.

*Canto the first.*

*Our Author first with G O D begins ;  
 Describes his anger for our finnes ;  
 Of all his Iudgements muster makes ;  
 Declares how Mercy undertakes  
 The pleading of this Kingdome's Cause,  
 To bring God's wrath unto a pause ;  
 And (for the common Reader) sutes  
 High things, with lowly Attributes.*

*Then, steps into a praisefull straine  
 Of CHARLES his new-beginning Reigne ;  
 Emplores that well succeed he may,  
 And, for his weale makes Mercy pray.*

*He Iustice also, introduces,  
 Complaining on our grosse abuses,  
 Who proveth so, our sinfull Nation  
 To merit utter Desolation,  
 That all Gods Plagues had us enclosed,  
 If Mercy had not interposed.  
 But, after pleading of the Case,  
 With Iustice, Mercy doth embrace,  
 Who (that our finnes may punish't be)  
 To send the Pestilence agree ;  
 Their other Plagues a while suspending,  
 To prove how that will worke amending.*

ONE Storm is past, & though some clouds appear,  
 A peacefull ayre becalmes our Hemisphere.  
 That frighting Angell whose devouring blade,  
 Among the People such a havock made,

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Is

Is now departed, and hath tooke from hence  
 His pois'ned Arrowes of the *Pestilence*.  
 God smoothes his brow ; and lo, we now obtaine  
 The cheerfull brightnesse of his face againe.  
 Oh boundlesse *Mercy* ! what a change is this !  
 And what a joy unto my heart it is !  
 Run quickly *Muse*, to cary thy *Oblation* ;  
 And, (twixt that *Angell*, and the *Congregation*)  
 Some sweet perfume to our *Preserver* burne,  
 Before that bloody *Messenger* returne.

Let all affaires keepe off, and give thee way ;  
 For, though my fairest outward *Fortunes* lay  
 This houre at spoyle, I would not be advis'd  
 To speake for them, till I had sacris'd ;  
 Nor will I, to the world, one line allow,  
 Till I have made performance of my *Vow*.

Most awfull *Pow'r*, by whom hath formed bin  
 The Globe of Heav'n and Earth, and all therein ;  
 Thou *Alpha*, and *Omega* of my Songs,  
 To whom all glory, and all fame belongs ;  
 To thee, thrice holy and Almighty King,  
 Of *Judgement*, and of *Mercy*, now I sing.  
 Thou hast unclos'd my lips, and I will raise  
 My thankfull voice in setting out thy praise :  
 Thou hast preserv'd thy Children in the flame,  
 And we ascribe the glory to thy *Name* :  
 Thou saved hast thy people from their crimes ;  
 And, here, I publish unto future Times,  
 What I have seene. Oh ! let my *Poeme* be  
 A sanctified *Sacrifice* to thee.  
 Accept this poore *Oblation* I prefer ;  
 These drams of *Incense*, and these drops of *Mirr*,  
 (Which fired in Afflictions Flame, perfume  
 Thy sacred *Altars*) gratioufly affume ;

And

And give my Lines a date to last as long  
As there are speakers of an *English* tongue ;  
That Children, yet unborne, may reade the Story  
Which now I sing, to thy perpetuall glory.

And, harke ye *People* : harken you, I pray,  
That were preserv'd with me to see this day ;  
And listen you that shall be brought upon  
This *Stage* of action, when our *Scène* is done :  
Come harken all ; and let no foule refraine  
To heare ; nor let it heare my words in vaine.  
For, from the Slaughter-house of *Death*, and from  
The habitations of the *Dead* I come.  
I am escaped from the greedy Iawes  
Of *Hell*, and from the furious *Lions* pawes ;  
With sorrowes I have lodged ; and I have  
Experience in the horrors of the *Grave* ;  
In those discomforts which, by day, affaile ;  
And those black terrors which, by night, prevaile :  
*Despaire*, with her grim Furies, I have seene ;  
Spectator of Gods *Iustice* I have beene ;  
And, passing through Gods *Iudgements*, had a sight  
Of those his *Mercies* which are infinite :  
And here, I tell the world what I observed ;  
For, to this purpose is my foule preserved.

That fatall *Yeare*, in which the forward *Spring*  
Became an *Autumne* to our peacefull *King* ;  
When *James* his Crowne and Scepter did forgoe,  
That *Charles* (of whom this Kingdome hopeth so)  
Might shew, when he did weare his Diadem,  
How worthily we plac'd our hopes on him.  
Yea, when within the compasse of one houre,  
Two *Kings* both had, and had not, regall pow'r :  
Ev'n then, by *Thames* faire Banks, I did reside,  
Where her sweet waters washeth ev'ry *Tide*

B 5

The

The spacious verge of that well peopled *Towne*,  
Which with most princely Pallaces doth crowne  
Her goodly *streame*, and at her *Ports* and *Keyes*,  
Take in the wealth of Kingdomes and of Seas.

Our foueraigne *Citie*, then I did espie  
Vpon the couch of soft security ;  
And, how with Peace and Plenty being fed,  
She toyed like a wanton, on her bed.  
I saw her drest in all that rich attire,  
Which doth inflame her *Lovers* with desire ;  
And how her idle Children, ev'ry day,  
Sate downe to eate, and drinke, and rose to play.  
For, she was growne insensible of cares ;  
She had almost forgotten, sighes, and teares ;  
And all this *Iland* in her cup of *Pleasure*,  
With her had quaffed (so much out of measure)  
Till they grew drunke together through excesse,  
And wilde and giddy in their drunkenesse.

They had almost forgotten him, from whom  
Their ease and their prosperity did come.  
They spent their houres in laughter and in song,  
And grew regardlesse of the poore mans wrong.  
They alwayes clothed went in soft array ;  
They fed themselues with dainties, day by day ;  
And, that no outward meanes of pleasure might  
Be wanting to accomplish their delight,  
Those iollities, wherein they did appeare,  
Were further'd by the season of the yeare.

The *windes* then breathed on them wholsome aire  
The *Groves*, their summer clothings did repaire ;  
The fruitfull *Fields* with fresh greene gownes were  
Which *Flora* curiously embroydered had : (clad,  
The pleasant *Gardens* their choyce plaints displaid,  
Their *Orchard* with gay blossomes were arraid ;

The

The winged *Chorifiers* did sweetly sing,  
And with choice Musicke welcome in the *Spring* :  
Their *streets* with matchlesse bravery did shine ;  
Their *Parlers* many beauties did enshrine :  
Their costly *Bowres* with rarities were hung,  
And alwayes filled with a merry throng.  
Of nought but sports & triumphs were their dreams  
Wealth, health & honor, were their studied theames  
No noisome *Plagues*, within their Gates were found,  
Of Grones, their dwellings did but rarely found ;  
Nor was there any storme or danger feared :  
For, in this *Hemisphere* so bright appeared  
New *CHARLES-his-waine*, that funlike he did chafe  
All fogs of discontentment from each place.  
And, all those clouds of grieve, expelled farre,  
VVhich rose at setting of our *IACOB-Starre*.

But, oh how trustlesse are those lying shoves  
Of happinesse, on which most men repose  
Their greatest confidence? And from our sight  
How swiftly did these pleasures take their flight  
For, whether he, who from his heav'nly *sphere*  
Beholdeth all our thoughts, and actions here,  
Did with a searching eye, examine more  
Our courses at that present then before :  
Or, whether hee our carelesnesse had eyde,  
Or our hypocrisie, or else our pride,  
Or our impiety ; or whether he  
Did in this *Iland*, or this *Kingdome* see  
Our old Idolatries come creeping in ;  
Or, whether he some new devised sinne  
Descride to sprout among us here ; yea, whether  
It were some one of these, or all together,  
Or what it was, I know not : But it prov'd  
A *crying sinne* ; and so extreemly moov'd

Gods

God's gentleneffe, that angry he became ;  
 His browes were bended, and his eyes did flame.  
 Me thought I sawe it so : and (though I were  
 Afraid within his prefence to appeare)  
 My Soule was rais'd above her common station ;  
 Where what enfues I view'd be *Contemplation*.

There is a spacious *Round* which bravely reares  
 Her *Arch* above the top of all the *Spheares*,  
 Vntill her bright *Circumference* doth rise  
 Above the reach of Mans, or Angels eyes ;  
 Conveying through the Bodies christalline  
 Those Rayes which on our lower Globe doe shine ;  
 And, all the great and lesser *Orbes*, doe lye  
 Within the compasse of that *Canopy*.

In this large Roome of State is fixt a Throne,  
 From whence the wise *Creator* looks upon  
 His workmanship ; and thence doth heare and see,  
 All sounds, all places, and all things that be.  
 Here sate the *King of Gods* ; and from about  
 His eye lids, so much terror sparkled out,  
 That ev'ry circle of the Heav'ns it shooke,  
 And all the World did tremble at his looke ;  
 The prospect of the *Skie*, that earst was cleare,  
 Did with a lowring countenance appeare :  
 The troubled *Ayre*, before his prefence fled ;  
 The *Earth* into her bosome shrunk her head ;  
 The *Deeps* did roare ; the *Heights* did stand amaz'd ;  
 The *Moone* and *Stars* upon each other gaz'd ;  
 The *Sun* did stand unmoved in his path ;  
 The Hoast of Heav'n was frighted at his wrath ;  
 And with a voice which made all Creatures quake,  
 To this effect, the great E T E R N A L L spake.

*Are we a G O D ? and is there pow'r in us  
 To startle all our whole Creation thus ?*

*And*



*And yet, are we despis'd, as if these Pow'rs  
Were either lesser growne, or none of ours?  
Are we, that with our gentlest breath can blow  
All things to nothing, still abused so?  
Hath our long suffering hardned so our Foes,  
That now our Godhead into question growes?  
Nay (which is worfe) have we compassion showne,  
Till we are quite neglected of our owne?*

*Is this the Land whom we have lov'd so long,  
And, in our love, elected from among  
The Heathen Iles (and at the first was hur'd  
Into the utmost corner of the world)  
That we might raise the glory of her name,  
To equall Kingdomes of the greatest fame?  
Is this that Iland, which our love did place  
(Within our bosome) in the safe embrace  
Of great Oceanus? and, garden like  
Did wharfe about (within her watry Dike)  
With mighty Rocks, and Cliffes, whose tops were higher,  
Then any foming Billow dares aspire?*

*Is this the Kingdome, which our hand hath made  
The Schoole and Shop, of ev'ry Art, and Trade?  
The Cornucopia of all needfull plenties?  
The Storehouse, and the Cloffet of our dainties?  
Our Jewell house, and Palace-royall, where  
The fairest of our Loves maintained are?*

*Is this the Country which our bounty served  
With store of bread, when many Lands were starved?  
And whom we have preserved from the spoiles  
Of Foes abroad, and from domesticke broyles?  
Are theirs the Cities, which doe weare the Flag  
Of Peace, while Rochel, Heidleberg, and Prague  
And all the Christian world engaged are,  
In some offensive, or defensive warre?*

*Are*

*Are their's the Cities, to whose fleets were showne,  
The pathlesse wayes through many seas unknowne?  
Whose wealthy Merchants have encreast their trade  
From ev'ry Port and Creek, that we have made?  
Whose vessels have, by our protection, gone  
Past both the Tropicks, and through every Zone,  
And made their petty Villages, become  
Acquainted with more worlds, then ancient Rome?*

*Is this that people unto whom we gave,  
More lovely Bodies, then most Nations have?  
And in whose minds (of our especiall grace)  
We did the best approved temper place?  
Is this that People, whom we did restore  
To humane shape, when as the scarlet whore  
Had with her charmed Cup of poisoned wine,  
Transform'd them into Asses, Apes and swine?  
Did we in persecution heare their cries?  
Take off, the scales of blindnesse from their eyes?  
Wincke at their follies, when they most offended?  
Forbeare the punishments that were intended?  
From diverse Plagues inflicted them release?  
Make Europe stand and wonder at their peace?  
Yea, save them from the malice of their Foe,  
When all were like to perish at a blow?  
And, grace and favour undeserved shew,  
When they their owne destruction did pursue?*

*Have we, these threescore yeares and upwards blest  
Their Kingdomes from those troubles that infect  
Most other States? And (when their soules had been  
Nigh famisht else) did we provide a Queene,  
(A Maiden Queene, with vertues masculine)  
To nurse them up in holy Discipline?  
Did we provide, when she her course had run,  
A King who favor'd, what her hand begun?*

*And*

*And now another, who doth both restore  
 Those hopes they lost in him, and promise more ?  
 Did we but here, of late, when they had lost  
 Their Prince (that now is King) when they almost  
 Despair'd of his returne, for evermore, x  
 When he remained on th' Iberian shore ?  
 Did we accept their vows ? observe their teares ?  
 Compassionate their jealousies and feares ?  
 And send their Darling home, when few did know  
 Whereon to build a hope it should be so ?  
 Yea, when throughout the world no other pow'r,  
 Could such a work have compassed but our ?  
 Have we endured their forwardnesse so long ?  
 Forgiven and forgotten so much wrong ?  
 Sought after them, when they had us forsaken ?  
 So oft, their counterfeite Repentance taken ?  
 So many times apparant made unto them,  
 What mischiefs their owne foolish projects doe them ?  
 Yea, did we freely fundry blessings daigne  
 Vnaskt, which other Lands could not obtaine  
 By labors, vowes, and prayers ? And have they thus,  
 For all these benefits requitted us ?  
 Is that their vowed thankfulnessse ? Are these  
 The fruits of all their zealous promises ?  
 Is this their Piety ? Goe, draw together  
 Thy Forces, Vengeance : quickly march them thither  
 With all our Armies ; and consume them so,  
 That we may never more displeased grow  
 At their unkindenesse ; or be cheated by  
 The fained weepings of Hypocrisie.*

No sooner had he spoken, but, behold,  
 An *Hoast* (which he doth alway keepe enrol'd,  
 To execute his wrath) did straight appeare  
 And in his awfull presence mustred were.

So

So many *Troups*, did round about him throng,  
 That, all the world with *Plagues*, was overhung :  
 For not a *Judgement* is there, which hath name,  
 But, thither to attend his *Will* it came.

Sterne vifag'd *WAR* (whose very look doth strike)  
 Came driving on his Charret, *Iehu* like ;  
 Arm'd and befet with holberts, bills, and glaves,  
 Bowes, arrowes, pikes, pole-axes, darting flaves,  
 Guns, balls of fire, and ev'ry thing that furthers  
 The worke of *Defolation*, *Wounds*, and *Murthers*.  
 His prime companions, *Theft* and *Rapine* were,  
 With all those *Vices* which most cruell are.  
 And at their heeles purfued all those *Bands*  
 Of raging mifchiefes, that afflict the *Lands*  
 On which he falls. This is that roring *Fiend*  
 Who Lawes, and Leagues, doth into pieces rend.  
 This is that bloody *Tyrant*, who o're turnes  
 The goodl'eft *Monuments*, and spoiles and burnes  
 The faireft Dwellings. This is he that razes  
 Renowned Cities, and the strongest places.  
 This is that facreligious Theefe, who fpares  
 Nor *Hospitall* nor *Temple* ; neither heares  
 The fuits or cries of aged or of young ;  
 Nor is regardfull of men weake or strong.  
 The Suckling from his Mothers breast he fnatcheth  
 And braines it in her fight : The Wife he catcheth  
 Ev'n from her Husbands bed ; and Virgins from  
 Their Lovers armes, his Strumpets to become.  
 A fertile Soile he makes a Wilderneffe,  
 And Wolves, and Beares, and Foxes, to poffeffe  
 Those places, wherein Arts did once abound ;  
 And where have dwelled Nations most renown'd.  
 However, he's an instrument of God's ;  
 And ufually, the laft of all thofe rods

Which

Which on a thankelesse Kingdome he doth lay,  
 Before he finally remove away  
 The meanes of *Grace*. Next him, came sneaking in  
 Leane *Famine*, with bare bones, and parched skinne ;  
 With deep funke eyes, with talons over-growne ;  
 With hungry teeth that would have crackt a stone ;  
 And, close behind her, and at either hand,  
 Such Troups did wait, as are at her command.

The crawling *Caterpillers*, waftfull *Flyes*,  
 The skipping *Locust* (that in winter dies)  
*Floods, Frosts, & Mildewes, Blastings, Windes, & Stormes,*  
*Drough, rav'nous Fowles, & Vermine, Weedes, & Wormes :*  
*Sloth, Evill busdandry,* and such as those,  
 Which make a scarfenesse where most plenty grows.

This is that hungry *Houfwife*, who first found  
 The searching out for meat from under ground ;  
 To dig up Roots; to reliish well the tast  
 Of stinking Gallick, and of bitter Mast.  
 She taught poore people how to fill their mawes,  
 With Bramble-berries, Hedge-picks, Hips, & Hawes.  
 Twas she who finding on the sandy shore  
 A heape of *Oysters* (all bedaubed o're)  
 First fought within those dirty shels for meat,  
 Else we had never dar'd of them to eate ;  
 Nor thought, nor hoped, that so foule a dish  
 Could bring to table such a dainty fish.

Twas she that learn'd the *Spaniards* how to dresse  
 Their *Frogs* ; the *Frenchman* how to cooke a messe  
 Of spumy *Mushromes* ; *Germans* how to make  
 A dinner or a supper on a *Snake* ;  
*Italians* on the slimy *Snaile* to feed ;  
 Our *Irishmen* to live upon a weed  
 That growes in Marshes. And I dare to say,  
 That, but for her, we scarce had heard this day

Of

Of *Caveär*, and twenty such like bables,  
VVhich *Gluttony* now sets upon our Tables.

The broyling of old shooes, was her device ;  
And so was eating Cartion, Rats, and Mice.  
Those dainty pallats which could relish nought  
But what was set farre off, and dearly bought,  
She so hath dieted, that they could feed  
On mouldy scraps ; and beg them too for need.

This *Hag*, hath Townes and Cities famished.  
VVith humane flesh, she hungry men hath fed :  
She forc't them hath to suck their horses blood :  
To feed on Pigeons dung (in stead of food)  
And dearly purchase it. Yea, some constrained  
To drinke their Urine, when they drought sustained.  
Nay, this is that unequall'd cruell-one,  
VVho urg'd a *Mother*, once, to kill her *Sonne*,  
And make unnaturally that curfed wombe  
VVhich gave him being, to be made his tombe.  
Ev'n this is *She*, God shield us from her cheere,  
And grant her *Plagueship* never settle here.

The *Pestilence*, moreover, thither brought  
Her feared forces, and employment fought.  
This is that Nimble *Fury*, who did slay  
Her three and twenty thousand in one day ;  
And in th' *Affirian* Camp, to death did smite,  
Almost two hundred thousand in one night.  
Betwixt an evening and a morning tide,  
From ev'ry house a soule she did divide  
Throughout the Land of *Ægypt* ; and could mark  
Their eldest-borne, although the night were dark.  
In little space, she quite hath overthrowne  
Great Cities, and dispeopled many a Towne.  
She from each other makes acquaintance run,  
Before that any injuries be done ;

And

And of the pois'ning-*Art* hath found the height,  
For, she knowes how to poison by conceit.

A *Mantle* wrought with purple spots she wore,  
Emboſt with many a *Blaine*, and many a *Sore*.  
She had a raving *Voice*, a frantick *Look*,  
A noyfome *Breath*, and in her hand ſhe ſhooke  
A venom'd ſpeare, which, where it toucheth, fills  
The veins with poiſon, and diſtracts, and kills.

Within her *Regiment* are all Diſeaſes,  
And ev'ry Torment which the Body ſeizes ;  
*Gouts*, *Collicks*, *Lethargies*, and *Apoplexies*,  
*Obſtruction*, which the ſpleene, or ſtomack vexes ;  
The *Pox* of ev'ry kinde, *Rheumes*, *aches*, *Stiches*,  
Quick-killing *Pleurifies*, and *Scabs*, and *Itches* ;  
The *Burning-Fever*, who deſerveth well  
The place of her *Lieutenant-Colonell* ;  
*Conſumptions*, *Gangreaves*, *Coughs*, and *Squinancies*,  
The *Falling-evill*, *Cramps*, and *Lunacies*,  
(VVith other ſuch Diſeaſes, many moe  
Then I am able by their names to know)  
Beſides thoſe maladies the Sea procures,  
As, floath-bred *Scurvies*, and mad *Calentures* ;  
And all thoſe other Griefes, and Sorrowes, which  
Thoſe Sickneſſes doe bring on poore and rich.

But, of that *Hoſt* which here is mentioned,  
The maine *Battalion* was both rang'd and led  
By that ſlye *Prince*, (ev'n that malicious one)  
VVhich in the ayrie Region hath his throne.  
To further his deſignes, he brought in *Lyes*,  
*Extortion*, *Bribing*, *Fraud*, and *Perjuries* ;  
VVith many thouſand ſtratagems beſide,  
VVhoſe dangerous effects are often tride.  
All ravenous *Beaſts*, (or rather thoſe of whom  
Such Beaſts are Emblemes) in his troupes did come.

To

To worke his mischiefs (with amaze and wonder)  
He furnisht was with Lightnings, Winds, & Thunder ;  
Prodigious apparitions, and those fights  
Wherewith mens troubled fancies he affrights ;  
And, thither did (for soule assaults) repaire  
His two black Twins, *Presumption* and *Despaire*.  
Attended by those manifold *Temptations*,  
Wherewith he maketh sure the reprobations  
Of all obdurate sinners ; whom in wrath  
Our God, deservedly rejected hath.

These greedy *Spoilers*, hungry for a prey,  
Stood ready, Gods commandings to obey :  
Who having view'd their well prepared *Bands*,  
(And ponting out his finger to these *Lands*)  
Said ; *Goe ye Plagues*. And (had he not beene staid)  
Lay waste, that sinfull *Realme*, he would have said.

And yet, it seems, these dreadfull shews were rather  
The threatnings of a wife and loving *Father*,  
(To bring his Children to a filiall feare)  
Then such a wrath as doth in Foes appeare.  
For, neither *Chance*, nor *Time*, nor *New-desert*,  
Was interposed on the guilty part :  
But, God's owne goodnesse brought the means about  
That stopt our *Doome*, before his words were out.

And thus it was. The great *Almighty One*  
Hath evermore attending on his throne  
Two royall Daughters. One of them is she  
That's called *Iustice* ; and her Emblemes be  
An equall *Ballance*, and a flaming *Blade*,  
To weigh the *Good* their due, and fright the *Bad* :  
And, both with hand and eye she threatens those,  
That her uprightnesse, any way oppose.

The other for her *Hieroglyphick*, weares  
A *Box of Balme*, and in her bosome beares

A



A sucking *Lambe*, (which meek and harmles creature  
Doth somewhat intimate her gentle nature)  
Betwixt her beauteous breasts, a true *Compassion*  
Erecteth her perpetuall habitation ;  
And, such a lovely sweet aspect hath she,  
Thats if *Wrath* saw her, *Wrath* in love would be.  
We call her *Clemency*. She often makes  
Our peace with God, and his displeasure flakes.

This *Princeesse*, marking well with what intent  
Her *Lord* would those great *Armies* forth have sent ;  
And finding, by that wrath she saw in him,  
What *Defolations* would have followed them ;  
With teares of pitie, to his throne she ran,  
To kisse and to embrace his feet began ;  
And (whilst his halfe spoke sentence God delaid)  
These words, the faire-well spoken *Virgin* said.

*Deare, oh deare Father ! wherefore frowns't thou so ?  
What fearfull thing art thou about to doe ?  
Hold (I beseech thee hold) thou backe the doome,  
Which from thy lips is now about to come ;  
And hear (Dread Sov'raign) heare thy Handmaid speak  
A word or two, before thy Iustice wreake  
Deserved vengeance on that wretched place  
Which hath so fallen from thy wonted Grace.*

*Look Father ; looke upon me : it is I,  
Thy best-beloved Daughter CLEMENCIE :  
Tis I whom thou forgettest. I am she  
Who in thy bosome lay, belov'd of thee  
Before all worlds ; and had a sov'raignty  
O're all thy creatures from eternity.  
Tis I, at whose intreaty thou wert moved  
To send thine onely Sonne, thy best-beloved  
(For Mans redemption) to assume the nature,  
The forme, and frailties, of a sinfull creature.*

*Tis*

*Tis I that have presumed to become  
 A suitor now, to stay thy heavy doome :  
 And, why should I be doubtfull to make triall  
 Of thy regard, or fearfull of deniall ?*

*In Iudgement, thou hast promised, oh Lord !  
 To thinke on Me (ev'n in thy written word)  
 Yea, Heav'n and Earth have often heard thee say,  
 Thou never wouldst, for ever, cast away  
 Thy Loving-Mercy ; and, I know, thou must  
 And wilt, be found in all thy sayings, just.*

*But, then, to what intents, doe These appeare ?  
 Why are thy dreadfull Armies mustred here ?  
 VVhat favour is it possible to show,  
 VVhere such a Rabblement as this, shall goe ?  
 VVhy may not Pitie shew her selfe as well  
 VVithin the bottome of the lowest Hell  
 As where these revell ? Doubtleffe, these rude Bands  
 VVill spare nor Lawes nor Temples in those Lands  
 To which thou send them shalt ; but, from each place  
 Root out (with ev'ry present meanes of Grace)  
 All outward helps of present knowing thee,  
 If equall to their hate, their pow'r may be.*

*And, what if then their breathlesse fury shall  
 Leave some few trifles which are temporall ?  
 For what will they reserve them, but to breed  
 A race of Infidels ? a wicked seed,  
 For them to prey upon ? a Brood, to whom  
 The Blessings lest Damnation shall become.*

*Thou hast upon that Iland (I confesse)  
 Bestowed Favours, great and numberlesse.  
 I know that they may justly blush for shame,  
 To heare how grossely they abuse thy Name ;  
 Yea, they now are, and have a long time bin,  
 Growne out of measure sinfull in their sin.*

*Yet*

*Yet, if thou look upon them, thou shalt see  
Some there, who bend not unto Baal their knee ;  
Some left, who for thine honour firme have stood ;  
Some, who have garments washed in the blood  
Of thy unspotted Lamb : and some, which beare  
Those marks, that Seales of thy free pardon are.*

*Oh ! let not them enclos'd with Sinners be,  
Nor swallowed up with such who know not thee.  
But, for the sakes of those forbear thou, rather,  
The Tares, untill thy Harvest thou shalt gather :  
So, by those Follies which in them abound,  
Thy Goodnesse shall the farther be renew'd.*

*If, therefore, thou this Kingdome shouldst not spare,  
Because, repleat with sin her dwellings are,  
What Nation is there, or what Habitation,  
That merits not perpetuall reprobation ?  
Where wilt thou finde a People, under Heav'n,  
Which hath not ev'ry way occasion giv'n  
Of thy displeasure ? Or, what Man is there  
That in thy fight could justifi'd appeare,  
If thou shouldst mark him with a frowning eye ?  
And, what a pretty Nothing, then were I,  
If no man lived, that amisse had done,  
For me, to exercise my pity on ?  
Nay, if Transgression had but finite been,  
How should thy Mercies infinite. be seene ?*

*Though on this Field which thou hast plow'd & sown  
With purest Wheat) some wicked-ones have throwne  
Their Tares, by night ; yet, somewhat it hath borne  
For which it may be cald thy Field of Corne.  
Thy Fence is yet about it ; and there stands  
A Fort, and Wine-presse, builded by thy hands.  
There are thy Sacraments, thy Word divine.  
There, is the Schoole of Christian Discipline.*

*There*

*There, may the meanes of Grace be kept in store  
 For those who will hereafter prize them more.  
 Thy poore afflicted Servants, thither may  
 From forraine persecutions flye away;  
 And sheltred in a Storme, there safely tary,  
 As in a Fortresse, or a Sanctuary.  
 But, whither shall they flye when that lyes wast?  
 Where shall thy sacred Oracles be plac'd?  
 Or Whither with her Sonne that Woman goe,  
 Who by the Dragon is pursued so?  
 I know that if thou please thou canst provide  
 A place for her, securely to abide,  
 Amid the Westernne wildernesse (and where  
 Scarce glimmerings of thy favours yet appeare)  
 By moulding out the Heathen Salvages  
 To be a people far surpassing these.  
 This, Lord, thou couldst effect; and make of them  
 Thy people, whom these most of all contemne.  
 And, since this Nation, in their wealthy peace,  
 Have sent out Colonies, but to encrease  
 Their private gaine: since they faire shewes have made  
 Of publishing thy Gospell, when the Trade  
 For curst lucre (as the Times reveale)  
 Was chiefeest founder of their fained zeale:  
 Since they in that, and other things, pretend  
 Religion, when tis farthest from their end:  
 Thou didst but right, if thou shouldst force their seed  
 To settle on some barbarous Coast for need;  
 And, there, thy Truth, to those, with sorrow preach,  
 Whom they neglected, in their weale, to teach.  
 But, since it were no more for thee to doe,  
 This Land to save, and call anoether too,  
 Then one such worke so compasse; why I pray  
 Shouldst thou remove their Candlestick away?*

*Why*

*Why maist not Thou, who all compassion art,  
Thy people, rather, by thy pow'r convert,  
Then quite destroy them? wherefore shouldst thou not  
Their errors forth of thy remembrance blot,  
As heretofore? And always praised be  
For that abundant Love, which is in thee?*

*Why should their Foes and thine, with jeering say,  
Now, now we see our long-expected Day?  
Why wilt thou give them cause to domineere?  
Ev'n those, who love not thee, to laugh, and fleere  
At their destruction, who, thy Truth profest,  
(If not unfainedly) in shew, at least.  
Though they have ill-deserv'd, why should the shame  
Of their offences fall upon thy Name?  
And, thy Blasphemers (by thy Peoples fall)  
Assume the boldnesse on themselves, to call  
Thy Gospel into question? Or, thereby,  
Their shamelesse falshoods seeke to justifie?  
Why should the wicked, take occasion from  
These Plagues, to say; Where is their God become?  
Where is their pow'r, on which they did repose?  
Where is their Faith? where are the hopes of those  
Their services? Oh! for thine owne deare sake,  
(However they deserve) compassion take.  
Deare S I R, have pittie: and, as often, thou  
Hast granted my request, vouchsafe it now.  
Yea, to those many thousands, heretofore,  
From thy abundance, adde one favour more.*

By these, and other Motives (breathed from  
A zealous brest) the heav'ns are overcome.  
His love of us, doth so our *Sampson* wound,  
That, he hath taught us, how he may be bound.  
Yea, *Holy-writ* informeth us, that He,  
By such like *Charmings*, will compelled be.

C

And

And, now they so prevailed, that the rage  
Of our great God, they partly did aswage.  
Which *MERCY* by his looke, had quickly heeded ;  
And taking that advantage, thus proceeded.

*Oh ! what a comfort is it, to behold  
Thine Eye speak Mercy, and thy Brow unfold  
A reconcilment ! Now, 't seems to see  
Thy gracious face, to shine againe on me.  
I finde it is the jealousie of Love,  
( And no effect of hatred ) which doth move  
Thy wronged Patience : and, that when thou hidest  
Thy presence in an angry Cloud, or chidest,  
It is not alwayes in consuming wrath,  
( To punish, as the fault deserved hath )  
But, that thy frightening Iudgements might prevaile,  
To worke amendment, when thy Love doth faile.  
That people, whom so much thou didst affect,  
How canst thou have a purpose to reject,  
So long as in their Confinnes doth remaine  
That Number, which thy Vengeance doth restraine ?  
Who can beleve that thou defraid'st such cost,  
To purchase what, thou meanest shall be lost ?  
Or, labour to erect them, didst bestow,  
For nothing else, but them away so throw ?  
VVhy should I thinke, thy endlesse goodnesse, had  
So little care, to save what thou hast made,  
That Sathans Hate, should for their Desolation,  
Out-worke thy Love, in working their Salvation ?  
Or, that the boundlesnesse of Mans transgression,  
Could over-match thine Infinite Compassion ?*

*It may not be beleaved ; Or, that this  
Pretended warre, for sinall ruine is.  
Since, if in summoning thy Iudgements, now,  
Thou hadst propos'd their utter overthrow,*

*Thou*

*Thou wouldst not have discovered an affection,  
By still continuing them, in thy protection,  
As yet thou dost: Nor daily send unto them  
Love-tokens, (as if kindnesse, thou wouldst doe them  
VVhich they should never know of) nor, make show  
Of having left them, when tis nothing so.*

*Thus have I seene, on earth, a Lover use  
His Best-beloved, when she did abuse  
His true affection. Though he seeme unkinde,  
That her unkindnesse she may thereby finde;  
Yea, though he faine some outward disrespects,  
Yet, in his heart, so truly he affects,  
That, whatsoever good, he can, he does her:  
By meanes unseene, to her lost vertues, wooes her:  
For her well-doing, takes a thousand cares:  
Of her ill-doing, hath ten thousand feares:  
Wakes not, but thoughts of her, in waking, keepes;  
Sleeps not, but dreameth of her, when he sleepes.  
Not ceasing to endeavour, till he see  
Some sparkes of lost affection kindled be.  
And, as her over-sights she doth deplore,  
So, he his love discovers, more and more;  
Vntill the fire, that was a long time hid,  
Breake forth, and flame as high as e're it did.*

*I never knew thee, yet, to ruinate  
A wicked Kingdome, or a sinfull State,  
Professing thee; but, thou didst first withdraw  
From those Offenders, thy abused Law.*

*And, as in Christian Realmes, the temp'rall Sword  
Cuts off no Preacher of thy blessed Word,  
(For any Crime committed) untill he  
Of Holy-orders, first degraded be:  
So, thou (most frequently) dost first remove  
The Seales of Grace, and Pledges of thy Love,*

C 2

Before

*Before thou give up Lands into their pow'r,  
Who them, and theirs, shall finally devour:  
For, till thy holy things, be fetched from  
Their Coast, such Desolation shall not come.*

*Those, they retaine. And, if conclude I shall  
From hope of any blessing temporall,  
That yet thou lovest them (and dost intend  
Their Land, with future favours, to befriend)  
That King which thou hast now on them bestowne,  
Some token of thy Clemency hath showne.  
For, if man may by good externall signes,  
Conjecture whereunto his heart inclines:  
If Thou, to whom all secrets open be,  
See'st that in him, which mortalls hope they see;  
And hast not mockt that People, for their sinne,  
With shewes of things that have not reall bin:  
(As Lord forbid) No Kingdome hath a Prince,  
Whose infant yeares, gave better evidence,  
That with an earthly Crowne he should inherit,  
A plentious portion of thy sacred Spirit.*

*None liveth now, on whom the gen'rall eye  
Did so much gaze, and so few scapes espy.  
Few private men were in their youth so free  
From all those vanities, which frequent be  
In these rude times (he having meanes to doe  
His pleasure, and, perhaps, strong temptings too)  
Who seemed of those knowledges, more faine  
That might informe him, to obey, and raigne?  
How well those crossings was he thought to beare,  
Which in the times of his subjection were?  
And, with how brave a temper to neglect,  
To be aveng'd of wrongs and disrespect?  
What Sonne, did in his Fathers life time, show  
A filiall feare and love, united so?*

*Or*



*Or, which of all thy Vice-royes didst thou see  
 Appeare more zealously devout then he?  
 Thou knowest which: But, if they doe not erre  
 Who, things by probability, inferre,  
 It might be said, The world had not his peere  
 In all those vertues, that are mention'd here.  
 And should confessed be, ev'n of his foe,  
 They had not flattred who affirmed so:  
 Since, what was of his worth, at home conceived,  
 All Europe for a verity received.*

*And loe; now by thy Grace he sitteth on  
 The seat of Rule, and in his Fathers Throne;  
 VVho giveth signes of truer love to thee?  
 Or of more conscience, of his Charge, then He?  
 VVhat Monarke, in appearance, better preacheth  
 By good Examples, what thy Precepts teacheth?  
 Or which of all his reverend Prelacy,  
 In shewes of true religious constancie,  
 Outgoes or equals him? Oh! if so cleare  
 His vertues prove, as yet they doe appeare,  
 How glorious will they grow? And what a light  
 VVill he become, when he ascends the height  
 Of his great Orbe? And, oh! what pitty 'twere  
 His minde should ever fall below that spheare  
 Of Grace which he hath climb'd! or, that thy Love  
 Should wanting be, to keepe him still above!*

*How grievous would it be, that his beginning  
 (So hopefull, and such love and honour winning)  
 Should faile that expectation, which it hath?  
 And, make thee shut thy favour up, in wrath?  
 Let not oh God! let not the sins of others  
 Nor any fog (which Vertues glorie smothers)  
 Ascending from his frailties, make obscure  
 His rising honor, which yet seemeth pure.*

C 3

If

*If ought, in him, be wanting of that worth  
Which to the publike view is blazed forth,  
Forgive, and perfect him, that he may grow,  
To be in deed, what he appeares in show.  
Yea, Lord (as farre as humane frailty can  
Permit the same) make him, ev'n such a Man  
As now that Kingdome needs; and spare that Nation  
For him, which else deserveth Desolation.*

*If he be what he seemeth; Thou (I know)  
Wilt save his Land from utter overthrow.  
Thou, in the life-time of a pious King,  
Wert never yet, accustomed to bring  
Destruction: For, thou shewedst him compassion,  
Who did but once, well act humiliation;  
Ev'n wicked Ahab; and within his Times  
Thou wouldst not punish (no not) his owne Crimes.  
Oh! be as mercifull, as thou hast bin;  
And let this King, thy favours triumph in.  
Let that exceeding Grace already shew'd him,  
(Ev'n that wherewith thy Spirit hath indu'd him)  
Be Pledges of some greater Gifts, with which  
Thou shalt in future times, his heart enrich.  
His brest inflame thou, with a sacred fire;  
Teach him to aske, and give him his desire:  
Grant him thy Wisdome, and thy Righteousnesse,  
The wrongs of all his People to redresse.  
Let him the Widow, and the Orphane save,  
Relieving all, that need of succour have:  
And, let his Mountaines, and each lesser Hill,  
His humbler Dales, with peace, and plenty fill.*

*As he was honor'd in his Preservation,  
So, let him glory still in thy Salvation.  
As he persisteth to relie on thee;  
So, let him sure of thy protection be.*

*Be*

*Be thou his onely joy. Be thou I pray  
 His Triumph on his Coronation-day.  
 Crowne thou his head with purified gold :  
 Make strong his Scepter, and his Throne uphold,  
 To be renowned by thy Grace divine,  
 As long as either Sunne, or Moone shall shine.*  
*Since thou to rule thine Isr'el dost appoint him,  
 Let thy most holy Spirit, Lord, anoint him.  
 Make thou a league with him, as thou hast done  
 With David, and adopt him for thy Sonne.  
 To thee, Thou art my Father, let him say,  
 My God, my Rocke of safety, and my stay.  
 Throughout those Lāds, where thou to raign shall place him  
 With Title, of thy First-begotten, grace him.  
 And, let his Kingdomes harbor none of them,  
 Who shall deny him to be their Supreme.  
 So guard, and so enclose him with thine Arme,  
 The Man of Sinne, may never doe him harme.  
 To him, his Adversaries all subject,  
 And, prosper none that him shall disaffect.  
 Lead thou his Armies, when his Warre beginnes ;  
 Make thou his Peace, when he the Battle winnes.  
 Let still thy Truth, and Love, with him abide ;  
 Let in thy Name, his name be glorifi'd.  
 Doe thou the Seas into his pow'r deliver ;  
 Make thou his right hand reach beyond the River ;  
 And, plant so strongly on the Banks of Rhyne,  
 Those fruitfull Branches of his Fathers Vine, X  
 ( Whom late the salvage Bore ( with tripled pow'r )  
 Hath rooted up, with purpose to devoure )  
 That they may spread their Clusters, far and nigh ;  
 And fill, and top, the Germane Empery.  
 Yea, minde thou, Lord, the scornes and defamations,  
 Which they have borne among their neighboring nations:*

C 4

And

*And, please to comfort them, and make them glad,  
According to the sorrowes they have had.  
To them, so sanctifie their great affliction,  
That it may bring their vertues to perfection ;  
And, fit them for some place, in which they shall  
Helpe reare againe, decaying Sions wall.*

*Oh ! keep for them, a favour still in store ;  
Preserve them in thy League, for evermore ;  
Blesse thou that Race, which is or shall be given :  
As lasting make it, as the dayes of heav'n :  
And, if thy Lawes or Iudgements, they forsake,  
Or, if thy League, or Covenant, they breake,  
With Rods, let them, in mercie, be corrected ;  
But, never fall, for aye, to be rejected.*

*The like for this new Monark, I emlore :  
In him, encrease thy Graces, more, and more.  
Make him a Blessing, for all Christendome :  
Make him, a Patterne, for all Times to come :  
Make him, in ev'ry happy course persevere ;  
And, let him live, for ever and for ever.*

*His Royall Robe, he hath but new put on ;  
And, I my prayers have but new begun.  
Oh let me to thy Majestie prefer  
These few Petitions, in particular :  
And place them where, they may both day and night,  
Stand, evermore, unfolded in thy sight.*

*First, teach him, to confider, how and why,  
Thou hast enthron'd him on a seat so high,  
And, so to think on his great charge ; and trust,  
As one who knowes he come to reckning must :  
For, honors if by thee they be not blest,  
Make wisest men as brutish as a beast.  
Teach him to minde, how great the favour was,  
When thou, of thy meere motion, and thy Grace,*

*Didst*

*Didst from so many millions chuse out him,  
To weare this Kingdomes fourefold Diadem :  
And, make thy Servants, favour'd in his sight,  
As thou hast made of him, thy Favorite.*

*Teach him, the fittest meanes to take away  
(And let none murmur at his just delay)  
Those Groves, and those Hill-Altars in the Land,  
Which suffred are untill his dayes to stand :  
And, give him wisedome, wisely to foresee,  
That Wheat from Chaffe, may well distinguish'd be.  
For, some will, else, bring Truth into suspition,  
Condemne good Discipline, for Superstition ;  
And with faire shewes, of Piety, beguile,  
That underhand they may encroach, the while,  
On Gods Inheritance ; and from her teare  
Those outward Ornaments his Bride doth weare  
Oh ! let him purge from Church and Commonweale,  
Those inflammations of corrupted zeale,  
And indigested humors, which doe spread  
Distempers through the Stomacke, paine the Head :  
And, by prepos't'rous courses, raise a storme  
To rend that Body, which it would reforme.*

*Let him, his Reformatiōs, first begin,  
Like David, with himselfe : and search within  
The closet of his heart, what he can finde,  
Which may annoy him there, in any kinde :  
And let him thence expell it, though it were,  
As deare unto him as his eye bals are.*

*His Household, let him next enquire into,  
And, well informed be, what there they doe ;  
That, so he may expect thy Comming-day  
With heart upright, and in a perfect way.  
Let him in no prophanenesse take delight,  
Nor brook a wicked person in his sight,*

C 5

Let

*Let no Blasphemer in his presence tarry ;  
 Nor they that falshoods, to and fro, doe carry.  
 Let him acquaintance with all such refraine ;  
 The lowly cherish ; haughty windes refraine ;  
 Enquire for them that vertuously excell,  
 And take in honest men with him to dwell.  
 No such Projector, who doth put in vse  
 Great Injuries, to mend a small abuse ;  
 Nor such, who in reforming, doe no other  
 But rob one Knave, to helpe enrich another ;  
 And prove themselves, when tryall doth befall,  
 To be, perhaps, the veriest Knaves of all.*

*Let him be curst with no base Officer,  
 Who doth before true Honor, Gold prefer ;  
 And, to enrich his Chest, a little more,  
 Would in his Reputation, make him poore :  
 Or with some needlesse Treasure, to supply him,  
 Lose him more Love, then all his Lands can buy him.  
 Let no man of his daily bread partake,  
 VVho at thy holy Boord shall him forsake ;  
 And, lay thou open their dissimulation,  
 Who shall approve of Na'mans Toleration.*

*Keepe from his Counsells, though their wit excels,  
 All Hypocrites, and all Achitophels.  
 Yea, let thy Wisdome, his discretion blesse,  
 From Rehoboams childish wilfulnesse,  
 VVho left his ancient Princes good directions,  
 To follow his young Nobles raw projections.  
 Or, if he like their Counsels, and receive them,  
 Harme let them bring to none but those who gave them :  
 And, if to him some dammage they procure,  
 Let present losse his future peace procure.*

*Make him perceive that humane Policy  
 Is Hand-maid to religious Honesty ;*

*And*

*And that, the man who doth foundations lay  
On Iustice, (and proves constant in his way)  
Shall make the Politician ; and make vaine  
His underminings without feare, or paine.  
For, as a Fowler seldome doth surprize  
That wary Bird, which can her selfe suffice,  
With what thy hand provideth in the fields,  
Or, what the Forrest, for her diet yeelds :  
So, sleights of Policy (although, perchance,  
They seeme, a while, to worke some hinderance)  
Can disadvantage none, but those, who leaving  
The pathes of Vertue, and themselves deceiving  
With some false hopes (which were before them laid)  
Made them the meanes, whereby they were betrayd.*

*Make him as precious in his Peoples eyes  
As their owne blood. Far higher let them prize  
His honor then their fortunes ; and let him,  
Be ev'ry way as tender over them.  
Yea, let the mutuall love, betwixt them bred,  
Vnite them as the Body, and the Head.  
For, such a blessed Vnion doth procure  
More safety then foure Kingdomes can assure ;  
Commands mens hearts, their fortunes, and their lives,  
Is chiefe of all his chiefe Prerogatives ;  
And shall more comfort, and more profit doe him,  
Then all those fruitlesse claimes can bring unto him ;  
Whereto, perchance, they urge him will, who shall  
Pretend his honor, when they seeke his fall.*

*Such men in Princes Courts were ever found,  
But, thou their lewd Projections wilt confound ;  
And, when their vaine devises bring on them,  
Confusion, who this reall Truth contemne ;  
When such mens foolish counsels, shall have brought  
Those mischiefs on them which their hands have wrought:  
( Yea,*

*(Yea, when oppress'd, with feares and discontent,  
They shall, too late, perhaps, their course repent)  
Then, they in heart shall forced be to say,  
That, what they sleighted was the safest way.*

*Blesse him from those, who censure his Intent,  
His Counsels, or his Actions by events :  
And sawcily, his Iudges dare appeare  
On ev'ry fland'rous Rumor they shall heare.  
Preserve him from those Minions (who do raise  
Their credits by another mans dispraise)  
That Machivillian crew, who to endear  
Their base immerits, fill the royall eare  
With tales, and false reports, concerning those  
Who their misdoings legally oppose :  
They, who growne great with rapine, and made strong,  
With wealth extorted to the publike wrong,  
Still add (to cover what misdone hath bin)  
New wrongs ; and make new partners in their sin,  
In hope their number keep them shall unshent :  
And, silence and condemne the Innocent.*

*Make him abhor such Apes, and such Baboones,  
As Parasites, and impudent Buffoones :  
Such, as would make their Princes glad with lies :  
Such, as with filthy tales of ribaldries,  
With scurrile songs, with unbecoming jests,  
And stufte which ev'ry civill eare detests,  
Abuse Kings Chambers. Let all those who buy  
Their Offices (which is lay Simony)  
Have alwayes his dislike ; and not recover  
His good esteeme againe, till they give over  
Their evill gotten places. Let all such  
Who for the seats of Iudgement, do as much,  
Appeare to him as men who are detested  
Of hainous crimes ; and ever be suspected*

*Of*



*Of some Corruption : for, it may be thought,  
That money must be made of what is bought.*

*Let him the causes of Abuse discern ;  
Let him the cure of ev'ry mischief learne ;  
Let him of what he knoweth, practice make ;  
Let all his People, his example take.  
Give them repentance for their passed crimes ;  
Assist them by thy grace, in future times ;  
And send thy Holy-Spirit through their Lands,  
To keep them in the way of thy Commands.  
So, thou in their Devotions wilt be pleas'd,  
So all thine anger will be quite appeas'd ;  
So, King and People, praise thee shall together ;  
And, then, thou need'st not send these Armies thither.*

Thus *MERCIE* spake ; & more she would have  
(For, she could everlastingly have paid) (said  
To this effect. But, *JUSTICE* having spy'd  
Gods eye to marke, how she seem'd satisf'd ;  
(And looking somewhat sternly, to betoken  
That *MERCIE* in her injury had spoken)  
Thus interrupted her. *Faire Sister, stay ;  
And, doe not think to beare my right away  
With smoothed words. Thou art an Advocate  
Well knowne to be the most importunate  
That ever pleaded : and, thou hast a trick  
With these moist eyes, beyond all Rhetorick.  
So that, unlesse I make it still appeare,  
What grosse offenders all thy Clients are,  
A Bill of mine (how just soe're the case)  
Would seldome in this great Star-chamber passe.  
No place, no persons, are so dissolute,  
But if they whine to thee, thou make'st sute  
On their behalves. Thou wert Soliciter  
For King Manasses (that Idolater*

*And*

*And gotst his pardon. Thou hast Proctresse bin  
For Ieroboam (who made Iſr'el ſin)  
That hand recuring which he did extend,  
The Meſſenger of God, to apprehend.*

*Thou art for any who in thee beleeves,  
Though Traytors, Strumpets, Murtherers, or Theeves.  
Thou prayd'ſt for Nineveh ; yea thou haſt prayd  
For Sodome ; and my hand had ſure beene ſlaid  
When I conſum'd them, if there had beene, then,  
In five great Cities, but tenne righteous men.*

*I never yet could get a verdict paſt  
On any Sinner, but thou croſt it haſt,  
Vpon the leaſt repentance. And if ever  
To ſerve an Execution I endeavor,  
Thou, ſtill, one meanes or other doſt procure,  
To mitigate the ſtricteſt forfeiture.*

*Thee, for delaying Iudgements, I prefer  
Ev'n farre before the Courts at Weſtminſter.  
And, if I longer theſe thy dealings beare,  
Thou here wilt uſe me, as they uſe me there :  
For, lately I ſurveyed it ; and ſaw  
Their Chauncery had halfe devour'd their Law.*

*Sweet Lady call to minde, there is a due  
Pertaining equally to me and you.  
As nothing without M E R C I E ſhould be done ;  
So I V S T I C E ſhould not be encroacht upon.  
I claime a Daughters part, and I deſire  
To keepe mine owne inheritance intire.  
I, for your ſake, huge Armies, often ſave,  
When they had, elſe, beene rotting in the grave.  
I ſuffer you to wipe more finnes away  
Then twice tenne thouſand millions in a day.  
There's none whom I doe puniſh for his crimes,  
But I doe ſcarre him firſt, a thouſand times*

(At

*(At your entreaty) when, if I had pleased,  
I might so many times his life have seized.  
Yea, I should none have injur'd, though I had  
Of all the World, long since, a Bone-fire made.*

*For, what effect hath your Compassion wrought?  
What Offerings, to Gods Altars, now are brought  
By my long sparing them? Nay, have they not  
Him, and his awfull pow'r, the more forgot?  
What did I say? forgot him? if they had  
V's'd him and his Indulgence but so bad,  
Thou might'st have spoken for them; and I could  
Have left thy supplications uncontroll'd,  
But, they have aggravated their neglect,  
With such base villanies, such disrespect,  
And such contempt of Him, of Thee, and Mee,  
That if we beare it, we shall scorn'd be.*

*They so presumptuous are, that well I know,  
Were but a petty-Justice us'd so,  
He would not brooke it: But, so rough appeare,  
That all the sin-professing houses neare,  
Of Reformation would be much in doubt;  
And feare they should not buy his Anger out,  
Though they presented him with coyne and wares;  
And brib'd his Clarke, with whom, tis thought he shares.  
I will not therefore palliate their despight;  
I will not be debarred of my right;  
I will not make my selfe a publike scorne;  
Nor will I longer beare what I have borne.*

*Here with (as if she thought it were in vaine,  
For Vengeance, unto M E R C I E to complaine)  
She rais'd her eyes; she fixed them upon  
The Throne of heav'n, and Him that sat thereon:  
Then bowed thrice; and, then to her complaint,  
She thus proceeded like an Angry Saint.*

*Great*

*Great IVDGE of all the world, just, wise, and holy ;  
Who sin abhorrest, and correctest folly :  
Who drivest all uncleannesse from thy sight,  
And feared art, ev'n of the most upright :  
Consider well my Cause, and let thou not  
Thy JUSTICE in thy MERCIE be forgot,  
As well as this my sister, so am I  
United unto thee essentially  
Before all Time ; and there is cause for me  
To boast thy favour, full as much as she.  
For, to maintaine thy Justice (and approve  
That sacred, never violated Love  
Thou bearest me) great Monarkies have drunk  
Thy cup of wrath ; and into ruine sunk.  
For their contempt of me, thou hast rejected  
The Nation, of all Nations, most affected.  
Once, thou the Globe of Earth didst wholly drowne ;  
From Heav'n thou threw'st the sinfull Angels downe :  
And (which is more) thy Best beloved dy'd,  
That my displeasure might be satisf'd.*

*But, let no former favour me availe,  
If now of Reason on my side I faile.  
I never did a Vengeance, yet pursue  
Before it was requir'd by double due.  
I never plagued any in despight,  
Nor in the death of sinners took delight.  
Why therefore thus is my proceeding staid ?  
And thy just wrath so suddenly alaid ?  
Hath Mercy their offences veiled so,  
That thou beholdest not what faults they do ?  
And wilt thou still continue thy compassion  
To this unthankfull and forgetfull Nation ?  
What are they, but a most corrupted breed ?  
A wicked, a perverse, ingratefull seed ?*

A

*A people for instruction so untoward,  
So stubborne in their courses, and so froward, (them,  
That neither threats, nor plagues, nor love can mend  
And therefore Desolation must attend them.*

*Me they have injured, past all compare;  
They flout me to my face; they me out dare  
Ev'n on my Iudgement-seats; they truth deny,  
Although they know, their hearers know they lye.  
They use my Titles, and my Offices,  
But as a meane to rob, or to oppresse  
The poorer sort: and he that wrong sustaines  
Is sure of more, if he for right complaines.  
Search thou their streets, their Markets, & their Courts;  
Note where the greatest multitude resorts,  
And if thou finde a man among them, there,  
That hath of Truth or Iudgements any care,  
Him let thine Angell save. But thou shalt see  
That nothing else from heele to head they be,  
But swellings, wounds, and sores: that they are wholly  
Oregrowne with leprogies of noysome folly;  
And that, among them, there abideth none,  
Whose path is right and perfect, no not one.*

*Their studies, are in cheating trickes, and shifts.  
Their practice, is to compass bribes, and gifts.  
Their silver is but dross. Their wine impure.  
Their finest gold, will not the touch endure.  
The poore oppresse the poore. The Childe assumes  
An Elders place. The basest Groome presumes  
Before the Noble. Women take on them  
Mens habits, and subjection doe contemne.  
Men grow effeminate. Age dotes, Youth raves,  
The begger's proud. The rich man, basely craves.  
The neighbour of his neighbour goes in danger;  
The brother to the brother growes a stranger.*

*There*

*There is no kin, but Coufnage. Few professe  
 Affection, Amity, or Friendlineffe,  
 But to deceive. If men each other greet,  
 With shewes of wondrous friendship, when they meet,  
 They doe but practise kindly to betray;  
 And jeere, and scoffe, when they depart away:  
 They labour, and they study, lyes to make:  
 To grow more wicked, serious paines they take:  
 Wolves are as mercifull: Their Dogs as holy:  
 Vertue, they count a Foole: Religion, folly:  
 Their Lawes are but their nets, and ginses, to take  
 Those whom they hate, and seeke their prey to make:  
 The patronage of Truth, none standeth for:  
 The way of Piety, they doe abhor:  
 They meet unseene, the harmlesse to deceive:  
 They hatch the Cocatrice: They sloely weave  
 The Spiders web; and, when in bed they are,  
 They lye and study plots of mischief there.*

*And, why thus fares it? but, because they see  
 That (how unjust so'e're their Courtes be)  
 They prosper in their wickednesse, and thrive,  
 Whilst they who honor thee afflicted live.  
 If any man reprove their damned way,  
 They persecute, and slander him, and say;  
 Come, let us smite him with our tongue, that he,  
 And his reproofes, may unregarded be.  
 They desperately resolve a wicked Course;  
 And, ev'ry day proceed from bad, to worse.  
 Themselves they sooth in evill: and professe  
 In publike manner, Trades of wickednesse.  
 They impudently boast of their Transgressions,  
 And madly, glory in their great Oppressions.  
 Yea, some so farre have over-gone the Devils  
 In shamelesnesse, that they make bragge of evils*

*Which*

*Which they committed not (as if they fear'd  
That else they had not lewd enough appear'd)  
Whereas, they from themselves would strive to flie,  
If they could see their owne deformity.*

*For, what remaineth to be termed ill  
Which they are guiltlesse of, in act, or will?  
They, gall unto the hungry prosper'd have:  
They, vineger unto the thirfly gave:  
With brutish fiercenesse they themselves aray:  
Unsatisfied in their lust are they;  
And neither earth nor heav'n escapes the wrongs  
Of their injurious and blasphemous tongues.  
With ev'ry member, they dishonor Thee,  
No part of them from wickednesse is free:  
Their Eyes, are wandring after vanitie,  
And leere about, advantages to spye.  
Their Eares are deafe to goodnesse; but most prone  
To heare a slander told of any one:  
And have an itching after ev'ry thing,  
Which, newes of sensuality, may bring.  
Their brazen Foreheads, without shame appeare:  
Their Teeth are sharper then a sword or speare:  
Their Lips, as keenly cut, as Razors doe;  
And, under them, is Adders poison too.  
Their Mouthes with bitter cursings, over-flow:  
Their oily Tongues, contention daily sow:  
In Heart, they Falshood before Truth, preferre:  
Their Throats, are like a gaping Sepulcher:  
Foule belchings from their Stomacks doe arise,  
Ev'n filthie speeches, and ranke blasphemies.  
Their Hands (their right hands) lawlesse gifts receive:  
With Bribes, their Fingers, they defiled have.  
Their Feet, are swift in executing ill,  
And, run the blood of innocents to spill.*

*They*

*They are corrupt in ev'ry Facultie ;  
In Vnderstanding, Will, and Memorie ;  
Yea, their most specious works of pietie  
Are little else, but meere hypocrisie.*

*All stain'd with Murthers, Thefts, Adulteries,  
And other unrepented Villanies  
Thy House they enter, as if they were cleare,  
Or, thither came, but to out-brave thee there.  
There, they display their pride : there, they contemne  
Thy Messengers ; or, sit and censure them.  
There, they disturbe thy Children in their pray'rs,  
By tatling of impertinent affaires.  
The many roving lookes, they throw about,  
Doe prove them, far more wanton, than devout.  
And, say, they bring devotion for a fit :  
Alas ! what pleasure canst thou take in it ?  
Or, what doe they but mocke thee, when they pray,  
Vnlesse their wickednesse they cast away ?  
What profits it, to kneele sometime an houre ?  
To fast a day ? to look demure, or soure ?  
To raise the hands aloft ? the brest to strike ?  
To shake the head, or hang it Bulrush like ?  
And, all that while to have no thought of thee ;  
But on base projects, musing, there, to be ?*

*I many such enormities might name,  
Wherein this People have beene much to blame.  
And, shall they still, thy gentlenesse contemne ?  
Wilt thou forbear, for this, to punish them ?  
Shall such devotion be regarded more,  
Then if they brought the hyring of a whore ?  
Or sacrific'd a Dog ? Nay, though they had  
Of farre fet Calamus an Offering made,  
Or, incense brought from Sheba ; doe they think  
The smoke of that, shall take away the stink*

*Of*



*Of their corruption? shall this wicked Throng,  
(Who partners are in ev'rie kind of wrong,  
And Reformation hate) still spared be  
Because they can a little prate of thee?  
Make zealous outward shewes; and preach thy word,  
Whose pow'r they have deny'd? (if not abhorr'd.)*

*Let me consume them rather. For, Compassion  
So often hath prevailed for this Nation,  
That, all my threatnings are no whit regarded,  
Thy Pittie is with disrespect rewarded;  
Thy Blowes doe nothing soften them: but, more  
Hard hearted, rather, make them then before.  
They neither know nor seeke thee. They scarce daigne  
So much as thoughts of thee to entertaine.  
Or if they doe; yet, thou in kindnesse, hast  
So frequently, their errors over past  
With gentle stripes; that they conjecture, now  
That thou art like to them, and dost allow  
Their wicked courses. For, Is there (say they)  
In God, or sight, or knowledge of our way?  
Doth he behold? or care what things we doe?  
Will he take vengeance? Tush, it is not so.  
Such fables were devis'd in times of old,  
And of strange judgements, stories have beene told;  
But, who hath seene them? or, when will appeare  
That Day of Doome, whereof so oft we heare?  
Sure never. For the world doth still remaine  
The same it was; and these are feares in vaine.*

*Oh! what will this increase unto, if thus  
Thou suffer them to make a scorne of us?  
Where is thy feare, if thou a Master be?  
Why, (if a God) should they not honour thee?  
What meanes thy long long-suffring? and, what way  
To worke amendment wilt thou next assay?*

*Thou*

*Thou hast already mov'd them to repent,  
 By Threats, Gifts, Precepts, and by Punishment.  
 To stop their wickednesse, thou Flouds, and Drought,  
 Frosts, Fires, and Tempests, hast upon them brought.  
 Distempers, Frights, and (many times of late)  
 Distrusts, and hazzards of the publike State.  
 With ev'ry kind of Sicknesse, thou hast try'd them ;  
 With Pestilence, and Famine, mortisf'd them :  
 With Slaughters thou hast foild them ; and betwixt  
 Each Plague, thou Mercy still hast intermixt ;  
 Yet, all in vaine. Oh ! rise, and suffer me  
 On all at once avenged now to be.  
 Plucke from thy bosome, thy fure striking-hand,  
 And, let it fall so heavy on that Land,  
 That, all their Follies may their merit have,  
 And, they be put to silence in the grave.*

*Permit them not unplagued to persevere,  
 Blaspheming thus, thy Name and thee for ever.  
 But, let me ev'ry Plague upon them cast,  
 Which thou, for such as they, prepared hast.  
 Let them perceive, that they have lov'd and served  
 Those gods, by whom they cannot be preserved.  
 Let me transport from their polluted Coast,  
 Those Holy-things, whereof they vainly boast :  
 And, let not their prophanenesse be protected  
 By that, which they so much have disrespected.*

*For, why shouldst thou forbear this people more  
 Than many other Nations heretofore ?  
 Since they for their example those have had  
 The lesse excusable their faults are made.  
 Yea, though their wickednesse were but the same,  
 Yet, they are worthy of a greater blame.*

*What are they better then the stubborn Iewes ?  
 Wherein, doe they thy blessings lesse abuse ?*

*What*

*What have their Temples, of more worth in them  
Then, Shilo, Bethel, or Ierufalem,  
That we should spare their many steepled Towres,  
Not rather making them the Neasts, and Bowres  
Of noysome Vermine, and such fatal Fowles,  
As croking Ravens, and loud screeching Owles?  
Why shouldst thou not, as low this Ile decline,  
As Milke and Hony-flowing Palestine?  
What have they more deserved of thy pittie  
Then Sion, thy so much beloved Citty?  
Or, wherefore should their Seed be thought upon  
More kindly, then the bratts of Babylon?  
Why should their Common wealth, more prized be,  
Then those great Monarchies destroy'd by me  
In former ages, whose transcendent Fate,  
Each Time succeeding, hath admired at?  
Yea, since the World thou didst for sinning, drowne,  
Why should such mercy to this Land be shown?  
If thou a pious King to them hast given,  
What loseth he, if thou from thence to Heav'n  
Translate him shalt? From earthly Crownes, to weare  
Those wreathes of Glory that immortall are?  
And from a froward People, to have place  
With Angells, and there triumph in thy grace?  
If any man be found observing thee,  
To him what discontentment can it be  
To view my hand prevailing over those  
Who me in my proceedings did oppose?  
And see those Tyrants ruin'd, who have long  
Committed violence, and offred wrong  
To him, and his? what harme hath he I pray,  
To passe through all that sorrow in one day,  
And in thy blessed presence to appeare,  
Who else might here have lingred many a yeare?*

Of

*Of what can he complaine, if being borne  
Above the reach of ev'ry future scorne,  
Within thy heav'nly Mansion, he possesse  
A perfect, and an endlesse happinesse?*

*Why may not I V S T I C E glorifie thy Name,  
As well as M E R C Y can extoll the same?  
Why should thy former favours, being lost,  
Oblige thee to defray a future cost  
On Prodigals, and Vnthrifts, who had rather  
Live Swineherds, than returne to thee their Father?  
Why may not that reproach diverted be,  
Which irreligious men will cast on thee  
Although thou spare not hypocrites; and them  
Who are the causers that thy Foes blaspheme?  
What disadvantage can their fall effect  
To thy pure honour? or, to thine elect,  
Which may not be prevented (if thou please)  
Although thou be not mercifull to these?*

*Sure, none at all: and, therefore, I will stay  
My hand no longer; but breake off delay.  
Thy Sword and Ballance, are with me in trust;  
To punish Sin, I know it to be just;  
They both arraigned, and condemned are;  
My warrants, in thy written Word appeare:  
Their crimes, for Vengeance, loudly crying be:  
Thy Iudgements, ready mustred are, by thee:  
Thine eye doth speake unto me to be gone;  
And, loe; I flye to see thy pleasure done.*

*As when a Mother on a sudden hearing  
Her babe to shrieke, (and some disaster fearing  
That may befall the childe) starts up and flies  
To see the reason of her Infants cries:  
So quick, was I V S T I C E; & e're now, had brought  
Her work, to something; and, this Land, to nought.*  
But

But, to prevent her purpose, *M E R C I E* cast  
 Her arme about that angry *Virgins* waste ;  
 Look'd sadly on her ; hung about her ; kist her,  
 And (weeping in her bosome) said, *Sweet Sister,*  
*I pray thee, doe not thus impatient grow,*  
*Nor prosecute deserved Vengeance, so.*  
*Thou art most beautifull ; sincerely just ;*  
*Most perfectly upright in all thou dost ;*  
*For which thine excellency, and perfection,*  
*I love thee with an excellent affection.*  
*And though thou frownest ; yet thy frownings be*  
*So lovely, that I cannot part from thee.*

*What though some Worldlings offer thee disgraces,*  
*Shall they (Sweet heart) make loathed my embraces ?*  
*Shall thou, and I, (who nearer are then twinnes)*  
*Fall out, or be divorced by their sinnes ?*  
*Oh never let it said, or mutt' red be,*  
*That we in any thing can disagree.*  
*For what's more lovely, or more sweet then this,*  
*That we each other may embrace and kisse ?*  
*And by our mutuall workings, and agreeings,*  
*Bring all Gods Creatures to their perfect beings.*

*Beleeve me (Deare) Heav'n doth not comprehend*  
*That pleasure, which this pleasure doth transcend :*  
*Nor is our Father better pleas'd in us,*  
*Then when he sees our armes entwined, thus.*  
*For should we jarre, the world would be undone,*  
*And Heav'n, and Earth, into a Chaos runne.*  
*What profit can it bring, or what content,*  
*To see a Kingdome miserably rent,*  
*With manifold afflictions ? what great good*  
*To us redoundeth by the death, or blood*  
*Of any man ? what honour can we have ?*  
*What praise, from those that in the silent grave*

D

Lie

*Lye raked up in ruines dead and rotten ?  
Or in the Land where all things are forgotten ?  
Seeke not thy Glory by their Overthrow,  
That are pursued by too strong a Foe,  
And over-match'd already ; thinke upon  
The pow'rfull hate of that malicious One.  
Remember they were framed of the dust ;  
And that to Clay againe returne they must.  
When they are dead they passe away for ever,  
Ev'n as that vapour which returneth never.  
Oh ; make them not the Butt of thy displeasure,  
Nor Give them of Gods wrath the fullest measure.  
I grant this Realme is sinfull ; But, what hath  
That Realme, or people equalling thy wrath ?  
T'is honourable, when we stoope below  
Our selves ; that love or favour we may show ;  
Or to correct, with purpose to amend :  
But if with such we Foe-like should contend,  
It would appeare, as if some Empery  
Did arme it selfe, to combat with a Fly.  
When we correction, or forgivenesse daigne,  
We may correct them, or forgive againe :  
But in destroying quite, our selves we wound,  
And to our Infinitenesse, set a bound ;  
For IVSTICE neither MERCY can have place,  
In subjects, which we totally deface.  
We must not seeke for purity divine  
In dust and ashes ; till we first refine  
From earthly drosse the gold that we desire,  
By using of the Bellowes and the Fire.  
For till we purge it, what ( alas ) is good,  
Or what can holy be in Flesh and Blood ?  
Who looks that Figs on Thistles should be borne,  
Or that sweet Grapes should grow upon a Thorne ?*

*It*

*It cannot be. As therefore heretofore  
God promised, (that he would never more  
Contend with man) let us resolve the same ;  
And by some other meanes, their wildenesse tame.*

*Keepe, yet a while, this Army where it is ;  
And let us try to mend what is amisse,  
(As erst we did) by sending jointly thither,  
Our Favours, and Corrections, both together :  
And if they profit not, there is a Day  
In which thine Indignation shall have way.*

*As when a Father, who, in heat of wrath  
To give a son correction purpos'd hath,  
Enraged is, untill his lovely wife  
Doth interpose her selfe with friendly strife ;  
But (pleased in the sweetnesse of her speech,  
Who to forgive the Child doth him beseech)  
Doth lay aside his whole displeasure, then,  
And turne his anger into smiles agen ;  
So, I V S T I C E was by M E R C Y wrought upon :  
And she that would with so much haste be gone,  
Forgot her speed ; Her louing Sister ey'd  
With calmer lookes ; and thus to her reply'd.*

*Thou, and thy charmings have prevail'd upon me,  
And to abate mine anger thou hast wonne me.  
I therefore will not cast my plagues on all,  
But on worst Livers, onely, let them fall.  
Nay, nay, quoth M E R C I E, thou must favour show  
To most of them, or thou wilt overthrow  
The lawes of Destiny ; and crost will be  
What God did from eternity decree.  
For, some of these have not fulfilled yet  
Their finnes, nor made their number up complete.  
Some, that are wandring in the wayes of folly,  
Shall be regenerated, and made holy.*

D 2

Some

*Of them some have morality, that may  
Be helpfull to Gods children, in their way ;  
Some, must be left, as were the Cana'nites,  
To exercise the faithfull Isr'elites ;  
Yea some, have in their loynes a generation  
Unborne, which must make up the blessed Nation.  
And till that seed bud forth, those trees must stand,  
Although they grow but to annoy the Land.*

*It seemes (quoth I V S T I C E) I must then abide,  
(However they offend) unsatisfi'd.  
Unsatisfi'd (said M E R C I E) Is it that,  
Sweet Sister which your zeale hath aimed at ?  
Then, looke you there. And with that word, her eye  
She plac'd on him, who sits in Majesty,  
At Gods right hand. Behold that Lambe (quoth she)  
By him thou fully satisfi'd shalt be.  
He poore was made, that he their debt might pay ;  
He base became, to take their shame away ;  
He entred bond, their freedome to procure ;  
He dangers try'd, their safeties to assure ;  
He scorned was, their honor to advance ;  
He seem'd a foole, to helpe their ignorance ;  
He sin was made, their errors to conceale ;  
He wounded was, that he their wounds might heale ;  
He thirsted, that their thirst might have an end ;  
He wept, that joy their sorrow might attend ;  
He lost his blood, that they their blood might save ;  
He dy'd, that they eternall life might have.  
Nor canst thou any for their sins condemne,  
(Since he hath over-paid the price for them)  
If by partic'lar faith they shall apply  
That pardon, which he granteth gen'rally.  
And lest to that whole Kingdome thou deny it,  
For want of application, I apply it.*

*Why*



*V*Why then (said *I V S T I C E*) *I* may quite difmiffe  
*This* boast of *Plagues* which here affembled is.  
*Not* fo, replied *M E R C I E*: *For* no curse  
*Is* greater, nor is any mischief worfe  
*Then* want of due correction: *And* if *I*  
*Should* yeeld to that, it were not Clemency,  
*But* cruell dealing; and my love no other  
*Then* is the kindnesse of that cockring mother,  
*Who* spares the rod (out of her pure affection)  
*And* sends unto the Gallowes for correction:  
*As* if she thought her children apt for learning,  
*I*f they could take a hanging for a warning.

*I* seeme to crosse thy workings, and thou mine,  
*To* those that neither know my wayes, nor thine:  
*But*, as the motions in a Clocke doe tend  
*And* move together to one purpos'd end,  
*Although* their wheeles contrary courses goe,  
*And* force the even ballance to and fro.  
*Ev'n* so, although it may to some appeare,  
*That* our proceedings much repugnant are;  
*Yet* in our disagreecings, we agree,  
*And* helpfull to our chiefe designe they be.

*We* therefore, from Gods Army will select  
*One* Regiment, this people to correct.  
*Not* his that is the Generall: for, he  
*Resisteth* us if he prevailing be.  
*Nor* Famine; *For*, (unlesse permit we shall  
*That* she devoure, untill we starve up all)  
*She* most unequally consumes the poore,  
*And* makes the rich to be enriched more.  
*Nor* will we send the Sword; for, that makes way  
*For* ev'ry plague to follow; yea, doth lay  
*All* open to confusion; and bestowes  
*The* pow'r of God oft times upon his foes.

D 3

But

*But, we to punish them, will send from hence,  
The dreadfull, and impartiall PESTILENCE.  
For, she doth neither Rich, nor Poore preferre;  
The foolish, and the wise, are one to her:  
Nor eloquence, nor beauty, nor complexion,  
Prevailes with her; Nor Hatred, nor Affection.  
She seizeth All alike; she visiteth  
The Palace, as the Cottage; and with death,  
Or else with sicknesse, strikes at each degree,  
Vnlesse our Superfedeas, granted be.*

*By meanes of her, in any State, or City,  
Thou maist avenge, and I may show my pittie  
With little noise; and both at once, fulfill  
Our wishes, and accomplish all our will.  
For, where a noysome weed is seene to sprout,  
She shall, at thy appointment, weed it out.  
Or if a plant, or bud, or flow'r we see,  
That's ripe for Heav'n, and may impaired be  
By standing longer; we the same will gather;  
To make a precious Posie for our Father.  
And, as thou hast thy purpose, by their fall.  
Or smart, whom she or wound, or slaughter shall:  
Right so have I: For, if they wicked are  
Whom she removes; the better shall they fare,  
Whose Conversations truly honest be;  
And from oppression live the longer free.  
If righteous men this Judgements prey become,  
It is appointed to secure them from  
Some greater Plague, which must (perhaps) be sent  
To scourge this Kingdome, ere it will repent;  
Or (peradventure) that my hand may take them  
From Earth, the Citizens of Heav'n to make them:  
And some, who never else on God had thought,  
Shall, (by her whip) unto his love be brought.*

*This*

This pleased well, and *IUSTICE* did agree  
 With *MERCY*, that it should allowed be:  
 And, for the swift fulfilling of their minde,  
 The *PESTILENCE*, by warrant, was assign'd  
*Great Brittain* to invade; and limited  
 Where to begin the *Plague*; how far to spread;  
 How many she should wound; how many slay;  
 How many grieve; how many fright away;  
 How long abide; and when her terme was done,  
 On what conditions (then) she must be gone.  
 Moreover left her stroke should not amend us,  
 Gods *Hoast of Plagues* had warrant to attend us;  
 That if the *Pestilence* could not prevaile,  
 Another might our wicked Land assaile;  
 And then another, till we did repent,  
 Or were consumed in our chastisement.

The *Prince of Darknes*, (though he could not gaine  
 Permission, fully to unloose his Chaine)  
 His usuall pow'r obtain'd to worke despite  
 On some offenders, and to use the sleight  
 Of Lying-wonders: or by strong temptation  
 To feize upon the Sonnes of *Reprobation*:  
 Yea many times to buffet (for correction)  
 Ev'n those that have the seales of *Gods election*.

*Dearth* was commanded, that (to make us feare  
 A *Scarcenefse*) she should scatter here, and there,  
 A *Floud*, or *Tempest*; and at sometime bring  
 A *droughty Summer*, or a *frosty Spring*,  
 Or *Mel-dewes*, to remember us, from whom  
 The blessings of a plenteous yeare doe come.

*Warre*, (who had quite forgotten us almost)  
 Injoyned was to sit upon our *Coast*;  
 To saile about our *Shore*, to view our *Forts*,  
 To visit all our *Havens*, and our *Ports*:

D 4

And

And with her dreadfull sounds, to rouze and keepe  
This Kingdome, from *securities* dead sleepe.  
But was commanded, not to feize a hoofe  
Of what was our till God hath made a prooffe  
How mollifi'd our stony hearts will be ;  
What fruits of true repentance he shall see ;  
What change will be effected in this Land,  
By his correcting us with his owne hand ;  
And what oblations of true thankes and love,  
We render will upon this *Plague* remove.

Wherein, if we doe faile his expectation,  
We shall be made a miserable *Nation*.  
The *Sea* that now doth close us, like a wall,  
Shall be a Sea of terror ; and it shall  
Let in our foes upon us, or which flouds  
O're-flow our borders, and devoure our goods.  
Our wealthy *Traffiques*, and that forraine Trade,  
(Whereby so proud, and wanton we are made)  
Cut off shall be, and faile in ev'ry Coast.  
Our num'rous *Fleets* (whereof so much we boast,  
(And, in whose pow'r and multitude, I feare  
Our trust, and hopes too much repofed are)  
By Stormes, and Piracies, that shall pursue them,  
Or want of meanes, and trading to renue them,  
Shall waste away unheeded ; till we see  
Our harmes beyond our meanes of curing be.  
Our *Houses* shall by strangers be possessed ;  
Our goodly *Temples*, which, (as yet) are blessed  
With Gods true worship, shall be raz'd, or burned,  
Or into dennes of theevery be turned.  
Throughout those champain fields, & forrests, where  
We hunted for our pleasure ; we by Feare  
Shall hunted be : and made a prey for them  
Whom we (perhaps) did most of all contemne.

Our

Our *People*, (on whose numbers we presume)  
 Shall by degrees be less'n'd, and consume.  
 Our *Nation* (late renowned through the World)  
 Shall be unvalu'd, as old rubbish, hurl'd  
 In some by-corner, and quite round about us  
 Our Foes, our Neighbors, & our Friends shal flout us.  
 Our *Peace*, shall make us but effeminate.  
 Our *Riches*, and our plentiful estate,  
 Shall but enrich our enemies ; and we  
 (That of our *King* so glad, and hopefull be)  
 Shall (for our sinnes, perchance) be quite deprived  
 Of those great comforts, which we have conceived  
 For, either God may give an ill successe  
 To his best Counsells, for our frowardnesse ;  
 Or leave us some distrustings in our heart,  
 To make us censure in an evill part  
 His gracious purposes ; or give a pow'r  
 To some ill-willers of his peace, and our,  
 To sow the seeds of Discord, and divide  
 Our hearts, which now so lovingly are ty'd :  
 Or let some *Politician* worke upon  
 His Goodnesse ; and so cunningly goe on,  
 That he shall never finde, how he, and his  
 Are injured, till all things are amisse :  
*Which God forbid ; yea, grant ( O Lord ) that I*  
*In these purposes may not prophesie ;*  
*As ( out of doubt I shall ) if any sin*  
*( That may procure it ) we continue in.*

Yea, though our *Projects* may a while possesse  
 Our hearts with flatt'ring hopes of good successe ;  
 Though in affaires of *VVarre*, and in our *Fights*  
 We thrive a while, as did the *Benjamites* ;  
 Although a league with *Baalam* we began ;  
 And *Berodach* the sonne of *Baladan*

D 5

Had

Had sent us presents ; and though he shall seeme  
To have our health and welfare in esteeme ;  
Though to his *Lords* the treasures we declare,  
Which in Gods *Temple* here among us are :  
Yea, though we gave those *holy things*, to buy  
His love, and *Babylonish* amity :  
It should but linger us along, till they  
(Who seeke our overthrow) their snares doe lay ;  
Vntill they have enlarg'd their growing pow'rs,  
And by their *Policy*, befooled ours ;  
Or, till our finnes, or our securities  
Have made us objects for their Tyrannies,  
And, there enthrall'd us, where long since were hung  
On willow trees, untuned, and unstrung,  
The Harpes of *Syon* ; and where Men contemne  
The heav'nly Sonnets of *Ierusalem*.

Ev'n this shall be our lot, and worfe then this  
If we continue still to doe amisse,  
Or bring not forth the fruits of Penitence,  
When God hath scourg'd us by the *Pestilence*.  
But, if that stirre us to repenting shall,  
He will not onely back againe recall  
That raging *Plague*, to which he gave such pow'r  
Within our peopled Cities to devoure :  
But, he will also on this *Realme* bestow  
New benefits, for entertaining so,  
With lowlineffe, his fatherly correction ;  
And yeelding him our filial affection.

Then, ev'ry one beneath his Vine shall fit  
Without disturbance ; and with pleasure eate  
The profit of his labors. Men shall goe  
In safety through the Kingdome, to, and fro.  
Their Land they shall enjoy in peace ; and weare  
The warmest fleeces, that their flockes do beare.

No

No sonnes of *Belial*, shall from them divert  
 Their *Princes* favour (in the smallest part)  
 Nor shall Seditions Lovers draw from him  
 Their loyalties, by misinforming them ;  
 But God that blessed *union* shall maintaine,  
 Which ought 'twixt *King* and *People* to remaine.

He, then, will multiply the fruits encrease ;  
 Preserve our plenty, sanctifie our peace :  
 And guide by Land and Sea, our preparations  
 Of lawfull *warre*, to seize upon those *Nations*  
 That are our foes, and his. Which, that He may  
 Vouchsafe unto us ; let us ev'ry day  
 Produce of thankfulness some new effect :  
 Let us observe (with ev'ry due respect)  
 The progresse of that *Plague* sent lately hither ;  
 How *CLEMENCY* & *JUSTICE* came together ;  
 Relating to each other what we saw  
 To kindle love, or keepe our soules in awe ;  
 And so record it, that (should we be rotten)  
 It may be still preserved unforgotten.  
 For, that we might his honour forth declare,  
 We both created, and preserved were.  
 To such a purpose, I doe thus employ  
 That scorned Faculty, which I enjoy ;  
 And (for the compassing of my intention)  
 Have off'red up the best of my invention ;  
 And what that is (to those, who doe regard  
 Such paines) the following *Cantoes* have declar'd.

*Behold (O Lord) my purposes from heav'n ;  
 Accept of me the gift that thou hast given.  
 Permit not those, who spite or malice me,  
 To interrupt my Muse in praising thee.  
 Let none of those, who finde that I neglect  
 The way to wealth, which they too much affect,*

*Conceive*

*Conceive, that I my Time have spent in vaine,  
 Because their Studies yeeld them greater gaine;  
 Let them perceive, though this endeavour brings  
 Nor Riches, Honours, nor esteeme of Kings;  
 But rather wafts my Fortunes, and doth more  
 Increase my charge, and troubles, then before;  
 Let them (I say) conceive, and also know  
 That I am highly pleas'd, it should be so;  
 And would not change the blessing of my Fate  
 With those, whom they doe hold more fortunate.*

*And let not that, which I have here comprised,  
 Become (through my unworthinesse) despised;  
 But grant it such a moderate respect,  
 That I may see my labours take effect  
 For their encouragements, who shall apply  
 To such good ends, their gift of Poësie;  
 And let all those, who shall peruse my Story,  
 Receive some profit, and give thee, the glory.*

---

## The second Canto.

*Our Muse defends her lowly stile;  
 And (having shrowne aside a while)  
 Tells, how the Plague first entred here;  
 What meanes to stay it practis'd were.  
 Some vulgar Tenets are disputed;  
 Some rectified, some refuted.*

*She from the Nature, and the Cause,  
 Of that Disease, conclusions drawes;  
 Declareth how it runnes and creepes,  
 And what uncertaine paths it keepes:  
 How long strict orders usefull stood;*

*The*



*The fruit of Christian neighbourhood ;  
And many other things, betwixt  
These mentiond, are intermixt.*

*She sheweth (also) meanes assured  
By which, this mischief may be cured ;  
How to apply that meanes ; how those  
Who use it, should themselves compose ;  
How violent the Plague did grow ;  
Who from it might, or might not goe ;  
How much t'was feared ; how men fled ;  
How ill, in flying, many sped ;  
And lastly (as occasion moves)  
She grieves, she counsells, and reproves.*

Et no fantastique *Reader* now condemne  
Our homely *Muse*, for stooping unto them,  
In plaine expressions, and in words, that show  
We love not, in affected paths, to goe.  
For, to be understood, is language used ;  
And speech to other ends as much abused.  
Lines, therefore, over-darke, or over-trimm'd,  
Are like a *Picture* with a Visour limm'd ;  
Or like *Pomanders* of a curious sent,  
Within a painted Box that hath no vent ;  
Or like *Peach-kernels*, which, (to get them forth)  
Require more cracking, then the fruit is worth.  
Let no man gueffe, my *Measures* framed be,  
That wiser men, my little wit may see ;  
Or that I doe not hold the matter good,  
Which is not more admir'd then understood :  
For, chiefly, such a *Subject* I desire,  
And such a plaine *Expression*, to acquire,  
That ev'ry one my meaning may discern ;  
And they be taught, that have most need to learne.

It

It is the usefull matter of my Rimes  
 Shall make them live. Words alter as the Times :  
 And sooneſt their fantaſtique Rhetoriques,  
 Who trim their *Poefies* with ſchooleboy-tricks.  
 That, which this age affects, as grave, and wiſe,  
 The following generation may deſpiſe.  
*Greenes* phraſe, and *Lillie's* language were in faſhion,  
 And had among the wits much cominendation ;  
 But now, another garbe of ſpeech, with us  
 Is pris'd ; and theirs is thought ridiculous ;  
 As ours (perchance) will be, whẽ Time (who changeth  
 Things changeable) the preſent phraſe eſtrangeth.

Let no man therefore dreame, I will beſtow  
 My precious Time in what will vary ſo ;  
 Since that, which, with moſt eaſe I ſhall produce,  
 May have (for ought I know) the longeſt uſe.  
 Let no man thinke, I'lle racke my memory  
 For pen-and-inkehorne-termes, to finiſhe  
 My blunt invention ; trimming it, as they  
 Who make rich clothes but for Saint *George* his day ;  
 When they may better cheape a ſuite provide,  
 To fit that feaſt, and many dayes beſide.

Nor let unlearned *Cenſurers* ſuppoſe  
 Our *Muſe* a courſe unwarrantable goes,  
 In framing *Objects repreſentative*,  
 Which may imprint, or in the ſoule revive,  
 True feelings of that wrath or love, which we  
 In God almighty, by Faiths eyes doe ſee.  
 For, though his holy *Spirit*, when he will,  
 Can eaſily the ſoules of mortals fill  
 With heav'nly knowledges, by wayes unſcene ;  
 Yet, he himſelfe hath ſometime pleaſed beene  
 By outward objects to employ the ſenſes,  
 In reaching to the ſoule, ſome excellencies

Con-

Conceal'd before. Yea, many times he suites  
His Deity in our poore attributes ;  
And (that our weaknesse he may work upon)  
Our usuall speech, and passions, he puts on.

If so ; then we, that have no other way  
Our hidden apprehensions to conuey  
From Man to Man, but by the quaint creation  
Of some *Ideaes* in our contemplation ;  
That so the senses may become inclin'd  
To give some information to the mind :  
Then we (I say) whose fluid memories  
Would else let goe our ayrie fantasies,  
May such a liberty with warrant use.  
And I (no doubt) my selfe may well excuse,  
If other while things bodileffe I cloath  
With mortall bodies ; and doe give them both  
Our speeches, and our gestures. For, by this,  
A dull affection often quickned is.  
Nor thus to doe, are *Poets* onely moved  
But, these are straines *Propheticallyl*, approved.

To say, that God is angry ; or that he  
Will of our wickednesse avenged be ;  
Moves little : but, to paint his fury, so  
That Men the dreadfulness thereof may know,  
As if they saw it : or his love to make  
So pleading of our cause, as if it spake  
(Within our hearing) with such earnestnesse,  
As friends would plead for friends in their distresse ;  
Doth much incite the *Reader* to attention,  
And rouseth up the dullest apprehension.

Me thinks, I doe, (as with mine eye) behold  
The reall sight of all that I have told :  
Yea, that which I my selfe described here,  
Doth touch mine heart with reverence, and feare.

I

I have perpetuall Visions of that rout  
 Of *Plagues*, and *Iudgements*, which doe rove about  
 To punish us. And, from that dreadfull *hoast*  
 I see (me thinkes) how to invade our Coast,  
 The *Plague* march'd hither, like a *Regiment*  
 That is for services of moment sent  
 From some great *Armie*. And, when I can bend  
 My troubled spirits truly to attend  
 Gods *Iudgements*, and his *Mercies*, as they goe  
 Their daily progresse ; I can reach unto  
 Much pleasing thoughts ; and oftentimes foresee,  
 What his intents, and their events will be :  
*For, when Mans heart is filled with his Feare,*  
*The secrets of the Lord to him appeare.*

Oh ! what rich treasures doth my soule possesse,  
 When I doe contemplate the blessednesse,  
 The Wisedome, and the Way of God most high ?  
 How farre above my selfe rais'd up am I ?  
 How little want I, that the world can give ?  
 What *heights* ascend I ? what huge *depths* I dive ?  
 How much contemne I dangers here below ?  
 How certaine of Gods favours can I grow ?  
 And with what sweetnesse is my brest inspired,  
 When (by the heat of *Contemplation* fired)  
 I sit lock'd up within a lonely roome,  
 Where nothing to disturbe my thoughts may come :  
 And where may enter neither sight, nor Notion  
 Of any thing, but what may stirre Devotion ?

Sure, were it not, that I am cloth'd about  
 With flesh, that doth compell me to come out ;  
 Or, knew I not the Chrillian Mans estate  
 Extended further, then to contemplate ;  
 Or saw not them unthankfully precise,  
 Who Gods externall blessings quite despise ;

Or

Or fear'd I not, I never should have union  
With God, unleffe I were in some communion  
Of *Saints* on earth ; whom I might sharers make  
Of those sweet thoughts of him, which I partake ;  
Or, if I doubted not, I might with *Lot*,  
Vpon the daughters of my braine begot,  
Commit some spirituall incest, had I none  
To spend the seed of my full *Soule* upon :  
Or, if I found it not unnaturall,  
To leape out of the world, till God did call ;  
And that fantastique wayes of selfe-contenting  
Are but the certaine paths to selfe-tormenting ;  
If all these things I knew not ; I could bide  
Shut up, until my flesh were Mummy-fi'd ;  
And (though the world should woo me) would disdain  
(For ever) to unclofe my doore againe.  
For though (when I come forth) I lose agen  
My *Raptures* ; and have thoughts like other men ;  
Because my nat'rall frailties, and the fog  
Of earthly Vanities, my soule doth clog :  
Yea, though I can as hardly keepe those firings  
Vnquench'd abroad, which are (in my retirings  
Inflamed in me ; ) as a naked Man  
Retaine that heat upon a Mountaine can,  
Which in a clofe warme chamber he retaineth :  
Yet (for my comfort) somewhat still remaineth :  
And in my recollections I possesse  
More happineffe, then I can well expresse.  
I view contentments, which I cannot measure ;  
I have some tastings of immortall pleasure ;  
I glimmerings have of hidden *mysteries* ;  
My soule on glorious things doth fix her eyes ;  
And though some whited walls (who did attempt  
To bring my *Muse* and Me, unto contempt)

Endevor

Endeavour still (with shewes of Pietie)  
 My best-approved paines to vilifie :  
 I can with scorne of their base envy, raise  
 My thoughts above their ignorant dispraise :  
 And pittie their dull sottishnesse, who prize  
 Their shadowes better, then realities.  
 For I have search'd their folly, and espy'd  
 That they have drown'd their wisdom in their pride ;  
 Yea, by their partiall dealings, I now see  
 They judge mens merits, as their titles be :  
 And I have gotten those brave things in chafe,  
 That shall advantage me, by my disgrace.

When, therefore, by my selfe I am enclosed,  
 And for an heav'nly *rapture*, well disposed ;  
 I doe not grudge mine enemies to spue  
 Their slanders on my name ; or to pursue  
 My labours with reproach ; nor prey to make  
 On all my fortunes : But all well can take.  
 I doe not then repine, although I see  
 That Fooles ennobled, Knaves enriched be,  
 And honest men unheeded : but I bide  
 As pleased, as I am at *Whitfontide*,  
 To see faire *Nymphs* in Country Townes rejected,  
 And fluttish *Milkmaids* by the Clownes elected  
 For *Ladies of the May*. And if I chance  
 Where any of those *Hobby horses* prance ;  
 I can in sport, or courtesie, bestow  
 Those termes upon them, which I doe not owe.

For when on Contemplations wings I flye,  
 I then o're looke the highest *Vanity*.  
 I see how base those fooleries doe show,  
 Which are admired, while I creepe below :  
 And by the brightnesse of a two-fold light  
 (Reflecting from Gods word to cleare my fight)

Faiths

Faiths objects to her eyes, much plainer are,  
Then those which to my outward fight appeare.  
My towring *Soule* is winged up, as if  
She over-flew the top of *Tenariffe*,  
Or some far higher Mountaine ; where we may  
All actions of this lower World survey.  
I am above the touch of malice borne ;  
I am beyond the reach of ev'ry scorne ;  
And could——But what mean I ? this seems a *strain*  
Impertinent. Sweet *Muse*, come downe againe ;  
Soare not so high. For in these lofty flights  
The Fooles below, doe thinke our *Eagles*, Kites.  
The world, to flout such *Raptures* now is prone ;  
I will enjoy them (therefore) all alone :  
Of their unhallow'd censuring take heed,  
And in my former purpose, thus proceed.

When (as you heard before) the *Court of Heav'n*  
Commission to the *Pestilence* had given  
To scourge our finnes, and signed her directions :  
She tooke vp all her boxes of *Infections*,  
Her *Carbuncles*, her *Sores*, her *Spots*, her *Blaines*,  
And ev'ry other thing which appertaines  
To her contagious practices ; and all  
Her followers she did about her call ;  
Appoint them to their places, and their times.  
Direct them to the Persons, and the Crimes  
They should correct, and how they should advance  
Her maine *Designement* in each circumstance.

Then, on she marched ; not as doth a Foe  
Proclaiming Warre, before he strikes the blow ;  
But like an Enemy, who doth surprise  
Vpon the first advantage he espies.  
For (passing through the streets of many a Towne  
Disguised like a *Fever*) she, (unknowne)

Stole

Stole into *London* ; and did lurke about  
 The well fill'd Suburbs ; spreading there (no doubt)  
 Infection unperceiv'd, in many a place  
 Before the bleare-ey'd *Searchers*, knew her face ;  
 And since they knew her, they have bribed beene  
 A thousand times, to let her passe unfeene.

But at the length, she was discover'd at  
 A *Frenchmans* house without the *Bishopsgate*.  
 To intimate (perhaps) that such as be  
 Our spirituall *Watchmen*, should the more foresee  
 That they with discipline made strong the *Ward*,  
 Which God appointed hath for them to guard ;  
 And chiefly, at this present, to have care,  
 Left now, while we, and *France* united are  
 In bodily commerce ; they bring unto us  
 Those *Plagues* which may eternally undoe us.  
 For, such like *Pestilences* soone begin ;  
 And (ere we be aware) will enter in,  
 Vnlesse our *Bishops*, both betimes, and late,  
 Be diligent and watchfull at their *Gate*.

As soone, as e're the *Women-spyes* descry'd,  
 This Foe about the City to reside ;  
 There was a loud *All arme*. The Countreimen  
 Began to wish themselves at home agen.  
 The *Citizens* were gen'rally appall'd ;  
 The *Senators* themselves to Counsell call'd ;  
 And all (who might advise in such a case)  
 Affembled in their Common meeting place ;  
 Where, what discretion publikely was used ;  
 What was admitted of, and what refused ;  
 What policies, and stratagems invented ;  
 That mischiefes, comming on, might be prevented,  
 I cannot say : For I had never wit,  
 Nor wealth enough, to sit in Counsell, yet.

But



But if to judge of things it lawfull were  
 By their events; the propositions there  
 Were such as these. Most thought the surest play  
 To save their persons, was, to runne away;  
 But lest some higher pow'r might then forbid it,  
 They did not publish that, before they did it.  
 Some urged, that the *Scavenger* should keepe  
 The streets more cleane, and oft the channell sweep;  
 Some thought it fit, (and these no harme did thinke)  
 That ev'ry morning we should eate, and drinke.  
 Some (to allay the heat) did hold it meet  
 To sprinkle water often in the street.  
 Some did a little further nat'rallize,  
 And these unto the *Ayre* would sacrifice  
 (In evening fires) pure Frankincense or Myrrhe,  
 Sweet herbes, or odoriferous Iuniper;  
 Or (for default of those) Pitch, Rosin, Tarre,  
 And such perfumings as lesse costly are.  
 For if the Héart and Liver of a Fish  
 (Burnt by young *Tobit* in a Chafindish)  
 A Spirit from his chamber could expell;  
 They hoped these might purge ill ayres, as well.

Some others (not contented herewithall)  
 Did into consultation also call  
 The *Priests* of *Æsculapius*, and *Apollo*;  
 And held it fit their grave advice to follow:  
 Nor without cause. For, from the wise *Physitian*  
 We best shall know this Enemies condition.  
 And some there were of those, who did advise  
 Not onely to assume those remedies  
 Which Art prescrib'd; but also therewithall  
 Observed what was Metaphysicall.  
 Yea, some sincerely, and religiously  
 Vpon the soules infection had an eye,

As

As well as on the bodies : and these went  
 The surest way that sicknesse to prevent.  
 But there were others, who derided these,  
 And talked heath'nishly of this disease.  
 They prated much of *Humours, Inclinations,*  
*Conjunctions, planetary Constellations ;*  
 Of nat'rall causes, unbeleeved fictions ;  
*Impostures, Fables,* and meere contradictions  
 In that *Philosophy*, which they professe :  
 VVhich fill'd mens mindes with much unfetlednesse.

Yet in their disagreeings, they agree'd  
 On that which might their common profit breed.  
 One had a rare *Perfume* of speciall note ;  
 Another had a precious *Antidote*,  
 VVhich at *Constantinople* had been tride  
 VVhen there two thousand on a day have di'de.  
 A third, preferr'd a *Mixture* in a bag,  
 Of whose large vertues he did largely brag,  
 And said, the same they doe in Plague times, weare  
 At *Rome*, (and so I think when he was there.)  
 A fourth, by *Diets*, safety did assure.  
 A fifth, by *Drinkes*, the Pestilence would cure.  
 A sixth of *Cordials*, and *Elixars* prates ;  
 And some of *Treacles*, and of *Mithridates*.

To offer up a portion of the blood  
 (To save the rest) for some, it seem'd good.  
 For other some to purge : for all to take  
 Such meanes as might their purfes heavie make,  
 They to the rich prescrib'd *Preservatives*  
 On costly termes : and, to prolong the lives  
 Of poorer men, their consciences abated  
 The value much : For, health, to them was rated  
 At some few handfuls of that herbe or grasse,  
 Which to be gotten, for the gathering was.

This

This being knowne, the *Senators* difmiffe  
 Thofe men ; and by advice it ordered is,  
 That fome *Instructions* fhall be published,  
 To further what was gravely counfelled.  
 Moreover, that their *discipline* might cary  
 Some likenefle to proceedings *military*,  
 A band of *Halberts*, muftred was, to guard  
 The people from the *Plague*, in ev'ry *Ward*.  
 And, if they found, by ferious inquisition,  
 (Or, had but any probable fufpition)  
 Where lodg'd it was (although but for a night)  
 That *Hof*, exiled was from publike fight ;  
 Clofe pris'ner him they kept both night and day,  
 As one that elfe their Citie might betray.  
 And, to compell that his unwelcome *Guest*  
 Should keepe within ; his doore was *croft*, and *bleft* :  
 And many *VVatchmen*, ftrengthened by command,  
 Did round about his dwelling, armed ftand.

I doe not thus exprefle, or mention this,  
 As if I thought thofe *Orders* were amiffe :  
 But, that I might, hereby, the better fhew  
 What miferies, attended on this *Foe* ;  
 And, that this *Malady*, on us did ceaze,  
 With circumftances, worfe then the *Difeafe*.  
 My *Mufe* infpires not me fo foolifhly,  
 That I all naturall caufes doe deny.  
 I doe not thinke, but to this *Peftilence*,  
 The *Conftellations*, by their influence  
 Might fomewhat adde : and that corrupted *ayre*,  
 Might helpe our healthy being to impaire.  
 I hold that *Diets*, *Meats*, *Complexions*, *Paffions*,  
 With fuch as thefe, and all their *mitigations*,  
 May helpe or hinder much in fuch difeafes  
 As we endeavor fhall ; and as God pleafes.

Nor

Nor doe I flout the wisedome, or the paine  
 Of those who fought this mischiefe to restraine.  
 Nor blame I their much diligence, or care ;  
 But praise it ; and could wish it doubled were ;  
 With some such observations, as would make  
 Their practices, the more succeffe to take ;  
 And that their naturall meanes had hallowed bin,  
 With so much *Faith*, and penitence, for sin,  
 As might have brought more workes of Piety,  
 To sanctifie their outward *Policy*.

For, those dull *Naturalists*, who think, this *Foe*,  
 Doth by meere nat'rall causes, come or goe,  
 Are much deceiv'd. Yea, in their hearts, they say,  
*There is no God*, how over gloze they may :  
 And as their cogitations are unholy,  
 So is their seeming wisedome, fottish folly.

They are the base *Conjunctions*, and *Aspects*  
 Of *Sin*, that this our Climate, so infects ;  
 And neither *Constellations*, nor the *Weather* :  
 For, then we had beene pois'ned all together,  
 By this *Contagion* ; and had breath'd the longer  
 Or shorter while as nature had beene stronger,  
 Or weaker in us Nothing had beene free,  
 But birds and beasts had dy'd as well as we ;  
 And this Disease had seiz'd on ev'ry Creature  
 Or more or lesse, as it partakes our nature.

It was no noysome *Ayre*, no *Sewre*, or *Stinke*,  
 Which brought this *Death*, as most among us thinke,  
 For, then those places where ill smells abound,  
 Had more infections at that time beene found,  
 Then we perceive they were ; yea, this *Disease*,  
 On ev'ry person delicate, would seize,  
 Without exception. And where Savours ill  
 Still bide, the *Plague* should there continue still :

For

Then, if they brought the same, they sure feed it,  
And, keepe it alwayes there, as well as breed it.  
Which *God forbid* ; and teach us to discerne  
His providence, and what thereby to learne.

Vaine thoughts have also they, who credit can  
That, this *Infirmity*, at first, began,  
By meanes of populoufnesse. For, were it so ;  
Some Courts and Allies, many yeares agoe,  
Had been infected : And, these places, where  
Throng'd up together, greatest numbers are ;  
From *Visitation*, had not free remained,  
When open Streets, and Borroughs have complained.

And, let them not beleewe their fallacy,  
Because great *Cities*, have most frequently,  
This fearfull *Sicknesse*, or, afflicted be,  
When little Townes and Villages, are free.  
For, as there is in great and popular places,  
More sin, and more abundance of Gods graces :  
So, it is just, that thither should be sent  
The greater measure of his Chastisement,  
That so, their eminence, might shew abroad,  
As well the *Iustice*, as the *Love* of God ;  
Whose *Judgements* being laid on Townes obscure,  
Might small respect, and lesse effect procure.

As ignorant as these, I reckon those,  
Who this Disease, infectious doe suppose  
To ev'ry one : and, them, who credit not  
That *Sicknesse*, by infection may be got :  
For, these opinions can have no defence ;  
Since both will false be found, in common sense.

For, if we say, this *Plague* infects not any,  
How commeth it, we daily see so many  
Consum'd beneath one rooffe in little space ?  
How comes it, that it creeps from place to place,

E

So

So orderly, as oftentimes we see,  
 In some close Lane or Street? How may it be  
 That twenty Villages (far distant from  
 Infected places) tainted should become  
 Within some few dayes after their arriving  
 Who in contagious places had their living?  
 None being there, before they came, infected,  
 Nor any such disease neare-hand suspected?  
 How comes all this, unlesse the *Maladie*,  
 Hath in it selfe, as had the *Leprosie*,  
 A spreading Nature, and envenom'd that  
 Which of her poison can participate?

Beleeve it; as the *Violet*, or *Rose*,  
 (With pure and pleasing sweetnesse) where it growes  
 Perfumes the Aire, and sendeth Odours out,  
 Which keepe a certaine distance there-about;  
 And, more or lesse, affect the *Passers-by*,  
 As they have more or lesse capacity  
 In smelling them; Or, as the calmed aire,  
 Is either, more or lesse, corrupt or faire:  
 Right so, this *Plague*, ev'n naturally affects  
 A space of Aire about it; and infects,  
 (At such or such a distance) ev'ry one,  
 As he hath weaknesse, to worke upon:  
 Unlesse, that her malignitie be staid  
 By naturall meanes, or powre Divine alaid.

And yet, a false Position make they shall  
 Who thence infer, the *Plague* infecteth all,  
 Who breathe her tainted Aire. For, how did they  
 Escape it then, who long time, night and day  
 In places of infection were detain'd?  
 And in the bosome of this *Pest* remain'd,  
 Ev'n where they often had their eares and eyes,  
 Affronted, by the sad aspect, and cries,

Of

Of *Death* and Dying men? How scaped he  
 That in the *Church*, obliged was to be  
 Among infectious people; and to speake  
 Till tired were his lungs; and spirits weake?  
 Ev'n when the peoples, thronging, and their heat  
 Did vapour up their breathings, and their sweat  
 For him to swallow? What preserv'd the *Clarkes*,  
 The *Sextons*, *Searchers*, *Keepers*, and those *Sharks*,  
 The shamelesse *Bearers*? (who were nigh become,  
 A rout too bad, to picke out hangmen, from?)

How scap't the *Surgeon*, that oft puts his head  
 Within the steame of an Infectious bed,  
 And, ev'ry day doth handle, fearch, and dresse,  
 Those Biles, that over-flow with rottennesse?  
 Or (which is more) how scapt those *Babes*, the *Pest*,  
 That were not only weake, but suckt the brest  
 Of Mothers deadly sicke, when they did weare  
 Those noisome *Blaines*, that most infectious are?  
 This often chanceth. Yea, this hath beene seene  
 When on the very brest, the fore hath beene.  
 Nay, I have heard (by credible relation)  
 That neare to *Stratford-bow*, this *Visitation*,  
 A little infant was preserv'd alive,  
 Who suckt on the dying breasts of five.

How this may be I know not; If I shall  
 Conclude with some, this *Plague* hath powre on al:  
 Nor can I finde a reason how it stinted,  
 Or how our totall ruine was prevented.  
 For, when it was at height; and when appear'd,  
 Most causes, that Infection should be fear'd;  
 Then, no man was confined, as before:  
 No *Bill*, or *Crosse*, was fixt on any doore;  
 We visited the *Sicke*; we shunned neither  
 The place nor person; but met all together.

E 2

Yet

Yet, then, and (let us marke it) not till then,  
 This *Plague*, her fury did abate agen ;  
 And constantly abate, though most refused  
 To keepe such *Orders*, as at first were used,  
 Which manifesteth well, that (howfoe're  
 Malignant in it selfe, the *Pest* appeare)  
 Gods hand restraines it ; many a man protecting  
 Immediately : some, mediately directing  
 To such, or such a meanes of preservation,  
 That they might honour him in their salvation ;  
 And, as he striketh some, that men might feare  
 His *Iustice* : So, he other some doth spare,  
 That they might love his *Mercies* ; and perceive  
 That he can at his pleasure take, and leave.

For, if God saved none ; some *Atheist*, would not  
 Make doubt, perhaps, to publish that he could not ;  
 And, scarce one man would be so neighbourly,  
 To helpe his brother in this malady.

Which Charity to further (and to shew  
 How safely, men their *Callings* may pursue  
 In ev'ry danger) we have had, this yeare,  
 Of Gods great *Providence*, faire token, here.  
 For, 'tis observ'd, that he hath few destroy'd  
 Who were in this mortality employ'd  
 About those *Offices*, which have to us  
 (In common sence) appear'd most dangerous.

Few *Sextons*, and few *Surgeons* have miscari'd,  
 Who in their callings at this want have tary'd.  
 And of those *Market-folks*, who at our need  
 Brought in provisions, this weake place to feed,  
 I cannot heare of one, who did become  
 Infected ; or, who brought infection home.  
 Ev'n in that *Parish* where I did abide,  
 (And where nigh halfe a thousand weekly dy'd)

Not



Not one of all that number perished,  
That were the common *Bearers of the Dead*.  
But, though from midnight, till the break of day,  
They did infectious Carkasses convey  
From sickly Dwellings, to those *Pits of Death*,  
Which breathed out a most contagious breath,  
With life and health, their service, God rewarded ;  
Ev'n though the most of them nought else regarded,  
But that base gaine which might their want supply,  
Or feed them in some wicked vanity.

How then, can we, that of this favour heare,  
From any lawful action flye through feare ?  
Or doubt of Gods protection, when we make  
A dangerous attempt, for conscience sake ?  
And know, beside, that what we strive to do,  
We are both called, and oblig'd unto ?

Moreover, since the latter sort here named,  
Are (for the greater part) in life defamed ;  
Such, who their needfull *Offices* abused ;  
Such, who nor outward meanes, nor inward used ;  
To keep their healths (but, grew the bolder in  
The practices of ev'ry kind of sin)  
Such, whom Gods *Judgements* stupified more,  
And made far harder hearted, then before.  
Since those (I say) of such condition were,  
And yet preserved in their *Callings*, here :  
For what good use I pray can we suppose  
Those men were so preserved ; but that those  
Who truly seeke Gods glory in their stay,  
Might have the more assurance in their way ?  
And know, that if to such God please to give  
This mortall life, they shall much rather live ;  
Or else (which is far better) if they dye,  
Obtaine a life, with immortality.

E 3

Some

Some *Wifeman-two ud-be*, now, perhaps, will prate  
 That this is *Claphamisme*: And, that the *State*  
 (In her good policies to stop the breach  
 Of this great *Plague*) is wrong'd by what I teach?  
 But, rather they injurious are to me  
 Who so affirme; and vaine their cavils be.  
 For, though to shew the powre Divine the more,  
 Our *Muse* declares, by what is gone before,  
 That Gods owne hand, our *Citie* did preserve,  
 When we scarce *Meanes*, or *Order*, did observe.  
 Let no man gather thence, that we maintaine,  
 All *Meanes*, or Civil *Orders* to be vaine.  
 For, of selfe-murther that man guiltie dies,  
 Who, meanes of health doth wilfully despise.  
 Yea, doubtlesse, there belongs a curse to them,  
 That orderly proceedings doe contemne.

And, whereas we our *Orders* did transgresse,  
 It was necessitie, not wilfulnesse,  
 That urged it; because, our common woe,  
 Did farre beyond the powre of *Order*, goe.  
 At rising of the *Floud* we made a *Bay*;  
 But, at the height, it carri'd all away.  
 In humane Policie, we saw no hope.  
 But, as the stones and Timbers which doe stop  
 A *Breach* at first; when all is drowned o're,  
 Doe nothing else, but make the waters rore:  
 So, when our Sicknesse, and our Poverty,  
 Had greater wants than we could well supply,  
 Strict *Orders* did but more enrage our grieve,  
 And, hinder in accomplishing releefe.  
 Had ev'ry house been lockt which we suppos'd  
 To stand infected, few had beene unclos'd,  
 Yea, our first *Orders* had we still observ'd,  
 The healthie Households would not halfe have serv'd

To

To keepe the Sicke. And who should then have heeded  
 Our private cares? Or got us what we needed?  
 As long as from each other we refrain'd,  
 We greater sorrowes ev'ry day sustain'd:  
 Yea, whilst for none, but for our selves we car'd,  
 Our brethren perisht, and the worse we far'd.

This made us from our *Policies* appeale,  
 And meete in *Love*, each others wounds to heale.  
 This, made vs from our civill *Orders* flie,  
 To make more practise of our *Charitie*.  
 And hereunto, perhaps, compell'd were we,  
 By meere necessitie, to let us see  
 Experiments, of that unmatched good,  
 Which floweth from a Christian *Neighbourhood*:  
 And learne what publike, and what private ease  
 It bringeth in a generall Disease:  
 And how it may a *Common wealth* sustaine  
 When carnall *Wisdome*, and *Selfe-love* are vaine.  
 Or, we perchance from vulgar helps were driven,  
 Left Overmuch assurance might be given  
 To outward meanes: Or, lest we us'd them so,  
 As if Gods powre were chained thereunto.  
 Or else, it was permitted, to declare  
 That fruitlesse all our best endeavours are  
 Without his blessing: That, no creatures have  
 A Vertue to preserve till he will save:  
 That, his immediate powre must countermand,  
 When any *Plague* hath got an upper hand:  
 And, that, such *Mercy* showne in such distresse,  
 Might binde us to the greater thankfulnessse.

But, lest what here precedeth hath not showne  
 My purpose fully; be it also knowne,  
 That to restraine, or spurre the PESTILENCE,  
 There is both supernat'ral *Providence*

E 4

And

And *Causes naturall*. The first of these  
 Can worke without the later, if it please.  
 The later cannot any thing effect,  
 But, as the former shall the same direct.  
 And, though in ev'ry sicknesse, thus it is,  
 Yet, such hid properties are found in this,  
 Such oppositions in the *Naturall Causes*,  
 Such knots, and riddles; that it much amazes  
 The naturall man: because he seldome findes  
 (As he perceives in griefes of other kindes)  
 The *Causes* and *Effects* agree together;  
 For, there is much uncertainty in either.

On some, this *Plague* doth steale insensibly,  
 Their muddy nature, stirring secretly  
 To their destruction. Some, it striketh fo,  
 As if a mortall hand had with a blow  
 Arrested them; and on their flesh hath seene  
 A palmes impreffion, to appearance, beene.

One man is faint, weake, sickly, full of feare,  
 And drawes his breath where strongst infections are,  
 Yet scapes with life. Another man is young,  
 Light-hearted, healthy, stout, well-temper'd strong,  
 And lives in wholesome ayre, yet gets a fit  
 Of this *Land-Calenture*, and dies of it;  
 Some are tormented by it, till we see  
 Their veines and sinewes almost broken be,  
 The very soule distracted, sense bereft,  
 And scarce the smallest hope of scaping left,  
 Yet soone recover. Other some, againe  
 Fall suddenly; or feele so little paine  
 When they are seized, that they breathlesse lye,  
 E're any dying *Symptomes*, we espy.  
 On some, an endlesse drowfinesse doth creepe:  
 Some others, cannot get one winke of sleepe.

This

'This, ufeth ev'ry day prefervatives,  
Yet dies : another taketh none, yet lives.  
Ev'n thus vncertainly this *Sickneffe* playes ;  
Spares, wounds, and killeth, many fev'rall wayes.

From this experience, let us not conclude,  
As many doe among the multitude,  
Who misconceiving (to no fmall offence)  
The doctrine of *Eternall Providence*,  
(Who from the truth of sober knowledge wandring,  
And Gods *Decrees*, and *Justice* alfo flandering)  
Doe fo neceffitate the *Fate* of man,  
That, whatfoever he endeavour can,  
His paines is loft ; and that foredoom'd, he muft  
At this or that fet moment turne to duft :  
And that no induftry, no innocence,  
No wilfull carelefneffe, or foule offence,  
Nor any humane actions helpfull be  
To life or death, but meerly Gods *Decree*.

Ev'n fuch there be. And, howfoever they  
Preach *Faith*, or *Workes*, in fhew, yet, they deny  
The pow'r of both ; and fecretly maintaine,  
(By confequence at leaft) that meanes are vaine.  
For, they affirme that ev'ry thing men doe,  
They are by God predeftinated to  
Before all worlds ; So, that our pow'r, or will,  
Affecteth ; nor effecteth good, or ill ;  
And that we are by doome inevitable  
In ev'ry kind of action made unable.

Which *Tenet*, feemeth rather to arife  
From thofe, who write of heathnifh *Deftinies*,  
Then from a Christian. For, though true it be,  
That, God Almighty, all things doth forefee,  
And order fo, and fo difpofe of things,  
That, to perfection his owne worke he brings,

E 5

In

In spight of *Satan*, and of every deed  
That may from his malignant brood proceed :  
Yet, they have Actions naturally their owne,  
Which God permits. He likewise hath bestowne  
On us that are his children, grace, and powres,  
Good Actions to performe, which we call ours  
By Gods free gift. Moreover, he doth please  
To promise blisse, or threaten plagues, for these,  
According to their natures ; that each one  
May heed the better, what is to be done :  
Be stirred up to put good workes in use,  
Or else be left at last without excuse.

For, though I am assured we possesse,  
By Nature, no inherent Righteousnesse ;  
I, naithelasse beleve that ev'ry one  
(Whose being, first, from *Adams* loines begun)  
Received since our Univerfall fall  
One *Talent*, at the least, to worke withall,  
With so much powre of working also, that  
We may and should with God cooperate.  
As *Adam* all men did of life deprive ;  
Ev'n so by *Christ*, were all men made alive :  
Yea, ev'n as *Moses* did not let remaine  
One hoofe in *Egypt* which did appertaine  
To *Isr'ell* ; So beleve I that not one  
Was left unransom'd by Gods only Sonne :  
But that all through the sea of blood did come,  
As well those other who doe wander from  
Truths path in this lifes wildernesse ; as they  
Who come within the Land of Promise may.

And, though like him, who impudently, laid  
Injustice to his *Masters* charge, and said ;  
He reaped where he sow'd not, though, I say ;  
There want not some among us, at this day,

Who

Who like to him, doe most unthankfully  
 This grace of God in IESVS CHRIST deny ;  
 (Affirming, that he some injoyes unto  
 Much more, than he did give them power to)  
 Our *Maker* unto ev'ry foule that lives,  
 So much by vertue of *Christs* Passion gives,  
 That whosoever falleth, falls not by  
 Another, but his owne iniquitie ;  
 And, by his actuall crimes, makes unforgiven  
 That *Debt originall* which was made even  
 By his *Redeemer*, who, that, backe will have,  
 (If we abuse it) which at first he gave.

Who ev'r wants powre to doe what God doth bid,  
 Lost in himselfe, that powre as *Adam* did :  
 Yet, we that have it, neither had that powre,  
 Nor keepe it can, by any strength of our ;  
 But by his holy *Spirit*, who hath taught  
 That path of life wherein to walke we ought.  
 And, this is such a *Mystery*, that some  
 Which thinke they see, are blinde therein become.

Our guiltie Soules and Bodies were bereft  
 Of all good Faculties, and had not left  
 So much as *Will*, much lesse the powre to doe  
 What foule or Bodies health conduced to.  
 Their guilt *Christ* from them tooke ; and by his might  
 Depraved Nature so much sets to right,  
 That unto ev'ry Soule, he gives the will  
 Which *Adam* had, of chusing good or ill.  
 And then both Life and Death, he doth propose  
 Before them so, that either may be chose.

To them, whom in his *Church* he doth afford  
 To live past Child-hood, He doth by his *Word*  
 (And by no other meanes) this tender make.  
 With Infants, and with Heathens, he may take

emoS

Some other course. But, surely, when, or how  
He that effects ; concernes not us to know.

When God doth make this tender (which is then  
When he doth please, and no man knoweth when)  
If any Soule by *Sathans* guile doth chuse,  
What Gods good *Spirit* moves her to refuse,  
She, then, to put in action doth begin  
The haynous and impardonable sin  
Against the *Holy Ghost* (which fearfull crime  
Is made apparant to the world, in time,  
Or more or lesse, by outward actions here,  
As God shall please to let the same appeare)  
And, after this refusall, ev'ry thing,  
Which doth encrease of grace, to others, bring,  
Doth make her grow more senselesse of her state,  
Or else enrage, or make her desperate.  
And, her *freewill*, in *Adam* lost before,  
Is lost againe, by her, for evermore.

But, if she chuseth as the Spirit moveth,  
The Lord, this Soule, without repenting loveth ;  
In her, preserving such affections still,  
And such a portion of her first *Freewill*,  
That though the frailties of her flesh doe seeme  
To choake them often, in the worldes esteeme ;  
(And sometime in her owne) yet she for ever  
Doth in her motion towards God persevere,  
Till she arive in him. Nor doth she cease  
Of pious workes, her number to encrease :  
But labours for assurance in election,  
By reaching ev'ry day at more perfection.

And, far is it from God to take away  
The guerdon of our *Faith* ; or to denay  
What he did by his *Covenant*, ordaine,  
To be the wages of our Christian paine :

Or



Or to command us what should profit nought ;  
Or, to neglect the workes that we have wrought.

For, since God heeds those things that are so small,  
As birds alightings, and as haire that fall ;  
Makes use of ev'ry circumstance, and chaines  
(To further those maine ends which he ordaines)  
Ten thousand little trifling things together ;  
Not one omitting, none displacing neither,  
Which may be pertinent his ends to further,  
Or to effect them, in their timely *Order*.  
How could so fond a crotchet be devised,  
That God our serioust actions hath despised ?  
Or, that by his *Foreknowledge*, or *Decree*,  
Our deeds should all annihilated be ?  
Or, that he should so oft incite us to  
What he had giv'n to man, no pow'r to doe ?

I dare not venture upon their distractions,  
Who search the order of *Eternall actions* ;  
Nor doe I further seeke what God *foreknowes*,  
Then he within his Word revealed shewes ;  
Nor will I ever strive to pry into  
His hidden counsells, as too many doe :  
But their unwarrantable paths eschewing,  
And, Gods disclosed purposes pursuing,  
Search onely for the knowledge of those things  
Which an effecting of his pleasure brings.  
Since, if I follow them, it cannot be  
That he would purpose any harme to me ;  
Or in his secret counsell ought ordaine  
To make his publike will to be in vaine.  
For, though, when *Abram*, *Jfa'h* thought to kill,  
God's hidden *purpose*, and revealed *will*  
Did seeme to crosse each other (And when he  
Did threaten *Niniveh* destroy'd should be)

Yet,

Yet, they appeare not opposite to those  
 Whose faith, such holy secrets can disclose.  
 Or were it so; from acts particular  
 None should conclusions generall inferre.

God neuer said, as yet, that I could heare,  
 Man, such a day shall perish, howsoe're  
 By faithfull workes for safety he endeavour.  
 But, all his promises and threatnings, euer  
 Were made conditionall; and haue fore-spoken  
 Our life, or death, as they are kept, or broken.

Nor is this any barre, or contradiction  
 To Gods free *Grace*; or to his firme *Election*,  
 Or never-ending *Loue*. Nor helps it those  
 Who, *perseverance of the Saints*, oppose:  
 But, rather, maketh all those Doctrines good.  
 Yea, being rightly weigh'd and understood,  
 Gods *justice*, and his *mercy* it unites,  
 Whom mens blind Cavills haue made opposites.  
 God knew the doome, and date of *Adams* crime,  
 Yet, he did fore-expresse no certaine time;  
 But, speaking of it, spake indefinitely,  
 And said, *That day thou sinnest, thou shalt dye*.  
 And sure, of all mens deaths (who e're gaine saies)  
 It is their sinne that setteth downe the daies.  
 For, till transgression forfeited our breath,  
 There was no peremptory day of death.  
 And, in affirming, where Gods Word is mute,  
 It is presumption, to be absolute.

*Doe this*, faith God, *and live*; *Doe that and perish*.  
 Yet some, whose overlooks too many cherish,  
 Dare contradict it; and affirme that wee  
 Good, bad, dead, liuing, damned, faued be  
 Eu'n from eternity, without respects,  
 To any causes, or to their effects.

And

And these imply, that (whatsoever we doe,  
Or leaue vndone) God fore-appoints us to  
A certaine doome ; which we shall strue in vaine,  
With all our strength, to shunne, or to obtaine.

And wherefore then did God his Gospell fend ?

Why doth his Word exhort vs to amend ?

Why doth he bid vs, this, or that to shunne ?

Why hath he charged some things to be done ?

If he no power hath giuen, or else by fate

Disableth all men to cooperate ?

And leaues them neither good nor ill to doe

But what he fore-decreed long agoe ?

Why threatens he stripes ? why promifeth reward ?

If there be no compassion, no regard,

Nor meed for what is done. And what I pray

Is all Religion, if these truth doe say ?

I know God reprobates, and doth foresee

Before all worlds, who reprobates will be.

But, none he forceth to be so accurst,

Saue those who haue his *Grace* rejected first,

And vnto those, indeed, he powre denies

To worke his will, because they did despise

His profered *Love* ; And just it is in him,

To make them blinde, who did the light contemne.

He doth eternally abhorre the crime ;

But he the *persons* reprobates *in time*.

And None doth chuse, or personally reject

(What ever some conceive) but with respect

Vnto his *Covenant* ; which hath implide

Something to be perform'd on either side.

For, were it so, that God hath fore-decreed

What should befall vnto us without heed

To any *Covenant* ; and bar'd *Salvation*,

By an eternall doome of *Reprobation*,

(In

(In ſuch like manner as the fantaſies  
 Of ſome (not well adviſedly) deviſe)  
 What compaſſe we by ſtriving therewithall?  
 Why ſpend we time, in riſing up to fall?  
 Why linger we to aſt ſo many crimes?  
 To ſuffer over grieve ſo many times?  
 And live ſo many ſev'ral deaths to taſte,  
 To be nor worſe, nor better at the laſt?  
 Or wherefore have we prayed, ſince we know  
 What muſt be, muſt be, though we pray not ſo?

I might be thought o're bitter, if as they  
 I ſhould interrogate, who ſharply ſay;  
*Why doe not theſe, who this opinion hold,  
 Goe hang themſelves before that they are old?  
 Or in their Gardens, TIMON like, erect  
 Faire Gibbets for the Schollers of their Sect?  
 What tends their life unto? why ſhould not they  
 Refuſe to eate and drinke; and, wiſely, ſay,  
 "God, for our end, a certaine day hath ſet,  
 "Which we ſhall reach, although we taſte no meat.  
 Why doe they ſhun a danger in the ſtreet,  
 Since they ſhall live their time, what e're they meet?  
 If they to any place, deſire to goe,  
 Why trouble they their feet to helpe thereto?  
 Since they are ſure, that if decreed it were  
 They ſhould come thither, they their paines may ſpare?*  
 If thus I ſhould have ſaid, ſome men would deeme me  
 To be more bitter then did well beſeeme me:  
 For, I confeſſe that on the quick they grated,  
 Who in this manner have expoſtulated.  
 And I forbear it. Yet, this generation  
 Hath ſome who need this tart expoſtulation;  
 With whom loud noiſes more prevaile by far,  
 Then doe thoſe proofes, that Faiths and Reaſons are.

I

I know to these *Objections*, most replies ;  
I know their strength, and where their weaknesse lies ;  
I know what holy Scriptures, men mistake,  
Which proofes of their assertions seeme to make :  
I know, how they their *Arguments* mis-lay,  
From that of *Esau*, and the Potters clay :  
I know what *Times* and *Termes* they misconceive,  
And wherewithall themselves they doe deceive.  
I know with what nick-names of heresie,  
Some Readers will for this my *Muse* belye ;  
And that nor they, who call'd *Arminians* be,  
Nor they who reprehend them, will with me  
Be friends for this ; for neither those nor these  
Am I desirous to offend or please.  
But to uphold the Truth, which is bely'd  
Injuriouly by most of either side.  
I know their spight, their vineger, their gall ;  
I know what spirit most are led withall  
Who spread the *Doctrines* which I have reprov'd,  
And know such Reason never to be moved,  
With favour to them that I dare to say,  
It is the nearest and the straightest way  
To all prophanenesse. It the bridle gives  
To carnall liberties, and makes the lives  
And hearts of many men so voyd of care :  
From hence distractions ; hence despairings are.  
Hence mischiefes ; hence selfe murthers doe arise ;  
Hence is it that such multitudes despise  
Good discipline : yea, this contemned makes  
The life of *Faith*, if once it rooting takes :  
Disableth pious practices outright,  
And where it roots, destroyes *Religion* quite.  
Let no man then admit into his thought,  
That God Almighty hath decreed ought

Which

Which on his *Injustice* may infringement bring,  
 Or on his *Mercy* in the smallest thing :  
 Or that his *Wisedome* any thing ordaines  
 Without the meanes which thereunto pertaines :  
 Or thinke, because our sinne he doth permit  
 That therefore he necessitateth it :  
 Or that he wills those errors he foresees,  
 As he the workes of righteousness decrees :  
 Or, that our humane actions cyphers are :  
 Or, that within this world there ever were  
 Or shall, those persons be, whom God will call  
 Vnto account, untill he give them shall,  
 At least, one *Talent*, which may serue vnto  
 The working of that worke he bids them doe.  
 Let no man dreame these dreames ; nor censure this,  
 Till he hath well consider'd what that is  
 Which I deliuer. For in this darke way  
 Our learnedst Clerkes doe sometimes runne astray.  
 Nor let them thinke that I concurre with all,  
 Who in appearance hold this *Tenet* shall :  
 Or that I differ from all men that may  
 In termes dissent from what I seeme to say.  
 For they that in expression disagree  
 In one *well-meaning*, oft united be.  
 And either (if that they in loue contend)  
 Shall then at length, obtaine their wished end.  
 Oh ! labour this, all you that would be thought  
 G O D S glory in your studies to haue fought ;  
 That though *offences* come, they may not moue  
 Difunion ; but Gods *worthy ones* approve.  
 And let us with a true sobriety,  
 So heed his *Actions of eternitie*,  
 That we may see in them a boundlesnesse,  
 Beyond our humane wisdomes to expresse ;

Leaue

Leave quarrelling about his waies unknowne,  
And take more heed hereafter to our owne.  
For, though God pleaseth, other while to use  
Our vulgar *Termes*, some *notions* to infuse  
Of his eternall workings, and apply  
His deeds that way, to our capacity,  
Disclosing them unto us one by one,  
As if at severall times they had beene done,  
(Because our shallownesse no meanes can find  
To entertaine them in their proper kinde)  
And though (respecting us who temp'ral be)  
Wee say, that *God Almighty* doth *foresee*,  
*Foreknow* us, and *predestinate*; yet sure,  
His *Effence* no such termes can well endure  
In proper sence; Because with him, no *doome*,  
Word, Thought, or Act, is passed, or to come.  
But all things present. Yea, all *Times*, and all  
Those things which wee by severall names doe call,  
Our *Births*; our *Lives*, our *Deaths*, and our *Saluations*,  
Our *free-elections*, and *predestinations*,  
Are all at once with God, without *foreseeing*;  
Eu'n all in *one-eternall-present-being*.  
Which few observing, many men have thought  
That Gods *eternall actions* should be wrought  
Like ours in *Time*, which is, as if they should  
Endeavour how the world they might enfold  
Within a Nut-shell. And while thus men strive  
(According to their fancies) to contrive  
An order in Gods *Workings*, they mistake them  
Blasphemously, and orderlesse doe make them.  
Yea, to define his actions, they neglect  
That part which is their duty to effect;  
Themselves and others losing in a path  
Which neither profit, end, nor safety hath;

And

And, by disputing what from us is hidden,  
Disturb the doing that which God hath bidden.

I have digrest enough ; and some there are  
Who think, perhaps, that I have gone too farre.  
Yet, let it not be judg'd impertinent,  
That I have so pursu'd this *Argument*.

For, want of minding what is here rehearsed,  
Hath often times the *Pestilence* dispersed.

Yea, some who fondly said, that ev'ry man  
Shall live his time decreed, do what he can ;  
And that each one at his fixt houre shall dye,  
'Gainst which he seeks in vaine, a remedy :  
Ev'n these, made much good means of health neglected  
Much wise and wholsome counsell be rejected ;  
And caused, oft, in this our common wo,  
That *Death* was brought and caried, to and fro.

But, lest in chasing them, I run astray ;

Ile prosecute againe my purpos'd way.

The *Pestilence* doth show her selfe inclin'd

So variously, she cannot be defin'd.

She neither certaine forme, nor habit wears,

But, partly *metaphysicall* appears,

And partly *naturall*. She oft may cary

Her *Progresse* on, by meanes that's ordinary ;

But, rarely doth begin, or end her *Arrant*,

Save by an extraordinary *Warrant*.

It doth infect, and it infecteth not.

It is an *arrow* which is often shot

By Gods owne hand, from his far-striking bow,

Without the help of any meanes below.

It is Gods *Angel*, which to death can smite,

Miraculously, an *army* in a night.

It is a rationall *Disease*, which can

Pick, with discretion, here and there a man ;

And



And passe o're those, who either marked are  
For *Mercy* ; or, a greater *Plague* to beare.

We see, it futing hath to Natures laws,  
A nat'rall *motion*, and a nat'rall *cause* ;  
For, as a Fire among great Buildings throwne,  
Burnes Timber, melteth Mettall, cracketh Stone,  
Defaceth Statues, makes moist places dry,  
The Vaults below to sweat, the tyles to flye  
And manifests his force, in sev'rall kindes,  
According to the objects which he findes :  
So, hath the *Pestilence* a nat'rall pow'r  
To harden, fright, endanger, or devoure,  
(And divers other changes to procure)  
As she doth find a sev'rall temp'rature  
In mind or body, fitting the rejection.  
Or for the entertainment of *Infection*.

These things consider'd. They who shall desire  
To scape from this *Contagion*, must acquire  
A double *Ward*. For, doubtlesse, there is none  
That can resist it with one guard alone.  
In times of Danger, vainly we presume  
Vpon our Iv'ry boxes of *Perfume*.  
To little purpose, we defend our noses,  
With *Wormwood*, *Rue*, or with our *Radelisse* Posies  
Of tarred Ropes. Small warrant for our lives,  
Are all such bodily *Preservatives*,  
As Cordiall waters, Gums, Herbes, Plants, and Rootes,  
Our simple or compounded *Antidotes*.  
Our *Bazar-stone* ; our med'cines *Chymicall* ;  
Or, that high prized Iewell wherewithall,  
For home of *Vnicorne*, men cheated are :  
Or, those unhallowed *Charmes*, which many weare.  
For, these are far unable to withstand  
The vigour of his incorporeall hand,

Who

Who strikes for sinne, unlesse to these wee adde  
 A Plaister which of better things is made.  
 Yea *Nature* failes, unlesse adjoyne wee doe,  
 A med'cine *metaphisicall* thereto.

Moreover, fruitlessly devout are they,  
 And that they seeke to God they falsely fay,  
 Who wilfully neglect, or else contemne,  
 That outward meanes, which Nature offers them,  
 And God provides, to cure, or to prevent,  
 The mischief of Diseases pestilent.

For, since wee fram'd of foules and bodies are,  
 God pleased is, that wee should have a care  
 To both of them ; and labour how to finde,  
 What appertaines to either, in his kinde.

He therefore, who desireth a defence  
 Against this *Arrow* of the *Pestilence* ;  
 A compleat *Armour* must from God procure,  
 And still be arm'd, his person to secure.  
 He must put on the *Helmet* of *Salvation*,  
 And shoe his feet with holy *Preparation*.  
 A *Belt* of *Truth* must for his loines be fought ;  
 His *Brest-plate* must of Righteousnesse be wrought.  
 The *Shield* of *Faith*, his Target must become,  
 The darts of *Sathan* to secure him from.  
 Gods *Word* must be the *Sword* upon his thigh,  
 His *Praiers*, like continuall shot must flie ;  
 And he should keepe for ever his abode,  
 Within the shadow of Almighty God.  
 Or else the Workeman loofeth all his paine ;  
 And he that watcheth, waketh but in vaine.

He also must expell out of the foule,  
 That filthinesse of sinne, which makes it foule.  
 He must avoid the crimes he lived in ;  
 His *Physicke* must be *Rue* (ev'n *Rue* for sinne)

Of

Of *Herb of Grace*, a Cordiall he must make ;  
The bitter Cup of true Repentance take ;  
The *Diet of Sobriety* assume ;  
His House with workes of Charitie perfume ;  
And watch, that from his heart in secrecie,  
Arise no favours of Hypocrisie.  
He must beleeeve, God so doth love him, that  
His everlasting good, is aimed at  
In all he suffers ; and, that, God doth know,  
And marke his nature, and his temper so,  
As that he will impose nor more, nor lesse,  
Than shall be needfull for his happinesse.  
For, such a *Faith*, will keepe him still content.  
Still lowly, under ev'ry chastisement ;  
Still thankfull, whatsoever doth befall ;  
And *Blessings* make, of what we *Plagues* doe call.

He must, moreover with a holy *Feare*,  
In all his Christian duties persevere ;  
Still watchfull, and at no time daring ought  
Which may from God divert him in a thought :  
(So neere as possibly, the powre of man,  
So great a diligence endeavour can.)  
For, round about him are a thousand Feares,  
A thousand Dangers, and ten thousand Snares,  
And, as a *Traveller*, who for his Bridges,  
To passe deepe waters, having nought but ridges  
Of narrow Timbers, dares not cast his eye  
From off the Plancke, nor set his foot awrie ;  
Because beneath him, he beholds a *Streame*,  
That runnes, and roares, and gapes to swallow him :  
So, he that must an houely passage make,  
Through such like *Plagues*, as this whereof I speake,  
(And many dangers waiting on him hath,  
To catch him, if he slip his narrow Path)

Had

Had need be carefull that he never stray,  
Nor swarve in any thing beside the way.

Let, therefore, ev'ry man desire, at least,  
This pow'r; that his desirings may be blest,  
With such performances as he shall need,  
Or, have his *Will* accepted for the *Deed*.  
And, let him to his *Calling* ever stand:  
For, whosoe're doth leave that place unmann'd  
Wherein God sets him; forfeits that reward  
(And is deprived of that *Angell guard*)  
Of which his *Muse* doth prophesie, who sayes,  
*We shall preserved be in all our wayes.*

Far is it from my nature, to reprove  
With proud insultings, those whom feare did move  
To step aside: For, good and pious men  
Give way to nat'rall frailties now and then;  
And, we whom God emboldned now to stay,  
Hereafter, from lesse frights may run away.  
Yea, sure I am, that if it doe not flow  
From Love, and Pity, that their scapes we shew,  
God may, and will (our folly to deride)  
Make them dare stand, where we shall feare to bide.  
And therefore, hoping none amisse will take  
What I have writ for truth and conscience sake;  
(That men in times to come might looke into  
This duty, and be heedful what they doe)  
I will affirme, that ev'ry one hath erred,  
Who in his lawfull *Calling*, was deterred  
So much, as in this danger to forsake it:  
And, though a trifling matter many make it,  
I know, the most apparant shewes of terror  
Are not excuse enough for such an error.  
For, that we should not in such cases dread  
The greatest perils: God hath promised,

That

That if we keepe our *wayes*, and him observe,  
 He will not onely from this Plague preserve ;  
 But, caufe us without harme to walke among,  
 Ev'n *Adders, Dragons, Lyons* old and yong :  
 By which pernicious creatures, and untamed,  
 Is ev'ry danger meant that can be named.

These things we must observe, if we will hope  
 Gods extraordinary blow to stop ;  
 And other circumstances must attend  
 Those meanes. But, they so nat'rally depend  
 On what precedes ; that in well doing one,  
 VVe cannot leave the other part undone.  
 Such were those holy med'cines, which prevented  
 The Plague, at *Niniveh*, when she repented ;  
 Such *Is'el* used, and it saved them ;  
 Such kept the Plague out of *Ierusalem* ;  
 And when the bloody *Angell* came, had pow'r  
 To stop him in *Araunah's* threshing floore.  
 Thus *Hezekiah* was preserv'd ; thus *David*  
 Was from the very same contagion saved :  
 And if unfainedly we practise thus,  
 He doth of safety also warrant us.  
 Yea (through this meanes) we shall be fortifi'd  
 VVith such a coat of prooffe, as will abide  
 That murth'ring *Arrow* which in darknesse flies,  
 From Gods owne *Bow*, unseene of mortall eyes.  
 And when we thus have done, attempt we may  
 To stop the *Shaft*, that flies abroad by day ;  
 I meane the nat'rall Sicknesse, which doth smite  
 By meanes, that is apparant to the sight.  
 For, as God striketh, oft, immediate blowes  
 By some immediate way : right so he shoves  
 A nat'rall cure to those, whom he doth please  
 To warrant from the naturall *Disease*.

F

Thus

Thus, he for *Hezekiah's* health revealed  
 That *Plaster*, wherewithall his griefe was healed,  
 Thus from this *Plague* have many beene secured.  
 And many saved, who the stroke endured.

Here I could shew, what *Med'cines* may be tooke  
 To cure or to prevent the outward stroke ;  
 To qualifie the *Aire*, what might be used ;  
 What *Diet* should be taken, what refused ;  
 What *Symptomes* doe attend on this disease ;  
 What good, or ill, from *Labour*, or from *Ease*  
 Too much, or over-little, may be got :  
 But, to proceed in this perfume I not.  
 For, to prescribe externall med'cines, here  
 To ev'ry man, too hard a taske it were ;  
 Since they must often chang'd and mixed be,  
 As we the sicknesse changeable doe see,  
 And as we finde the measure of *infection*,  
 The parties *Age*, his *Temper*, or *Completion*.  
 To those I therefore will commit this part,  
 Who are allow'd professors of that *Art* ;  
 Advising all, that none their aid refuse,  
 Nor out of season, their assistance use.

For, if, before our peace with God be made,  
 We (seeking outward meanes) a cure have had ;  
 That meanes shall be the meanes our death to set :  
 That cure shall onely cure us, to beget  
 Another *Plague* : unlesse we have repented  
 Our folly, and the mischief, so, prevented.  
 Yea such, as take that course, doe fugar o're  
 Strong poysons, and skin up a festring fore ;  
 Because those med'cines, and that watchfulnesse  
 (From which they did expect a good successe)  
 Not being with repentance sanctifi'd,  
 Nor (in their place) with faithfulnessse apply'd,

Corrup-

Corruptd grow ; make what was evill, worfe ;  
 And (in the Head of blessings) bring a curse.  
 'This *Reason* proves. For, since it is from *Sin*  
 Whence all our griefes, and sicknesses have bin :  
 We shall as vainly strive th' effects to stay,  
 Till we the Causes first remove away,  
 As if we went about to draine a River,  
 Before to stop the Springs we did endeavor.

And, as we neither should o're-much rely  
 On outward helps ; nor take disorderly  
 The meanes of Health ; right so, beware we must  
 That we doe never use it with distrust.  
 For as, in seeking safety, most men use  
 Preposterous courses (whence much harme ensues)  
 Or else (when likely med'cines they have got)  
 Presume so farre, on what availeth not,  
 Without Gods blessing ; that, from him they take  
 His due, and of his Creatures, *Idols* make :  
 So, some there be so fearfull, that their *Fear*  
 Corrupts their blood, where no infections were ;  
 Begets that *Plague* within them which they shun ;  
 And makes it follow, when they from it run.  
 No place, or counsell can of rest assure them ;  
 No meanes their hope of safety can procure them :  
 But still they are distemper'd ; ever taking  
 New courses, and new Med'cines alwayes making.  
 Of all they meet (if any meet they dare)  
 For some *Receipt*, their first enquiries are.  
 What e're he be that tells them, that, or this  
 Prevents the *Plague* ; it straightwayes practis'd is.  
 They swallow downe hot *Waters*, *Sirrups*, *Drinks*,  
 Choake up their Chambers with *Perfumes*, & *Stinks* ;  
 With *Rue*, and *Wormwood* cram their bowels up,  
 With *Phisicke* breake their fasts, and dine, and sup :

F 2

Yet

Yet, still delpaire, as if that world of stufte  
(Which they devoured) were not halfe enough.  
And, this their terror, doth to me appeare,  
A greater *Plague*, then that which they doe feare.

Mistake me not ; I doe not here condemne  
The christian, and the filial feare of them,  
That are (with holy dread) employ'd about  
Such meanes, as worketh true salvation out.  
Nor blame it, when a moderate feare doth make  
*Alarums* in us, *Reason* to awake.  
For, while our *Feare* preserves a moderation,  
It is a very necessary *passion*,  
And stands for *Centinell*, to bid us Arme,  
When any Foe doth seeme to menace harme.  
Nor doe I checke that nat'rall Feare, which from  
The knowledge of our weakneses doth come :  
For, want of that is meere stupidity ;  
And such, can neither feele a Misery,  
Nor taste Gods Mercies, with more profit, than  
The brutish Creatures wanting Reason, can ;  
Who, of their paines, or pleasures, nought retaine  
Much longer, then it doth in act remaine.  
I count not each man valiant, who dares die,  
Or venture on a Mischiefe desperately,  
When, either heat of Youth, or Wine, or Passion  
Shall whet him on, before consideration :  
For, thus a Beast will doe, and hath (no doubt)  
As much foresight in what he goes about ;  
As those blinde *Bayards*, who couragious be  
In perills, whose events they doe not see.  
Nor will I any man a *Coward* call,  
Although I see him tremble, and looke pale  
In dangerous attempts ; unlesse he slacke  
His just *Resolves*, by basely stepping backe.

For,



For, as the greater part of men we find  
 To laugh and blush, by nature, much inclin'd :  
 So many have a nat'ral inclination,  
 To trembling, paleness, or some other passion,  
 Which, no *Philosophy* can take away,  
 Nor any humane wit, or strength, allay :  
 And if their *Apprehension* proveth better  
 Then other Mens ; their *Passions* are the greater ;  
 Because their searching wits finde perills out,  
 Whereof the *Dullard* (never having doubt)  
 Hath boldly ventur'd on them, and out dar'd,  
 What being heeded, him to death hath fear'd.

Give me the *Man*, that with a quaking arme  
 VValkes with a stedfast mind through greatest harm ;  
 And though his flesh doth tremble, makes it stand  
 To execute what *Reason* doth command.  
 Give me the *Soule*, that knowingly descries  
 All dangers, and all possibilities  
 Of outward perills ; and yet doth persevere  
 In ev'ry lawfull action howsoever.  
 Give me that *Heart*, which in it selfe doth warre  
 VVith many frailties (who like Traytors are  
 In some besieged Fort) and hath to doe  
 VVith outward Foes, and inward Terrors too ;  
 Yet of himselfe, and them, a conquest makes,  
 And still proceeds in what he undertakes.  
 For, this is double-*valour* ; and such men  
 (Although they are mis-censur'd now, and then)  
 Enjoy those mindes that best compos'd are ;  
 In lawfull quarrells are without compare ;  
 And (when the *Coward*, hoodwink'd goes to fight)  
 Dare charge their sternest Foes with open fight.

Let no Man therefore glory, or make boast  
 Of Courage, when they feele their *Dread* is lost,

F 3

Or

Or thinke themselves the safer, when they finde  
Their Feare is gone, whilst Perill stayer behind ;  
Especially, when they besieg'd appeare,  
With such like *Plagues*, as this, we treat of here.  
For that endangers, rather then secureth ;  
Since *Custom*, or else *Ignorance* procureth  
That brutish fearlesnesse : And, where we see  
Such hardinesse, Gods *judgements* fruitlesse be.

There is required, yet, one *Caveat* more  
To perfect that, which hath beene said before ;  
Ev'n this ; that we grow watchfull, lest the while  
We trust in God, we doe our selves beguile  
With fruitlesse confidence, and on his grace  
(Beyond his warrant) our assurance place.  
For, many thousands wondrous forward are  
In Gods large promises to claime a share ;  
Who, those *conditions* never mused on,  
Which he doth ground his *Covenant* upon.  
And as the *Iewes* (from whom they take example)  
Bragg'd of their outward worship, and their *Temple*,  
As if Gods *League* extended unto all,  
Who could themselves, the sonnes of *Iacob*, call,  
Without respecting their partic'lar *Way* :  
So, we have some among us, that will say,  
*They trust in God* ; and that, in this *infection*,  
They full assurance have of his protection :  
Because they formally his *Truth* professe ;  
Performe externall workes of *Holinesse* ;  
Or visibly, with such, partakers are,  
With whom the *Pledges* of Gods love appeare.  
But, they that on these outward workes rely,  
Without true faith, and true sincerity ;  
Commit those guilded *finnes*, whose glosse will weare,  
And leave their naturall corruptions bare :

Yea

Yea they, of their professions, *idols* make ;  
 And, will the *Covenant* of God mistake,  
 Vntill in his *conveyances*, they see  
 What duties, on their parts, required be.

God promifeth (indeed) all fuch to fave,  
 Who in his holy *Church* their dwelling have ;  
 And that he will vouchsafe them his defence  
 From dangers of the noysome *Pestilence* :  
 But they muft love him, and inuoke him, then,  
 Or elfe the *Bargaine* is unmade agen.  
 Thus much inferres the *Pfalmit*, in that *Ode*,  
 Which prophecies the *faving Grace of God*.  
 Thofe, therefore, too too much on them affume,  
 Yea, (foolifhly) of mercy they prefume,  
 Who boast of Gods protection and yet tread  
 Thofe paths, which to a fure destruction lead.  
 I doe not meane, when any man mif-does  
 Through frailty, or unwillingly mif-goes :  
 But when, with liking, and without remorse,  
 He wilfully purfues a wicked Courfe.  
 For, fuch, their confidence on God, bely,  
 Depending on their own *fecurity* ;  
 And cannot fee thofe dangers they are in,  
 Becaufe their *Confcien*ces have feared bin.

How many thoufands in the Grave are laid,  
 Who, in their life-times, impudently faid  
 They fhould be fave in God? yet never tooke  
 His counfell, nor one vanity forfooke  
 For love of him? How many have I heard  
 Prefumptuoufly affirme, they never fear'd  
 The danger of Gods *Arrowes*? though they flew  
 At noone, at midnight, and fo many flew  
 In ev'ry ftreet? yea, fhamelefly profefse  
 Their trust in God, to caufe their fearlefneffe,

F 4

Yet

Yet, nothing for the love of him endeavour?  
 How boldly have I seene them to persever  
 In ev'ry sin, when Gods fierce *Angell* flood,  
 Ev'n just before them, all embru'd in blood;  
 And slaught'ring round about the neighbors, brothers,  
 Their friends, their kinsmē, children, fathers, mothers,  
 And some of ev'ry sort? Nay, I have heard  
 Of such, who were not any jot afear'd  
 To bargain for their Lust, in times to come,  
 VVithin the compasse of the selfe-same roome,  
 VVhere (at that instant) they beheld their wives  
 Lye newly dead; or lab'ring for their lives.

They waste Gods *Creatures* in luxurious diet;  
 Consume their times in wantonnesse, and riot;  
 They feasts, and merriments, in *Tavernes* keepe,  
 VVhilst others in the *Temples*, fast, and weepe;  
 They persecute their brethren, and the poore;  
 Performe no good; forbear no sin the more;  
 And live so carelesly, as if they thought,  
 That, when the greatest wickednesse they wrought,  
 It prov'd, their trust in God to be the greater;  
 And, that lewd *works*, shew'd forth their *faith* the bet-  
 Or else that God the more obligation had, (ter;  
 Because he was so good, and they so bad  
 Ev'n such there are. And these make boastings will,  
 Of trust in God, yet such continue still.

Alas, it is but vaine to say *Lord, Lord*,  
 Or to profess a confidence in word,  
 Where lively *Faith* appeares not: for, God granteth  
 Protections unto none, but whom he planteth  
 Within his *Vineyard*; wherein grows no tree,  
 But in some measure, it will fruitfull be;  
 Or else, a *storme* shall come, which down will shake it,  
 With whatsoever, carnall props, we stake it.

No

No high-presuming *Cedars*, nor stiffe *Oakes*,  
 Are those whom God exempteth from the strokes  
 Of his tempestuous wrath : but, that which bendeth  
 To ev'ry blast, which he in *Judgement* sendeth,  
 As doth a bruised, or low-stooping *Reed*,  
 Which, by the bowing, is from breaking free'd.  
 Yea those, who really within the shade  
 Of his defence, have their abidings made ;  
 Those onely, may depend on his protection,  
 Amid the ragings of this hot *Infection*.

And who are these, but such, as (when they see  
 The threatned *Plague*) afraid, and humbled be ?  
 Such, as through hearty love, ashamed grow,  
 That they so good a God displeased so :  
 Such, as are sorry for their passed crimes,  
 And truly purpose, in all future times  
 A better life : Such, who, for conscience sake  
 (And not through fertile feare) themselves betake  
 To pious exercises : such, who strive  
 To mortifie their lusts, and how to live  
 As worthy their free-calling : such, as they,  
 Who ev'ry houre, doe labour, watch, and pray,  
 Their duties to performe ; and dare not peepe  
 Abroad at morning, or at ev'ning sleepe,  
 Till they the sacrifice of thanks have paid,  
 For favours past ; and begg'd for future aid.  
 Such, as on Gods owne pleasure can rely,  
 And, in his Faith resolved are to dye.  
 Such, as have Charity ; and working are  
 Their safeties with continuall *joy*, and *feare*.  
 Ev'n such as these, securely may repose  
 When twenty thousand dangers them enclose.  
 On these, Gods *Angells* wait ; and these they shall  
 From stumbling keepe, when many Millions fall.

F 5

From

From ev'ry kinde of harme they shall be free,  
 And sleepe, where feares, and mischiefes thickest be :  
 Yea, though that seize them, which the *Plague* we cal,  
 It shall to them become no *Plague* at all ;  
 But rather be their furth'rance, to acquire  
 That perfect *happineffe*, which they desire.

Let no man, therefore, in this *Vifitation*  
 Tye God unto the temp'rall preservation ;  
 Or be difcouraged, if he shall please  
 To exercife him under this *Difeafe*,  
 Supposing, he inflicteth it on none  
 (As fome fooles thinke) but *Reprobates* alone.  
 For he did *Hezekiah* thereby ftrike ;  
 He, by this *Malady*, or fome fuch like,  
 Afflicted holy *David*, his Elected ;  
 Whose Reprobation is of none fufpected.  
 And though juft men from temporall infection  
 Shall finde more certainty of Gods protection,  
 Then others doe : yet fure, that *Peftilence*  
 (From which God promis'd absolute defence)  
 Is not that fickneffe which the body flayes ;  
 But that, which death unto the foule conveyes.

Our earthly griefes, to heav'nly joyes doe reare,  
 And why fhould any Man or grudge or feare  
 A mortall wound, fo he might gaine thereby  
 A body cloth'd with immortalitie ?  
 Or why fhould we repine, in miffing that,  
 Which (to our dammage) we had aymed at ;  
 When God doth give us more then we defired ;  
 And lifts us higher, then our hopes aspired ?  
 To him due praifes, rather, let us give,  
 Whose love to us, is better, then to live.

But, I have faid enough to this effect,  
 And, if, what I have fpoken, have refpect,

We

We shall (I hope) hereafter well discern,  
What, by this *Judgement*, we are bound to learne ;  
How much to trust ; how much to hope, or feare ;  
What outward meanes, or inward helpes there are,  
VVhereby, this heavy *Plague* may be prevented,  
Or entertained, with a brest contented.

So few (as yet) have thus prepared bin,  
That now of late it quickly rushed in  
In spite of all our *Hulberds*, and our *Watches*.  
And as a *Flame* (which in a Tempest, catches  
On some full Barne) is blowne about the *Village*,  
And fireth, here, the hopefull fruits of *Tillage* ;  
A *Cottage* there ; on th'other side the way  
A well fill'd *Stable*, or a *Ricke* of Hay ;  
Another yon ; close by, doth menace harme  
Ev'n to the *Church* ; forthwith consume a *Farme* ;  
Some dwellings (now, and then) doth overgoe ;  
Anon laves waste a dozen in a row ;  
And still increase, goe forward, and returne,  
Vntill the *Towne* in ev'ry quarter burne :  
So rag'd the *Pestilence*. And, as we see  
Those workmen, who, repairing breaches be  
In *Thame*, or *Trent*, at first the *Banks* doe raise ;  
Shut close the *Sluces*, strengthen up the *Bay's*,  
And labour seriously with much good hope,  
VVhile they perceive but some few gaps to stop :  
But, when they see the flood prevailing more,  
(Ten breaches made, for ev'ry one before)  
And all endeavors faile ; they worke forsake,  
Leaving the waters their owne course to take :  
So, when this *Floud* began : we had a thought  
To keepe it backe ; and to that purpose wrought :  
But, when we saw it rise beyond our pow'r,  
VVe gave it way at pleasure to devoure.

At

At first, the publique *Officers* did show  
 Their skill in curbing this encroaching *Foe*,  
 Not sparing to be prodigall of paine,  
 The spreadings of *Infection* to restraine;  
 And ev'ry private family beside,  
 Against this danger did for armes provide.  
 Their *Yards*, and *Halls*, were smok'd with perfume,  
 To stop the stinkes, which thither might presume.  
 Their *Chambers* furnisht were with *Antidotes*,  
 With *Viols*, *Boxes*, *Glasses*, *Gallipots*,  
 All filled with munition of defence  
 (As they suppos'd) against the *Pestilence*.  
 Some did in *Meats* their meanes of safety thinke;  
 Some *Epicures* did arme themselves with *Drinke*;  
 Some, foolishly did build up monstrous hopes  
 Vpon the smoking of *Tobacco shops*;  
 (But this disease, without a Conscience making  
 Of their presuming on *Tobacco* taking,  
 Came thither too, and frequently did cary  
*Good-fellowes* from their smoaking *Sanctuary*.)

Some, one, and some another course devised;  
 Yet, ev'ry day more places were surpris'd.  
 Which, when we saw, and how it overcast  
 All temp'rall force; we thought upon (at last)  
 The helpe of God: and then we did repaire  
 To crave his ayd in *Fasting*, and in *Prayer*,  
 Then some, through servile terror; some, for fashion,  
 And some, out of a true humiliation,  
 Employ'd ayd from heav'n; and show'd in teares  
 Their *Hope*, their true *Repentance*, and their *Fears*:

But, whether God did for a while contemne  
 Our suit, because we gave not eare to him,  
 When first he call'd: or, whether he thought fit,  
 (That we the longer might remember it)

To



To fright us somewhat more : or whether we  
Brought not such hearty penitence, as he  
Expected from us : or appointed were  
Some further tryalls of our *Faith* to beare :  
Sure, some such cause there was ; and for that cause,  
God did not onely seeme to make a pause  
In answer'ing our *Petition* ; but, to chide  
More sharply, and to throw it quite aside.

For with a doubled, and redoubled stroke  
The *Plague* went on ; and, in (among us) broke  
With such unequall'd fury, and such rage ;  
As *Brittan* never felt in any age.  
With some at ev'ry turning she did meet.  
Of ev'ry *Alley*, ev'ry *Lane* and *Street*  
She got possession : and we had no way,  
Or passage, but she there, in *Ambush*, lay.  
Through Nookes, & Corners, she pursu'd the Chase,  
There was no barring her from any place :  
For in the publique *Fields* in wait she laid ;  
And into private *Gardens* was convoid.  
Sometime, she did among our *Garments* hide ;  
And, so, disperse among us (unesp'y'd)  
Her strong *Infections*. Otherwhile (unseene)  
A Servant, Friend, or Child betraid hath beene,  
To bring it home ; and men were fearfull growne  
To tarie, or converse, among their owne.  
*Friends* fled each other ; *Kinsmen* stood aloofe ;  
The *Sonne*, to come within his *Fathers* roofe  
Presumed not ; the *Mother* was constrain'd  
To let her child depart unentertain'd.  
The love, betwixt the husband, and the wife,  
Was, oft neglected, for the love of life ;  
And many a one their promise falsifi'd,  
Who vow'd, that nought but death should the divide.

Some,

Some, to frequent the *Markets* were afraid ;  
And some to feed on what was thence purvay'd.  
For on young pigs such purple spots were seene,  
As markes of Death on *Plague-sicke* men have been ;  
And it appeared that our suburbe-Hogs  
Were little better, then our Cats, and Dogs

Men knew not, whither they might safely come,  
Nor where to make appointments, nor with whom.  
Nay, many thunn'd *Gods-house*, and much did feare  
So farre to trust him, as to meet him there.  
In briebe, the *Plague* did such destruction threat,  
And Feares, and Perils were become so great,  
That most mens hearts did faile ; and they to flight  
Betooke themselves, with all the speed they might :  
Not only they, who private persons were,  
But, such as did the publike Titles beare.

The *Maior* startled, and some say was gone :  
But, when his Charge he truly thought upon,  
It settled him ; and he at Helme did 'bide  
Vntill his roome was orderly supply'd.  
And (let me doe him right) it since appeared,  
That, with good Diligence his Course he steered.  
For, on his back were many burthens laid ;  
The Country of provisions us denay'd ;  
The greater part with sicknesse waxed froward ;  
Much want did make the poorer sort untoward ;  
That when I call to minde his heavy taske,  
And little helpe ; me thinkes it praise doth aske.  
Most of his gown'd-*Brethren* him forfooke,  
And to their Country Bow'rs themselves betooke ;  
Where, how they pray'd, or what they sent by gift,  
To feed the Poore ; I leave it to the shrift  
Of their owne consciences ; which best can tell,  
What things they have performed ill, or well.

*Physitians*

*Physitians* were afraid, as well as these,  
And neither *Galen*, nor *Hippocrates*  
Could yeeld them any warrant for delay ;  
And therefore (with the first) they went away.  
Some *Leaches* of the Soule, (who should have staid)  
Were much (nay somewhat over-much) afraid,  
And had forgotten so, how to apply  
Their heav'nly *Cordials* of Divinty,  
Against the feare of *Death* ; that when most dangers  
Befet their Flocks ; they left them unto strangers.  
Nay, some there were, who did among us teach,  
That Men should flie ; & that, which they did preach,  
They taught the people by example too.  
Pray God, in other things they may do so.

Few staid, of any calling or degree,  
VVho to their Country-friends might welcome be ;  
Or, of themselves, were able to provide  
A place of Harbour, where they might abide.  
Yea some, (to scape uncertaine Death) did flie  
Into the Iawes of certaine Beggory,  
By leaving of their Callings ; and are flowne  
So far, and high a flight out of this *Towne*,  
On borrow'd-feathers ; that their Neighbours feare,  
They never more will in their shops appeare.

Those of our wanton *Gentry*, that could brooke  
No Ayre, but *Londons* ; *London* quite forfooke ;  
And all that Crew of *Spend-thrifts*, whom (untill  
This *Plague* did fright them) nor *Star-Chamber Bill*,  
Nor strictest *Proclamation*, could compell  
Vpon their owne Inheritance to dwell ;  
Were now, among their racked *Tenants* faine  
To seeke for shelter ; and to ayre againe  
Those musty *Roomes*, which their more thirsty *Sires*  
Keep warme and sweet with hospitable Fires.

God

God grant, that where they come, they may do good,  
 Among their Tenants, by their neighbourhood.  
 Of some we hopefull are, they will be such :  
 And of some others we doe feare as much,  
 That by their prefence they will plague them more,  
 Then by their willing abfence heretofore.

In many a mile you fcarce could find a *Shed*,  
 Or *Hovell*, but it was inhabited,  
 (Sometime with double Families) and *Stalls*  
 And *Barnes* were trimmed up in ftead of *Halls*.  
 Thofe *Burgeffes*, that walk'd in Gownes, and Furs,  
 Had got them coats, and fwords, and boots, & fpurs ;  
 And, till you faw them ride, you would have fworne,  
 That, they, for horfemen, might have ferv'd the turn.  
 Thofe *Dames*, who (out of daintineffe, and Pride)  
 The rufticke plainneffe did (erewhile) deride,  
 (And, at a better lodging, *Foh*, would cry)  
 Beneath a homely roofe were glad to lye ;  
 And fawne on ev'ry Child, and ev'ry Groome,  
 That, fo they might the welcomer become.

Thofe, who in all their life-time never went  
 So far, as is the neareft part of *Kent* :  
 Thofe, who did never travell, till of late,  
 Halfe way to *Pancridge* from the City gate :  
 Thofe, who might thinke, the Sun did rife at *Bow*,  
 And fet at *Acton*, for ought they did know :  
 And dreame, young *Partridge* fucke not, but are fed  
 As *Lambes*, and *Rabbets*, which of eggs are bred :  
 Ev'n fome of thefe have journeyes ventur'd on  
 Five miles by Land (as farre as *Edmunton*.)  
 Some hazarded themfelves from *Lyon-Key*  
 Almost as far as *Erith* downe by Sea :  
 Some row'd againft the ftream, and ftraggled out  
 As far as *Hounflow heath*, or thereabout :

Some

Some climbed *High-gate-hill*, and there they fee  
 The world so large that they amazed be ;  
 Yea, some are gone so farre that they doe know  
 Ere this, how *Wheat* is made, and *Malt* doth grow.

Oh, how they trudg'd, and bustled up and downe,  
 To get themselves a furlong out of towne.

And how they were becumbred, to provide,  
 That had about a mile or two to ride.

But when whole houtholds further off were sent,  
 You would have thought the *Master* of it, meant  
 To furnish forth some *Navy*, and that he  
 Had got his neighbours *venturers* to be.

For all the neare acquaintance thereabout,  
 By lending fomewhat holpe to set them out.

What hiring was there of our hackney *Jades* ?

What scouring up of old, and rusty blades ?

What running to and fro was there to borrow

A *Safeguard*, or a *Cloake*, untill the morrow ?

What shift made *Jack* for girths ? what shift made *Gil-*

To get her neighbors footstoole, & her pillian, (*lian*)

Which are not yet return'd ? How great a pother

To furnish, and unfurnish one another

In this great voyage did there then appeare ?

And what a time was that for *Bankrupts* here ?

Those who had thought (by night) to steale away,

Did unsuspected shut up shop by day ;

And (if good lucke it in conclusion prove)

Two *Dangers* were escap'd at one *Remove*.

Some hired *Palfreyes* for a day, or twain,

But rode so far, they came not backe againe.

Some dealed by their neighbours, as the *Jewes*

At their departure did th' *Egyptians* use :

And some, (with what was of their owne, content)

Tooke up their luggage, and away they went.

And

And had you heard how loud the Coaches rumbled ;  
Beheld how Carres, and Carts, together jumbled ;  
Seene how the wayes with people thronged were ;  
The *Bands* of Foot, the *Troupes* of Horsemen there ;  
What multitudes away by *Land* were sent ;  
How many thousands forth by *Water* went ;  
And how the wealth of *London* thence was borne ;  
You would have wondred ; and (almost) have sworne  
The Citie had beene leaving her foundation,  
And seeking out another situation ;  
Or, that some Enemy with dreadfull pow'r,  
Was comming to besiege, and to devoure.

Oh ; foolish people though I justly might  
Authorize thus my *Muse* to mock your flight,  
And still to flout your follies : yet, compassion  
Shall end it in a kinde expostulation.

Why with such childish terror did you try  
To run from him, from whom you cannot flye ?  
Why left you so the place of your abode,  
Not hastning rather to goe meet your God  
With true repentance, who for ever hath  
A mercy for us in his greatest wrath ?  
Why did you not your lawfull callings keepe ?  
But straggle from your folds like wandring Sheepe,  
That had no *Shepherd* ? And, oh, why, I pray,  
You *Shepherds*, have you caused them to stray ?  
Your Neighbours why forooke you in distresse ?  
Why did you leave your brethren comfortlesse ?  
When God did call for *Mourning*, why so fast  
Did you to seeke for mirth, and pleasures, hast ?  
And take away from other, when you fled,  
What in their need, should them have comforted ?

If *Death* be dreadfull, stay, and learne, to die ;  
For *Death* affects to follow those that flie.

Had

Had you not gone, you might for ever after  
 Have said, That *Sorrow profits more then Laughter*.  
 You should have known that Death hath limits here,  
 And loosed was, where he did bound appeare :  
 That many were preserved in the flame,  
 And many burnt, that came not nigh the same.  
 Yea, some of you, before from hence you went,  
 Had, of these Truths, got some experiment.  
 What Folly then, or Frenzy you bewitches,  
 To leave your houses, and goe dye in ditches?  
 Forgoe the comfort, which your *Citie* yeelds,  
 To venture for a lodging in the *fields*?  
 Or (which is worse) to travell farre, and finde  
 Those prove ungentle, whom you hoped, kinde?  
 A *Plague* so bitter, That might *Plagues* be chused  
 I would be *Plague-sicke*, rather then so used.

Did you suppose the *Pestilence* would spare  
 None here, nor come to seaze on any there?  
 All perish'd not, that did behinde you stay;  
 Nor did you all escape, who fled away.  
 For, God your passages had so beset,  
 That Hee with many thousands of you met.

In *Kent*, and (all along) on *Essex* side  
 A Troupe of cruell *Fevers* did reside :  
 And round about, on ev'ry other Coast,  
 Of severall Country-*Agues* lay an host.  
 And, most of them, who had this place forfooke,  
 Were either slaine by them, or *Pris'ners* tooke.  
 Sometime the *Pestilence* her selfe had bin  
 Before them in their Lodging, at their Inne ;  
 And hath arrested them upon the Bed,  
 Brought many sicke away, and meny dead.  
 Sometime (again) she after them hath gone,  
 And when (perchance) she was not thought upon :

Among

Among their friends, and in their merriment,  
 Hath seiz'd them, to their greater discontent,  
 She divers apprehended on the way,  
 Who to so many mischiefs were a prey;  
 That pooreſt beggers found more pitty here,  
 And leſſer griefe, then richer men had there.

I doe not meane concerning that neglect,  
 That barbarous, unmanly diſreſpect  
 Their bodies had among the clowniſh crew,  
 When from the tainted fleſh the ſpirits flew.  
 For, if their carcaſſes they did contemne,  
 What harme, or what diſeaſe was that to them?  
 What paine, or torment was it, if that they  
 (Like carrion) in the fields, unburied lay?  
 What felt they, being dragged like a Log,  
 Or hurl'd into a *Saw-pit* like a Dog?  
 What diſadvantage could that *Doſtor* have,  
 Who (learnedly) was drawne into his grave  
 By naked men? ſince thoſe things doe diſgrace  
 The living rather, and doe wrong the place  
 That ſuffers, or allowes that barb'rouſneſſe  
 To ſhame the Chriſtian Faith, which they profeſſe.

Alas; my heart as little can bemone  
 A mangled carcaſſe, as a broken ſtone.  
 It is a living body, and the paines,  
 Which I conceive a broken heart ſuſtaines,  
 That moveth me: their griefe, in life-time was,  
 And, whilſt they liv'd, their ſorrowes did ſurpaſſe  
 Theſe fained ones, as *Death*, and loathed *Care*,  
 By *Life*, and true *Content*, excelled are

Some, who forſooke faire houſes, large, and high;  
 Could ſcarcely get a *Shed* to keepe them dry;  
 And ſuch, who many beds, and lodgings had,  
 To lye on ſtraw without the doores were glad.

Some



Some over tyr'd with wearineffe, and heat,  
 Could not, for money, purchase drink, or meat ;  
 But cruelly of succour were deny'd,  
 Till, through their faintnesse, they grew sick and dy'd.  
 Some, who in *London* had beene waited on  
 With many servants, were enclos'd alone  
 In solitary places ; where they might  
 Find leasure, to repent them of their flight.  
 And, when they had supplies at any need,  
 The bringers did (like those that *Lyons* feed)  
 Ev'n throw it at them ; or else, some where set it,  
 Where (after their departures) they might set it,  
 And many a one (no helper to attend him)  
 Was left to live or dye, as God should friend him.

Some, who unwisely did their homes forsake,  
 That triall of the *Country* they might make ;  
 Have brought their lives to miserable ends  
 Before they could arrive among their friends.  
 Some, having reach'd the places they desir'd,  
 (With no meane difficulty, weake, and tyr'd)  
 Have miss'd welcome, where they fought reliefe ;  
 And, stricken by unkindnesse, dy'd with Griefe.  
 The sickly *Wife*, could no assistance have  
 To bring her *Husbands* body to the grave.  
 But was compelled, with a grieved heart,  
 To act the *Parsons*, and the *Sextons* part.  
 And he, that wanted strength to beare away  
 His mate, who dead within his prefence lay ;  
 Vvas faine to let the stinking body lye,  
 Till he in death should beare him company.

*Ah me ; what tongue can tell the many woes,  
 The passions, and the many griefes of those ?  
 What mortall pen is able to expresse  
 Their great temptations in that lonelinessse ?*

*What*

*What heart can thinke, how many a grievous feare  
 To those distressed people may appeare,  
 Who are with such afflictions over-taken?  
 Of ev'ry Creature in the world forsaken?  
 Without a Comforter left all alone,  
 Where to themselves they must themselves bemoane,  
 Without a remedy? And where none may  
 Or know, or pittie, what they feele, or say.*

Me thinkes to muse on those who suffer'd thus,  
 Should bring to minde the mercy shewed us,  
 And make our pennies and voyces to expresse  
 The love of God, with hearty Thankfulnesse.  
 For when no sorrowes of mine owne I had,  
 The very thought of those hath made me fad.  
 And were it not that God hath given me  
 Some tryalls of those Comfortings, which Hee  
 For men in their extremities provides,  
 And from the knowledges of others hides:  
 Or felt I not, how prevalent God's pow'r  
 Appeares in us, when there is none of our:  
 What liberty hee giue's when wee doe fall  
 Within the compasse of an outward thrall:  
 And what contentments He bestowes on them,  
 Whom others doe neglect, or else contemne:  
 Yea, had I not beleeu'd him who sayes,  
 That God doth knowledge take of all our wayes;  
 That He observes each rubb within our path,  
 With ev'ry secret sorrow, which it hath;  
 That he is nearest then, when we bemoane  
 His absence, and suppose him furthest gone;  
 And often in us dwels, when Those abroad  
 (With most insulting) say; *Where is their God?*  
 Had this beene hidden from me: I had here  
 For ev'ry line I writ, dropt downe a teare;

And

And in a flood of *sorrows* drench'd mine eyes,  
When first I mused on these miseries.

But I have knowne them, to my great content ;  
And felt so oft, what comforts God hath lent,  
When of all outward helps we are deprived ;  
That (could the fame of all men be beleev'd)  
It would be thought, true *Pleasures* were possessed  
Of none, but men forsaken, and distressed.

How ever ; though such mercy God bestowes,  
And brings men comfort in their greatest woes ;  
Let none of us presume, (as some have done)  
Without our *Circle*, foolishly to runne ;  
Nor leave our proper *station*, that we may  
Go seeke our fortunes in an uncouth way.

Conceive me right ; I doe not here deny,  
Or call in doubt the lawfulnessse, to flye :  
Nor am I of their counsell, who despise  
All such as fled : nor, judge I too precise  
Those, who the *Person*, or the *Place* avoid,  
Which is with any noysomnesse annoy'd.  
For, when the causes of remove, are just,  
We then may flye the *Plague* ; nay, then we must ;  
Since those who will not, (in such cases) goe,  
Tempt God, and faile in what they ought to doe.  
If that a *King*, or *Prince*, should live within  
A City much infected, it were sin,  
For he (no doubt) hath some Vice-gerent there  
Who, in his absence, may supply his care :  
Or, if that Place were certaine of decay  
By his departure ; yet he might not stay.  
The Reason is ; there many thousands are  
Of Townes, and Cities, that in him have share.  
Who, would conceive, it were unjustly done,  
That he should venter all their wealth in One.

And

And make great *Kingdomes* hazards to endure,  
 The welfare of one *City* to procure.  
 So, *Counsellors of State*, and he, whose charge,  
 Extends throughout the Common wealth at large,  
 VVith ev'ry other *Magistrate* beside,  
 (Except his pow'r to some one place be try'd)  
 Must shun the *Plague*; because that such, as he,  
 Sworne servants to the whole *Weale-publique* be.  
 And since the safest *Physicke* and defence  
 For Children, in the times of *Pestilence*,  
 Is to remove them: they unwisely do,  
 VVho, having wealth, and friends to send them to,  
 Neglect the meanes, by being over nice;  
 Or grudging at the charge, through avarice.  
 Moreover they, whose calling seemes to lye  
 VVithin two sev'rall places, equally,  
 (Till some plaine causes hinder) may be free  
 To live where safety best appears to be:  
 Vnlesse their secret conscience doe gaine-say;  
 And who can judge of that, but *God*, and *They*?  
 Yea, Men, on divers good occasions mo,  
 May from the places of Infection goe.  
 For there be times of *stay*, and times of *going*,  
 VVhich, ev'ry one (that is discreet) well knowing,  
 Doth censure no partic'lar Man, at all:  
 But calling unto mind, that blessed *Paul*  
 VVas once ev'n in a basket forth convey'd  
 From his Pursuers; yet no iot afraid  
 (At other seasons) to continue there,  
 VVhere bloody persecutions hottest were.  
 And if my words have done my meaning right,  
 My *Muse* denies not, but alloweth *flight*:  
 Provided alwayes, that Men doe not flie  
 From Casuall *Plagues*, to *Plagues* with Certainty:

From

From those with whom the bands of *Charity*,  
Of *Duty*, *Friendship*, or *Affinity*,  
Or of their *Calling*, doth require a stay.  
Provided also, when they part away,  
That as God blest them hath, they somewhat finde,  
To comfort those, who must abide behinde ;  
And, that they trust not to their *Flight*, as tho,  
That, of it selfe could save : but, rather know,  
And use it as the gracious meanes of him,  
Who saves ; and, not as that which saved them.

Let them consider likewise, that the *Sin*  
Was partly theirs, which did the *Plague* begin ;  
And, in their absence (with a Christian feare)  
Make sure for those, who must the burthen beare,  
From which they scape : yea, let them all confesse  
Their sinnes with penitence and humblenefse ;  
Avoiding ev'ry pleasure, where they live,  
Which out of minde, their *Brethrens* cares may drive ;  
Let God pursue them whither they are fled ;  
There seize upon them to their greater dread ;  
Or from them take away all due correction,  
Which *Plague* were greater then this great *Infection*.  
For, when his *Judgements*, God, in wrath, removes,  
His *Mercy*, then, the greater *Judgement* proves.

There be, I know, some people gone away,  
Who minding our afflictions, night and day,  
Have much bewayled our distressed case,  
And sent up earnest prayers for this *Place* :  
For, of their *Piety* good fruits are seene,  
And, by their hands, the poore refresht have beene.  
These, from this Den of *Slaughter*, were (no doubt)  
By Gods especiall favour called out,  
Who, for their sakes, I hope, those townes will spare,  
To which, for shelter, they escaped are,

G

As

As he did *Zoar*. And I wish they may  
Obtaine their lives, and safeties for a prey.

But, there be some ; (and would to God, *that some*  
*Were but a little one*) who parted from  
Our City walls, as if they had not gone  
With *Vengeance* at their heeles ; or waited on  
By feares and dangers ; but, so finifi'd,  
As if their meaning was, to shew their pride  
In Country *Churches*, for a weeke or twaine,  
Ride out like *Cockneies*, and come home againe :

The sorrowes of their brethren they forgot ;  
In holy duties they delighted not :  
In drunken meetings they their leasure spent ;  
In idle visits ; foolish merriment :  
And, to their Country-friends they caried downe  
Those finnes that are too common in this Towne.  
VVhich (if they practise there, as here we doe)  
VVill bring their wages, also, thither too.

These giddy *Runnawayes*, are they that were  
Beginners of that great unmanly feare,  
VVhich did first author of disorder prove.  
These, caused that improvident Remove,  
VVhich did both wrong the welfare of the *Citie*,  
Distract the *Country*, make it voyd of pitie ;  
And, give occasion of those Tales which *Fame*  
Hath now disperfed, to our common shame.  
For, if their flight had timely beene provided,  
(VVith Conscience and Discretion truly guided)  
Their profit here at home had beene the greater,  
And, friends abroad, had entertain'd them better.

And, yet I take small pleasure to excuse  
Those *Pefants*, who so grossly did abuse  
Their Manhood and Religion, in denying  
The dues of Charity, to people dying.

For

For, though their folly might their fall deserve,  
 Yet we our Christian pitie should preserve,  
 Our brother in extremities relieving ;  
 Not adding sorrowes to encrease his grieving,  
 Nor taking notice of his evill deeds,  
 So much, as of that comfort which he needs :  
 Till, he refreshed by a friendly hand,  
 His errors, by our love, may understand.

And, sure, there was a meanes to succour strangers  
 In their distresse, and to escape the dangers  
 Of that *Infection*, (which so much was feared)  
 Had Vnderstandings eye beene better cleared ;  
 And, that *Selfe love*, and *Avarice*, removed,  
 Which kept good paths unseene, and unapproved.  
 But, since that easie knowledge hath beene hid,  
 By wilfull blindnesse, well enough I did,  
 If, here, I (Satyrizing) should expresse  
 The *Countries* folly, and forgetfulnesse.

And yet, I will not write, to their disgraces,  
 What of some *Persons*, and particular *Places*  
 Hath rumour'd beene : lest I should spirt a blot  
 So blacke, as that it would not be forgot  
 In future Ages ; but, make Times-to-come,  
 Suspect, they had deny'd their *Christendome*.  
 For, should our *Muse* (who, if she list thereto,  
 Cares not who frownes, or frets, at what we doe)  
 Should she put on that straine of Bitternesse,  
 With which their cruelty we could expresse :  
 Should we in our description of their Feare,  
 Cause all their Indiscretion to appeare :  
 Should we illustrate here, the true Relations,  
 Of what hath past in many *Corporations* ;  
 What uproares in some *Townes* have raised beene,  
 When *Londoners*, approaching them, were seene :

G 2

How

How master *Maïor* was straightway flockt about ;  
How they to Counsell went to keepe them out ;  
How they their watches doubled, as if some  
Had brought them newes that *Spinola* would come :  
And what ridiculous actions past among them ;  
Some few, perhaps, wold think that we did wrōg thē ;  
And, they would subjects be of scorne, and laughter,  
For all their evill willers, ever after.

Or, should we tell what probable suspition  
Appear'd, fometime, of wifedome and discretion,  
In goodman *Constable* ; when, in a standing,  
To wind-ward from the Rode (& there commanding  
Browne bills, and Halberts) he examined  
Such Travellers as from the *City* fled :  
And (at the very lookes of them affrighted)  
Sent feeble women, weary and benighted,  
(Without or meat or drink) to try the fields  
What Charity, their better nature yeelds.  
If this we told, it might goe hard, when we  
Should apprehended in their *Watches*, be.

Or should we shew, what policies did please  
The wifdome of some rustick *Iustices* ;  
Describe that wondrous witty stratagem  
Which for a while was practised by them  
To starve the *Plague* ; how Christianly they fought  
That no provisions hither might be brought ;  
Should we produce their *Orders*, which of late  
Were put in ure, and wise men laughed at :  
Or, publish to the world what we have heard  
Of their demeanors, when they were afeard :  
How they were fool'd by some of them that fled :  
What course was taken to interre their dead :  
How, he who for that worke could hired be,  
Was for his labour, chained to a tree

A



A full month after : how, they forced some  
 From their sweet wholsome houſes forth to come ;  
 And (being ſick and weake) to make their bed  
 Within a paltry new erected Shed,  
 Compos'd of clods ; which neere ſome Common ſide  
 Their charitable *Worſhips* did provide :  
 Or, ſhould I on ſome other matters touch  
 VVhich I have heard ; it would enlarge too much  
 This booke : and ſome of thoſe, perhaps, perplex,  
 VVhom I deſire to counſell, not to vex.

But, I from aggravations will forbear,  
 And, thoſe their overſights, at this time, ſpare.  
 For, ſome (although moſt others did not ſo)  
 Their love and Chriſtian piety did ſhow,  
 In counſelling, in cheriſhing, in giving,  
 And, in the wiſeſt manner of relieving.  
 Beſide ; I love the *Country*, as I pitie  
 The ſorrowes and afflictions of the *Citie*.  
 And (ſince they both are guilty) being loth  
 To ſide with either ; I the faults of both  
 Have ſhewed, ſo, that neither I abuſe.  
*Now, they that like it may ; the reſt may chuſe.*

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### The third *Canto*.

*The Houſe of MOVRNING, which moſt feare,  
 ( And ſye ſo much ) is praiſed here.*

*It ſhowes that outward Ioyes and Care,  
 Nor meerly good, nor evil, are ;  
 But things indiff'rent ; which the wiſe  
 Nor over-praiſe, nor under-prize.*

*The ſtrife within our Authors breſt  
 About his ſtay, is next expreſt.  
 Then doth it orderly recite*

G 3

*What*

*What Reason argu'd for his flight :*  
*What Faith alleaged, to reprove*  
*The Motives urging his remove :*  
*What Armes for him, she did prepare,*  
*To bide the shock of Death, and Feare :*  
*What prooffe she to his Conscience made,*  
*That, he a lawfull Calling had,*  
*In midst of this great Plague to tary,*  
*By Warrant-extraordinary :*  
*What, thereupon he did conclude :*  
*What Ioy, and Confidence ensu'd :*  
*How much this Favour he doth prize,*  
*Above Earths gloriousst Vanities :*  
*How he his Time desires to spend :*  
*And so, this CANTO hath an end.*

**H**ow childish is the *World!* and what a path  
 Her Throng of braine-sick *Lovers* trodden hath!  
 Like brutish herds they troupe along together,  
 Both led, and leading on, they know not whither.  
 Much hoping, where no ground of *Hope* appeares,  
 Much fearing, where indeed, there are no feares.  
 In those things pleased, which true Mirth destroy:  
 For that thing grieved which procureth Ioy:  
 Most shunning, what might bring most gain unto the;  
 And seeking most, for what would most undoo them.

How few are so cleare sighted, as to see  
 What pleasures mingled with afflictions be?  
 Or what contentments doe concealed lye,  
 Behinde the seeming dangers which they flye?  
 How few have, by experience, understood  
 That God hath sent their troubles for their good?  
 How few consider, to what fearfull ends,  
 The faire smooth way, of easfull *Pleasure* tends?

And

And, therefore, oh ! how few adventure dare  
Where *Mournings*, rather than where *Laughters* are ?

Though God himselfe prefer the house of *Griefe*,  
Before vaine *Mirth* ; and *Pleasures* of this life  
Hath termed *Thornes*, that choke the heav'nly seed :  
Yet few of us hath taken so much heed  
Of what the sacred *Volume* doth record,  
(And, flesh and blood) distrusteth so the word  
Of his firme *Truth* ) that blindly we pursue  
Our owne vaine counsels, and his *Traff* eschew.

'Tis therefore doubtfull, it would vaine appeare,  
If I should labour to discover here,  
How many secret pleasures I have seene  
While in the Cels of *Mourning* I have beene.  
And, what contentments God bestowed hath,  
When I have walkt the solitary path  
Of *Disrespect* ; (assaulted by those feares,  
Which oft affront us in this *Vale of teares*.)  
Or what prevailing hopes I have possessed,  
When I, beyond all hope, have seem'd oppressed.  
For, vulgar men, doe such expressions hold  
To be but idle *Paradoxes*, told  
By those, who grown distemper'd, through some grief  
Vent melancholy passions, past beleefe.  
And as our Vpland *Pesants*, from the shores  
Beholding how the Sea fwels, fomes, and rores,  
Iudge foolishly, that ev'ry *Seaman* raves,  
Who talkes of mirth and safety on the waves :  
So, they will fondly passe their doome on me,  
Who strangers to the Seas of *Sorrow* be.

But, though the world allow not what I say,  
Yet, that the *Love* of God, proclaime I may ;  
That, I may justify him in his *Word* ;  
That for mine owne availe I may record

G 4

What

What I have seene : and that *experience* might  
 Encrease my *hopes*, and *hope* put *fear* to flight,  
 In future sufferings : here I testifie,  
 (And Heav'n is witness, I affirme no lye)  
 My soule did never feele more ravishment,  
 Nor ever tasted of more true content,  
 Then when my heart, nigh broke with secret paine,  
 Hath borne as much as e're it could sustaine ;  
 And strugled with my passions, till it had  
 Attained to be excellently sad.  
 Yea, when I teares have powred out, where none  
 Was witness of my griefe but God alone,  
 He hath infused pleasures into me,  
 Which seldom can in publike tasted be.  
 Such *Griefe* is Comforts *Mother*. And I now  
 Oft times with mirth, what I in teares did fow.  
 Before my eyes were dryed ; I have had  
 More cause of singing then of being sad.  
 The Lampe in darkeſt places gives moſt light ;  
 And trueſt Ioyes ariſe from Sorrowes night.  
 My *Cares* are *Bleſſed Thiſtles*, unto me,  
 Which wholeſome are, although they bitter be :  
 And though their leaves with pricks be overgrowne,  
 (Which paine me) yet their flowres are full of down,  
 Whereon my head lyes eaſie when I ſleepe :  
 And I am never ſaddeſt when I weepe.

Yet, long it was before I could attaine  
 This *Mystery* : Nor doth it appertaine  
 To all. For, ev'n as *Sarah* had not leave  
 Within her body *Iſack* to conceive,  
 (Vvhich laughter ſignifies) untill in her  
 Thoſe cuſtomes failed which in women are :  
 So, in our ſoules, true Ioyes are not conceived,  
 Till we by ſome afflictions are bereaved

Of

Of carnall appetites, and cease from such  
Vaine pleasures as affect us overmuch.

To little purpose doe they looke for these  
*Conceptions*, who are evermore at ease.  
Such comforts are of those but rarely found,  
VVhose wheele of *Fortune* never runneth round.  
No soule can apprehend what maketh glad  
The grieved heart, but his that grieve hath had,  
And various interchanges : nor can he  
VVho knowes the joyes that in such sorrowes be  
As these I meane, a true contentment take  
In any merriment, this world can make :  
(No not in all her pleasures) if among  
Her sweets, there should be sharpnesse wanting long.  
For (being fearfull that his bodies rest  
The soules true peace might secretly molest)  
His mirth would make him dull : his being jolly  
(As worldlings are) would make him melancholy :  
And (if no other cause be thought upon)  
Would grieve, because the sense of grieve were gone.

Whilst I have gallopt on in that *Career* ;  
Which youth, in freedome, so affecteth here ;  
And had the most delightfull blandishment,  
My youth could yeed me for my hearts content :  
When I in handsome robes have beene araid,  
(My *Tailor*, and my *Mercer* being paid)  
When daily I on change of dainties fed ;  
Lodg'd, night by night, upon an easie bed,  
In lordly Chambers ; and had therewithall  
Attendants forwarder then I to call,  
Who brought me all things needfull : when at hand ;  
Hounds, Hawkes, and Horfes were at my command :  
When chuse I did my walks, on hills, in vallies,  
In Groves, neere Springs, or in sweet garden allies :

G 5

Repo-

Reposing either in a naturall shade,  
Or in neat Arbors, which by Art were made :  
When I might have requir'd without deniall,  
The *Lute*, the *Organ*, or deepe-sounding *Viole*,  
To cheere my spirits ; with what else beside  
Was pleasant : when my friends did this provide  
Without my cost or labour : Nay, when all  
Those pleasures I have shared, which befall  
In praises, or kinde welcommings, among  
My dearest friends ; my soule retain'd nor long  
Nor perfect rest, in those imperfect things :  
But, often droupt amid their promising,  
Grew dull, and sickly : and, contrariwise  
Hath pleased beene in want, and miseries.

For, when long time, ev'n all alone they laid me,  
Where ev'ry outward comfort was deny'd me :  
To many cares and wants unknowne obtruded ;  
From fellowship of all mankind excluded ;  
Expos'd to scandalous censures, and disgrace ;  
Subjected to contempts, and usage base ;  
With Tortures threatned, and what those attends ;  
By Greatmen frown'd on ; blamed of my Friends ;  
Insulted on by Foes ; and almost brought  
To that for which their malice chiefly fought :  
Ev'n then, my spirits mounted to their height,  
And my *Contentment* flew her highest flight.

In those diseasings, I more joy received,  
Then can from all things mortall be conceived.  
In that contemn'd estate, so much was cleared  
My *Reasons* eye ; and God so bright appeared  
To my dim-sigh'd *Faith* ; that, lo, he turned  
My Griefes to Triumphs. Yea, me thought, I scorned  
To labour for assistance from abroad,  
Or beg for any favour, but from God.

I

I fear'd not that which others thought I feared ;  
Nor felt I paine, in that which sharpe appeared :  
But, had such inward quiet in my brest,  
Till outward ease made way to my unrest ;  
That, all my Troubles seemed but a Toy.  
Yea, my Affliction so encreast my ioy,  
That more I doubted losse of my content,  
By losing of my close imprisonment,  
Then ever I can feare the bodies thrall,  
Or any mischief which attend it shall.

For, as if some *Antipathy* arose  
Betwixt the pleasures of the world, and those  
Enjoyed then ; I found true ioyes begin  
To issue out, as they were entring in.  
Till others brought me hopes of my Release,  
I scarcely held it worth my hopefullnesse.  
I had no frightening dreames, no waking care :  
I tooke no thought for meat, nor what to weare ;  
I sleighted frownes, and I despis'd the threat  
Of such as threatned, were they meane or great.  
I laught at dreadfull Rumours, and disdained  
Of any sufferings to have then complained.  
I valued not a jot the vulgar doome,  
Nor what men prated might of me become.  
I minded no such trifles, wherewith you,  
And I, and others, are oft busied now :  
But, being, as it were exiled, then,  
From living in the world, with other men,  
Twixt *God*, and mine owne *Conscience*, to and fro,  
My thoughts, in a quotidian walke, did go.  
With Contemplations, I was then inspired,  
Beseeming one that wholly was retyred.  
I thought, like him, that was to live alone ;  
I did like him, that had to doe with none.

And

And, of all outward actions left the care  
Vnto the world, and those who lived there.

Nor hath God onely pleased beene to shew  
What comforts from a private grieve may flow,  
But, that a new experience might be taught me,  
He to the house of *Publike-sorrow* brought me  
In this late *Pestilence*. And, there I saw  
Such inward *joy* commixt with outward *awe* ;  
Things *bitter* with such *sweetnesses* allaid ;  
Such *pleasures*, into *sorrowes* cup conuaid ;  
Such firme-*assurance*, in the greatest dangers ;  
Such *friendlines*, when others friends were strangers ;  
Such *freedome* in restraint ; such *ease* in paine ;  
Such *life* in death, and ev'ry feare so vaine,  
(Which outwardly affrights) that *Pleasures* Court  
Would halfe be robbed of her large resort,  
(And stand lesse visited,) if men could see  
What profits in the Cels of *Sorrow* be.

For, he that knew what wisdom there is had,  
Would say that *mirth* were foolish, *laughter* mad :  
That *ease* perpetuall bringeth endlesse *paine* :  
That carnall *joy* arives at *hope in vaine* :  
That, from all outward *perils* to be free,  
May prove most perillous : that, *health* may be  
That deadl'est *sickness* : that, our *pleasures* are  
But pit-falls : our *security* a snare ;  
And, that sometimes those things to which we run,  
May bane us more, then those we seeke to shun.

I found it so. And, in my blamed *stay*,  
(Whilst others from the *Plague* made haste away)  
I gained some renewings of that rest,  
Whereof I had beene formerly possesst.  
It forced folly, further to depart :  
It brought Gods mercies nearer to my heart :

Brave



Brave *combats* in my soule did then begin,  
Which I tooke courage from, and pleasure in.  
New *trialls* of my Frailty did befall ;  
And, of Gods love, I had new proofes withall.  
In all my discontentments, such contents,  
And of Gods workings, such experiments  
Vouchsafed were ; that crowned should I live,  
With all those glorious wreathes that *Kings* can give,  
And had by them obtain'd each happinesse,  
Which worldlings in their greatnesse doe possesse ;  
I would not sell the comfort of my stay  
For that, and all which those imagine may.

Nor doe I over-prise the fame, altho,  
The ignorance of some will think I doe :  
For, it hath left within me, ever since,  
Of Gods firme love, so strong a confidence,  
That, whatsoever accidents betide,  
I hope to stand the better fortifi'd  
Whilst here I live : and that no time to come  
Can send me to a place, so perilsome,  
That I shall feare it ; or, to undergoe  
The dreadfull'st perills man can fall into ;  
If that my *calling* doe oblige me to it,  
Or God, in Iustice, make me undergoe it.  
In other *cases*, I expect no more,  
But, rather, lesse imboldning then before.

For, he that any dangerous taske assumes,  
Without good warrant, foolishly presumes ;  
Tempts God ; and justly perisheth, unlesse  
The veile of *Mercy* hide his wilfulnesse.  
Yea, they who over desp'rately have dar'd  
Bold things at first ; at last have basely fear'd,  
Repenting their foole-hardinesse, in vaine,  
When hope was lost, of turning back againe.

For,

For, though from dangers, griefes, and miseries,  
 Far greater comforts oftentimes arise,  
 Then from prosperity (if we attend  
 Gods pleasure, and accept what he doth send)  
 Yet, of themselves, nor *paines*, nor *pleasures* can  
 Felicitate ; nor is the wit of man  
 So perfect, that precisely he doth know  
 His owne just temper, or his nature so,  
 As to appoint himselfe, what will be needing  
 Of *weale*, or *woe*, (nought wanting, or exceeding)  
 And therefore, as some man hath by affecting  
 Ease, wealth, or temp'rall fame, (without respecting  
 Gods pleasure) often perished by that  
 Which his unbounded *will* hath reached at ;  
 So, they who shall that ease or wealth contemne  
 (Which God by lawfull meanes doth offer them)  
 And they, who shall unthankfully refuse,  
 Of any outward blessing, meanes to use,  
 (Through discontent, selfe trust, or wilfull pride)  
 When they might honestly those meanes provide ;  
 Ev'n both of these are guilty of offence,  
 Against the wise eternall *Providence* :  
 And are in danger to be left of God,  
 In those misleading paths which they have trod.

These things I mused ; and in heart revolved  
 A thousand more, before I was resolved  
 To keepe in *London*, where men draw no breath  
 But that which menaced the bodies death.  
 And, seeing, many have condemn'd the fact  
 As an unwarrantable, foolish, act :  
 Since, it may teach them to forbear to give  
 Their *Verdict*, till they *Evidence* receive :  
 Since, thus to mention it, a meanes may be,  
 To build againe the like *Resolves* in me

When

When future perill so requireth it ;  
And when, perhaps, this minde, I may forget :  
Yea, since the manner of it, may, perchance,  
Deliver others from some ignorance,  
And help their Christian Refolutions out,  
When they are thrall'd with carnall feare, or doubt :  
Ev'n for these causes, (and to glorifie  
The pow'r of God in this my victory)  
I will relate what *Reasons* made me stay :  
What hopes they were, which drove my feares away :  
And, with what circumstances, I obtained  
That knowledg, which my shaking *Faith* maintained.

When I perceiv'd the *PE STILE NCE* to rage  
In ev'ry freet, nor sparing sex nor age ;  
How from their City hive, like *Bees* in *May*,  
The fearfull *Citizens* did swarme away :  
How fast our *Gentry* halted to be gone ;  
How often I was urg'd and call'd upon,  
To beare them company : what safeties were  
By absence promist ; what great terrors here  
My death did menace : how, by timely flight  
I might behold my Country with delight :  
How nothing could be gotten by my stay,  
But want, and new afflictions ev'ry day :  
With such like disadvantages, which brought,  
A hundred other musings to my thought.  
They made it seeme, a while, well worth reprovng,  
To stay, a minute, longer from removing.

But, then my *Conscience* also did begin  
To draw such pow'rfull *Motives*, from within ;  
And, to propose before my *understanding*  
Such *Reasons*, my departure countermanding,  
As made me stagger, and new doubts to make,  
What course it best behoved me to take.

At

At first, I thought by counsell from the *Wife*,  
To build up my *Resolves*, and to advise  
By their opinions what I should pursue ;  
But, of the *gravest* I perceiv'd so few  
Who could advise themselves ; that I grew more  
Divided by their counsels, then before.  
I saw such foolishnesse, and such distractions,  
Appeare among them in their words and actions ;  
That I perceiv'd they had enough to doe,  
Their owne particulars to looke unto.

Then, guided by *example* would I be ;  
But, that I quickly found no Rule for me ;  
For, they who in opinion do consent,  
Oft differ, in the active *President*.  
And some, who have a tongue the truth to say,  
Have wasted grace to walke the safest way.

Beside, mens actions, which indifferent are,  
May foolish, wise, or bad, or good appeare,  
As their unknowne occasions are who doe them ;  
And, small respect is to be had unto them,  
By way of *President*, till we can finde  
Their outward motives, and their secret minde.

This heeding ; and still waxing more molested,  
With diff'ring thoughts, and reasons undisgested,  
I knew no better way, then to repaire  
For counsell unto God, by humble *Pray'r* ;  
Beseeching his direction, how to take  
That course, which for his glory most should make.  
And he (I think) was pleas'd to suggest,  
That if I askt my *Conscience* what was best,  
His *Word* and *Spirit* would informe her so,  
That she should shew me what was best to do.

Then, from the noise of other mens persuasions,  
(From *selfe-conceit*, and from those vaine occasions,

Which

Which bring disturbances) I did retire,  
 Gods pleasure, of my *Conscience*, to enquire.  
 Who, finding in my brest a strong contention  
 Twixt *Faith* and *Reason* ; and, how their dissention  
 Was first to be compos'd (that I might  
 The sooner understand the truth aright)  
 She call'd a *Court* within me ; summon'd thither  
 Those Pow'rs, and all those Faculties together,  
 Which *Tenants* are in *chiefe* unto the *Soule* :  
 Their faulty inclinations did controule :  
 And, that she might not without profit chide,  
 Some ill advis'd courses rectif'd.

Then will'd she *FAITH* and *REASON* to debate  
 Their *Cause* at large : and, that which they, of late,  
 Had urg'd confusedly within my brest,  
 She will'd them, into *Method*, to digest :  
 That so, my *Judgement* might the better see,  
 To whether part I should enclined be  
 They both obey'd. And, *REASON* (who suppos'd  
 Delay bred danger) hastily compos'd  
 Those many strong perswasions, wherewithall  
 She did my person from the *City* call ;  
 Before my *Conscience*, them in order laid,  
 And (as halfe angry) thus me thought she said.

*What meanest thou, thus fondly, out of season,  
 To shew thy boldnesse in contempt of Reason ?  
 Why art thou alwayes these mad courses taking ?  
 Thy Lines, and Actions, Paradoxes making ?  
 Why thus pursu'st thou what to ruine tends,  
 To glad thy foes, and discontent thy friends ?  
 By making wilde adventures, to the blame  
 Of thy blinde Faith, and my perpetuall shame ?  
 Is't not enough, that by thy little caring  
 To humor Fooles, and by thy over daring*

To

*To beard proud Vices, thou hast lately crost  
 Thy way to riches, and preferment lost?  
 Is't not enough, that when thou dost become  
 The scorn of Fooles, thou wert delivered from  
 A masked Hate, ev'n in that day, and place,  
 Which Malice had assign'd for thy disgrace?  
 And sawst the shame of that unjust Intention  
 Alight on him who plotted that Invention?  
 Is't not enough, that thou escaped hast  
 Through many wants and perils undisgrac'd,  
 When thy advent'rous Muse drew downe upon thee  
 Those Troubles which were like to have undone thee?  
 Suffice not these, unlesse thou now assay  
 A needlesse act? and foole thy life away  
 By tempting Heav'n, in wilfull staying there,  
 Where, in thy face grim death doth alway stare?  
 Looke what thou dost, and well observe thine errors,  
 For, thou art round about, enclos'd with terrors.  
 And if thou be not stupid thou maiest see  
 That there is cause thou shouldst affrighted be.  
 Dost thou not smell the vapours of the Grave?  
 Dost thou not heare thy plague-sicke neighbours rave?  
 Dost thou not tast infection in the Aire?  
 Dost thou not view sad objects of despaire?  
 Dost thou not feele thy vitall pow'rs assailed?  
 Dost thou not finde thy spirits often quailed?  
 Or with thy judgement hast thou lost thy sense,  
 That thou dost make no greater speed from hence?  
 Marke there, how fast with Corpſes they do throng!  
 See yonder, how the Shadowes, passe along.  
 Behold, just now, a man before thee dies:  
 Behinde thy back, another breathlesse lies.  
 That Bell, now ringing, foundeth out the Knell  
 Of him, whom thou didst leave, last ev'ning, well.*

*Lo,*

*Lo, he that for his life, lyes gasping, there,  
Is one of those who thy companions were  
This very morning. And, see, see, the Man  
That's talking to thee, looketh pale, and wan,  
Is sick to death; and, if thou doe not run  
For helpe, will die before his tale be done.*

*Yet, art thou not afraid? I prethee, tell  
Why mightst thou not have beene that man as well?  
Though he this minute hath prevented thee,  
Why maist not thou, the next that followes be?  
Why shouldst not thou as quickly drop away,  
Since, flesh and blood thou art, as frail as they?  
What can thy speedy dissolution hinder,  
Since thy complexion is as apt as tinder  
To take that Flame? And, if it seize thee must,  
What art thou better, then a heap of dust?*

*There is no Constitution, Sex, Degree,  
Or Age of man, from this contagion free.  
Nor canst thou get an Antidote to fit  
For all Infection, though, perhaps, thy wit  
Could learne thy temper so, as not to wrong  
Thy health, by things too weak, or over strong.*

*For, men oft change the temper they should hold,  
Are sometime hot; sometime againe are cold;  
One while are sprightly, otherwhile are dull;  
Are now too empty, and anon too full:  
That, tis a doubtfull, and a curious aē,  
To adde a just proportion, and substraēt  
(In using outward meanes of preservation)  
According to the bodies variation.*

*And, many, therein failing, lose their lives,  
By wrong, or misapply'd Preservatives.*

*Thou shalt have, therefore, but uncertaine hopes  
From Druggists, or Apothecary shops.*

*To*

*To warrantize thy health, if thou on those  
In staying here, thy confidence repose.  
And fure, thou neither harbor'st such a thought,  
That, thou of any better stuffe art wrought  
Then other men : nor trustest unto Charmes,  
To keepe off this Disease from doing harmes :  
For, those unhallowed Med'cines, and impure,  
Breed greater Plagues, then those they seeme to cure.*

*Nor art thou, of that Brotherhood, which sees  
The Booke of Gods particular Decrees ;  
And Gypsie like (by heathnish Palmistry,  
Or by the lines of Phisognomy)  
Conjectures dareth not alone to give,  
Who of this Plague shall dye, or who shall live :  
But also wickedly, presumes to tell  
Which man shall goe to heav'n, and which to hell :  
Of these I know thou art not. For, as yet  
I hope thou hast not so forgone thy wit :  
To credit their illuding prophanations,  
Which are but fantosmes of illuminations  
Begot in these late Ages (by mischance)  
Betwixt much pride, and zealous ignorance.*

*Thou dost not think thy merits greater are  
Then other mens, that God thy life should spare.  
Nor canst thou hope thy safety to possesse,  
For that thy follies or thy sinnes are lesse.  
Since if thou hadst but one time beene mis-led,  
Thy life for that one time were forfeited.  
And, this Disease, with outward marks, doth strike  
The Righteous, and the Wicked, both alike.*

*Then, since thou art a Sinner, and art fure,  
That sinne did first this Pestilence procure :  
Since thou maist also justly say with grieve,  
That, thou of all transgressors art the chiefe :*

*Since*



*Since thy offences some of those have bin,  
Which helpe to bring this great Infection in :  
Nay ; since it may be ( if thou search thy heart )  
That thou a principall among them art,  
Who from the Ship must Ionas-like be throwne,  
Before this Tempest will be over blowne :  
Why doth it not thy guilty soule dismay,  
And make thee hasten more to flye away ?*

*It may be thou dost vainly hope for Fame,  
By doing this. Oh ! what avails the same,  
When thou art raked up quite void of sense,  
Among the slaughters of the Pestilence ?  
What will it profit when thou sleepest in clay,  
Some, few should praise, and some lament thy stay ?  
Some heed it not ? Some make a mocke thereat ?  
Some deeme thee foolish, others desperate ?  
Some, judge thy tarying might for trifles be ?  
Some, for thy best intention slander thee ?  
Or with base trash thy breathlesse Muse belye ?  
Or, mis-report thy dying, if thou dye ?  
For, if thou chance to perish in this Place,  
These wayes, and other meanes to thy disgrace,  
Thy Foes will finde ; and in thy fall contented,  
Accomplish what, thy life might have prevented.*

*But say to scape alive thy Lott it be ;  
A troupe of other perils wait on thee.  
Thou knowst not what extremities may fall,  
Nor how thy heart may struggle therewithall.  
Such Poverty upon this Towne may seize,  
E're God asswage the rage of this Disease,  
That meanes may faile thee ; and before supply  
Thy friends can send thee, thou maist famisht lye :  
For they who now affect thee, and with whom  
Thou shalt, perhaps, to live resolv'd become,*

*Ev'n*

*Ev'n they may perish in this Pest, and leave thee  
To strangers whose affections will deceive thee :  
In time of health, but slenderly befriend thee :  
In sicknesse, to a lonely Roome commend thee :  
Make spoile of what is thine, and senselesse be  
Of helping, and of all regard of thee.*

*And then it will, perchance, afflict thy mind  
That thou unto thy selfe wert so unkinde,  
As to neglect that wholesome Country Ayre,  
Whereto thy friends invited thy repaire.  
Thou maist remember, when it is too late,  
Those pleasures, and that happy healthy state  
Thou mightst have had : And with how much respect  
Thou shouldst have liv'd with those that thee affect ;  
A comfort to thy Parents, who with feare,  
Doe sorrow for thy needlesse lingring here :  
For, them thou leavest, and some friends beside,  
( To live, 'twixt hope and feare unsatisf'd  
By this thy doing ) whom thou dost abuse,  
If that which may discomfort them thou chuse.*

*And, when they shall thy wilfulnesse condemne,  
With what good Reasons wilt thou answer them ?  
Thy Dwelling is not here ; nor is thy stay  
Compelled by Affaires that urge it may.  
Thou hast nor publike neither private charge ;  
But, maist in any place, goe walke at large.  
The world conceiveth not the least suspition,  
That thou art either Surgeon, or Physitian,  
( Whose Art may stand this place in any need ; )  
Or that thy friends will thy attendance need.  
For thou canst neither Broths nor Caudles make,  
Nor drenches good enough for horse to take.  
Thou hast no Calling, that may warrantize  
This boldnesse : neither can thy wit devise*

*How*

*How thou wilt answer God, for daring thus  
An act so needlesse, and so perillous.*

*Consider well, that there are paines in death ;  
Consider, that when thou hast lost thy breath,  
Thy Flesh, the deare companion of thy Soule,  
Shall be rejected as uncleane, and foule,  
And, lodge within a Grave, contemn'd and vile,  
Which might have liv'd esteemed, yet a while.*

*Consider, that thou hast not an estate  
Of being, which is base or desperate ;  
But such, as few on earth possesse a better,  
Though each one, that hath ought, enjoys a greater.*

*Consider, that thou dost endanger now  
The blessing of long life. Consider, how  
Thou mightst have lived to a larger measure  
Of riches, of preferment, or of pleasure ;  
And profited thy Country, whereunto  
Thy Death, or sicknesse, will no service do.*

*Nay, if thou now miscarry, where wilt be  
Those honest hopes which late possessed thee ?  
To those thy Studies who an end shall adde,  
Which but a while agoe, beginning had ?  
And, being left unfinished, make the paine  
And houres, upon them spent, to be in vaine ?*

*With somewhat thou endued art, whereby  
Thou maist thy blessed Maker glorifie ;  
Thy selfe advantage, and a joy become  
To such as well affect thee ; and 'gainst whom  
(If thus thy selfe thou separate) thou shalt  
Commit a most inexpressible fault.*

*Oh ! therefore, I beseech thee, wary be,  
To thinke what service God requires of thee :  
Think, what thou ow'st thy selfe ; and call to mind,  
That some wel-willers thou maist leave behinde,*

*Whose*

*Whose hopes thou should'st not wilfully bereave,  
 ( Whose loves thou should'st not unrequited leave )  
 By hazarding thy Life, which is a debt  
 To their deservings. For, thou know'st not, yet,  
 How that may grieve thy soule, or fill thy head  
 With troubled fancies, on thy dying-bed.*

*I cannot make discovery, by all  
 My faculties, and powers rationall,  
 What worke thou maist imagine should be done  
 That's worthy of the hazard thou dost run.  
 Nor can, as yet, my understanding reach  
 ( What hope soever Faith may please to preach )  
 To those Felicities ; which after death  
 Her supernaturall Doctrines promifeth.  
 Nor finde I such assurances, as may  
 Preserve thee unaffrighted in thy stay.  
 For when within my Naturall Scale & place  
 Those Arguments, and Promises of Grace,  
 Which Faith alledgeth ; they so ayrie prove,  
 That they my Ballance very little move.  
 Yea, such transcendent things declareth she,  
 As they me thinks should so distemper thee,  
 That doubts and terrors rather should possesse  
 Thy Soule, then hopes of reall happinesse ;  
 Since what in Death, or after Death shall come,  
 Are things, that Nature is estranged from.  
 Fly therefore, this great perill. Seeke a place  
 Where thou maist plead more safely of thy Case :  
 And, since thy God, with Reason, thee doth blesse,  
 Now, most thou need'st it, be not reasonlesse.*

*All this (and what the carnall wit of man  
 Object, in such an undertaking can)  
 Did R E A S O N urge, to make my stay appeare  
 An act improvident, and full of feare :*

And

And what her seeming rightfull cause advances,  
Was utt'ed with such dreadfull circumstances,  
That she did halfe perswade me to confesse,  
My *Resolution* would be foolishnesse.

But, when my *REASON* had no more to speake,  
My *FAITH* began : & though her strength was weak,  
(Because my frailties had enfeebled her)  
Yet, then I felt her with more vigour stir,  
Then in lesse perills. For, she blew aside  
Those fogs wherewith my heart was terrifi'd :  
Made cleare my *Iudgement* : and (as having waigh'd  
The speech foregoing) thus, me thought, she said.

*How wise is REASON in an Ethnicke Schoole,  
And, in divine proceedings, what a foole ?  
How many likely things she muste can,  
To startle and amaze a naturall man,  
Which, when I am advis'd withall, are found  
But pannick feares, and terrors without ground !  
And yet, how often doth blinde Ignorance,  
Above my reach her shallownesse advance ?  
Or else of madnesse, wickedly condemne  
My wisdom, and my safest paths contemne ?  
Yet be not thou (my Soule) deceived by  
The foolishnesse of humane Sophistry.  
But, since by the Afflictions, thou hast got  
Experience, which the world attaineth not ;  
Give heed to me, and I will make thee know  
Those things which carnall Reason cannot show.  
Yea make thee by my pow'r more certaine be  
Of that which mortals can nor heare nor see,  
Then of the plainest objects that appeare  
Vnto the sense of corp'rall eye or eare :  
And though my promise, or my counsell seeme  
To vulgar Iudgements, but of meane esteeme,*

H

I'll

*Ile so enable thee those feares to bide,  
 Wherewith the worldly wise are terrifi'd;  
 And, teach thee such contentednesse to gaine,  
 Though in Deaths gloomy shades thou dost remaine :  
 That, thou (without all doubtings) shalt perceive,  
 Thou shouldst not this afflicted Citie leave,  
 And Flesh and Blood, with wonder, shall confesse  
 That Faith hath pow'r to teach men fearlesnesse,  
 In perils; which do make their hearts to ake,  
 Who scoffe at her, and part with Reason take.*

*It cannot be denyed that this Place  
 Yeelds dread enough, to make the boldest face  
 To put a palenesse on, unlesse the minde  
 Be over much to senslesnesse enclinde :  
 Because, we nat'rally abhor to see  
 Such loathed objects of mortality.  
 'Tis also true, that there is no defence  
 To guard the body from this Pestilence,  
 Within the compasse of mans pow'r or wit :  
 Nor can thy merit so prevaile with it,  
 But that (for ought thou knowest) thou maist fill  
 The growing number of Deaths weekly-Bill.*

*And what of that? whilst I befriend thee shall,  
 Can such a common danger thee apall?  
 Shall that, which heath'nish men, and women beare,  
 (Yea tender infants) without shewes of feare,  
 Amate thy spirit? shall the drawing nigh  
 Of that, from which thou hast no meanes to flye,  
 (And which thou walkest toward, ev'ry day,  
 (With seeming stoutnesse) fright thee now away?  
 Is Death so busie growne in London streets,  
 That he with no man in the Country meets?  
 Beleevest thou, the number he hath slaine  
 Hath added any thing unto the paine?*

*Or*

*Or, hast thou lately apprehended more  
 Deaths fearfull gaslinesse, then heretofore,  
 That in this time of tryall thou shouldst finde  
 Thy Soule to slavish Cowardice enclinde ?  
 Death is that Path, which ev'ry man must tread ;  
 And, when thou shalt descend among the dead,  
 Thou go'st but thither where thy fathers be,  
 And whither, all that live shall follow thee.  
 Death is that Haven, where thy Barke shall cast  
 Her hopefull Anchor, and lye moored fast,  
 Exempted from those furious windes and seas,  
 VVhich in thy heav'nly voyage, thee disease.  
 Death is the Iaile-deliv'ry of the Soule :  
 Thy joyfull yeare of Iubilee : thy Goale :  
 The Day that ends thy sorrowes, and thy sins ;  
 And that, wherein, best happinesse begins.  
 A lawfull act, then wherefore shouldst thou feare  
 To prosecute ; although thy death it were ?  
 Full oft, have I enabled thee to bide  
 The brunt of dreadfull stormes, unterrifide ;  
 And, when thy dastard Reason (not espying  
 That heav'nly Game, at which thy Faith was flying)  
 Disheartned grew ; I did thy body free  
 From ev'ry perill which enclosed thee :  
 So working, that those things thy praise became,  
 Which Malice had projected for thy shame ;  
 And, common Reason, who suppos'd thee mad,  
 Did blush to see how little wit she had.*

*Yet, now againe, how foolishly she tryes  
 To cast new fogs before thy Iudgements eyes ?  
 What childish Bug-Beaes hath she mustred here,  
 To fear thy senses with a causelesse feare ?  
 Of those loath'd Objects wherefore doth she tell,  
 Which vex the sight, the hearing, and the smell ?*

H 2 .

Since

*Since, when the utmost of it shall be said,  
All is but Death ; which can but strike thee dead.  
And when that's done, thou shalt (by me revived)  
Enjoy a better life then thou hast lived.*

*If those hobgoblin terrors of the grave,  
(Wherewith meere nat'rall men affrighted have  
Their troubled soules) deterre thee from that path,  
Whereto the will of God injoined hath ;  
To thee (oh ! Soule) how dreadfull would it be  
If W A R R E, with all her feares endosed thee ?  
Nay, if such common terrors thee amaze,  
How wouldst thou quake, if in a generall blaze,  
The world should flame about thee ? (as it may,  
Perhaps, before thou see another day)  
Sure, if these Scar-crowes do deterre thee so,  
Thou scarce wilt welcome (as thou oughtst to do)  
That Moment when it comes ; nor so rejoyce,  
As they, who long to heare the Bridegroomes voice.*

*Here therefore stay, and practise to inure  
Thy soule to tryalls ; that thou maist endure  
All changes, which in after times may come :  
And wait with gladnesse, for the Day of Doome.  
Seeke here, by holy dread, to purge away  
Those Crimes which heape up terrors for that day.  
Endure the scorching of this gentle fire,  
To purifie thy heart from vaine desire.  
Learne here, the death of righteous men to dye ;  
That thou maist live with such eternally.  
Here, exercise thy Faith, and watch, and pray,  
That when thy body shall be mixt with clay  
The frightfull Trumpet, whose amazing sound  
Shall startle Hell, and shake earths massie Round.  
May make thee leape with gladnesse from thy grave,  
And no sad horrors in thy Conscience have.*

*What*



*What canst thou hope to purchase here below,  
That thou shouldst life unwillingly forgoe ?  
Since, there is nothing which thou canst possesse,  
Whose sweetnesse is not marr'd with bitternesse :  
Nor any thing so safe, but that it may,  
To thee, become a mischief, many a way ?*

*If honourable thou mightst live to grow,  
That honour may effect thy overthrow.*

*And (as it makes of others) make of thee  
A thing as blockish, as bruit creatures be.*

*If Rich ; those Riches may thy life betray ;  
Choake up thy vertues, and then flye away.*

*If Pleasure follow thee ; that pleasing vaine  
May bring thy soule to everlasting paine :*

*Yea, that which most thou longest to enjoy,  
May all the pleasures of thy life destroy.*

*Seeke therefore true contentment where it lies,  
And feare not ev'ry Babies fantasies.*

*If Life thou love ; Death is that entring in  
Where life which is eternall doth begin.*

*There, what thou most desirest is enjoy'd ;  
And, Death it selfe, by dying is destroy'd.*

*Though length of life, a blessing be confest,  
Yet, length of dayes in sorrow is not best.*

*Although the Saylor, sea-roome doth require,  
To reach the harbour is his chiefe desire :*

*And, though 'tis well our debts may be delay'd,  
Yet, we are best at ease when they are paid.*

*If Titles, thou aspire unto : Death brings  
The Faithfull, to become immortall Kings :*

*Whose glorie passeth earthly pomp, as far  
As Phoebus doth outshine the Morning-star.*

*Desirest thou a pleasant healthfull dwelling ?  
By Death thou gain'st a Country so excellling ;*

*H 3*

*That*

*That, plenty of all usefull things is there,  
 And all those objects that delightfull are.  
 A golden pavement thou shalt walke upon;  
 And lodge in Buildings wall'd with precious stone.  
 If in rich Garments to be cloath'd thou seeke,  
 The Persian Monarks never had the like:  
 For, Puritie it felse thy Robe shall be;  
 And like the Stars, thy Crowne shall shine on thee.*

*Hast thou enjoyed those companions here,  
 Whose love and fellowship delightfull are?  
 Thou shalt, when thou from sight of those art gone,  
 Of that high Order be installed one,  
 Which never did false Brother entertaine;  
 Whereof, ev'n God himselfe is Sovereaine:  
 And in whose company thou shalt possesse  
 All perfect, deare, and lasting friendlinesse.  
 Yea, there ev'n those whom thou on earth hast loved  
 In life time (with such love as is approved)  
 Thou shalt enjoy againe: and not alone  
 Their friendship; but the love of ev'ry one  
 Of those blest men and women, who both were,  
 And are, and shall be, till our Judge appeare.*

*Hath any mortall beauty pleas'd thee so,  
 That, from her presence thou art loath to goe?  
 Thou shalt in stead of those poore imperfections,  
 Whereon thou settest here unsure affections,  
 The Fountaine of all Beauties, come to see  
 (Within his lovely bosome lodged be)  
 And know (when thou on him hast fixt thine eyes)  
 That, all carth's Beauties are deformities.*

*To these, and happineses, greater far  
 Then by the heart of man conceived are,  
 Death maketh passage. And, how grim foe're  
 He may to those that stand aloofe appeare;*

*Yet*

*Yet, if thou bide unmoved in thy place,  
Till he within his armes doe thee embrace;  
Thou shalt perceive that who so timely dieth,  
Enjoyes contentments which this life denyeth.*

*Thy feare of painfullnesse in death is vaine;  
In Death is ease; in Life, alone, is paine.  
Man makes it dreadfull by his owne inventions,  
By causelesse doubts, and groundlesse apprehensions.  
But, when it comes, it brings of paine, no more  
Then Sleepe, to him that restless was before.*

*Thy Soules departure, from the Flesh, doth maze,  
And thee afflicteth more then there is cause:  
For, of this sling, thy Saviour, Death despoiled:  
And, feares, and dangers from the Grave exiled.  
Thou lovest not thy Body when it dyes;  
Nor doth it perish, though it putrifies.  
For, when the time appointed, it hath laine,  
It shall be raised from the dust againe,  
And, in the stead of this corrupted one,  
Thy Soule, a glorious body shall put on.*

*But hadst thou not a Faith which might procure thee  
Such comforts, and such life in death assure thee:  
Or, though thou shouldst, by dying, be possesst  
Of nothing else, but of a senselesse rest:  
Me thinkes thy carnall Reason should, for that,  
Perswade thee rather to be desperate,  
And stay, and seeke for Death, ere languish in  
Perpetuall sorrowes, such as thine have bin.  
For, if to God-ward, joy thou feelest not,  
What comfort to the world-ward hast thou got,  
Which may desirous make thee to delay,  
Or linger out thy life another day?*

*'Tis true that God hath given thee a share  
In all those Pleasures, that good pleasures are;*

*H 4*

*And*

*And (to the Givers glory be it spoken)  
 He hath bestow'd on thee as many a token  
 Of his abundant love, as he bestowes  
 On any, with so few external shewes.  
 For ev'n of outward things he doth impart  
 As much as fits the place in which thou art ;  
 With full as many pleasures as may serve,  
 Thy Patience, in thy sufferings, to preserve :  
 And, when for Rest, and Plenties, thou art fitter,  
 I know, he will not make thy cup so bitter.*

*But if thou live for outward pleasures meerly ;  
 By living thou dost buy them over dearly.  
 For (if thy peace in God were set aside)  
 So many wayes thou hast beene crucifi'd,  
 That some would think thy Fortune (if they had it)  
 Most bitter ; though most sweet thy hopes have made it.  
 Here, but a Pilgrimage thou dost possesse,  
 In wandring, and perpetuall restlesnesse.  
 Like Travellers, in sunshine and in raine,  
 Both dry and wet, and dry and wet againe.  
 With rest, each Morning, well refresht and merry ;  
 And, ev'ry Ev'ning, full of grieve, and weary.  
 To Vanity, in bondage thou dost lie,  
 Still beaten with new stormes of Misery ;  
 And, in a path to which thou art a stranger,  
 Affaulted with variety of Danger.*

*His Face, sometime, is hid, whence comforts flow,  
 And, men and devills, seek thy overthrow.  
 Sin multiplies upon thee, ev'ry day :  
 Thy vitall pow'rs, will more and more decay :  
 Wealth, honor, friends, and what thou best dost love,  
 Doth leave, deceive thee, or thy torment prove ;  
 Mans very Body burthens him ; and brings  
 Vnto it selfe a thousand torturings.*

*Thy*

*Thy Heart, with many Thinkings is perplext :  
 Yea, by thine owne Affections thou art vext :  
 And (though by overcoming them at last,  
 Thy soule hath comfort when the fight is past,)  
 Thou hast perpetual conflicts which require  
 Continuall watchfulnesse : for, no Desire  
 Or nat'rall Passion, ever did molest  
 The heart of man, that strives not in thy brest.*

*In ev'ry Pleasure, somewhat lurks to fear thee,  
 In ev'ry Profit, somewhat to ensnare thee :  
 Whole armies of Afflictions swarme about thee,  
 Some fight within thee ; some assaile without thee :  
 And, that which thou conceivest shall releve thee,  
 Becommeth oft another meanes to grieve thee.  
 Yea, thine owne thoughts, thy speeches, and thine actions,  
 Occasion discontentments, and distraction :  
 And all the portion which thou dost inherit,  
 Yeelds nought, but perturbations of the spirit.*

*In Childhood all thy pleasures were but toyes ;  
 In heat of Youth, as fruitlesse were thy joyes :  
 Thy riper yeares, do nought but ripen care :  
 And, imperfections, thy perfections are :  
 If Old thou grow, thy griefes will aged be,  
 And, Sicknesse, till thou dye, will live in thee.  
 Thy Life's a Warfare, which must quite be done,  
 E're dangers vanish, or the Field be won.  
 It is a Voyage full of wearinesse,  
 Till thou thy wished harbor dost possesse :  
 And, thou of no externall Ioy canst boast,  
 That may not e're thy dying day be lost.*

*But, truth to say, what thing dost thou possesse,  
 Which others thinke to be a happinesse ?  
 The world allowes thee little that is hers,  
 And thee to very small esteeme prefers.*

H 5

Among

*Among her Minions : but, in ev'ry place  
Endeavours to affront thee with disgrace ;  
Deprives thee of thy labours, and bestowes  
On Parasites, on Fooles, and on thy Foes,  
Thy due : and with a spitefull enviousnesse,  
Thy best approved Studies doth suppress.*

*Behold, a frothy Masque, an idle Song,  
The witleffe jesting of a scurrilous tongue,  
The capring Dancer, and the joining Fencer,  
The bold Buffoone, the slye Intelligencer ;  
Those foolish raving fellows, whose delights  
Are wholly fixed on their Curs and Kites ;  
The Termly Pamphleters, whose Dedications  
Doe sooth and claw the times abominations :  
Ev'n such like things as these can purchase grace,  
And quickly compasse Pension, Gift, or Place ;  
When, thy more honest Labours are abused,  
Contemned, sleighted, or at best refused.*

*If such a one as these forenam'd, resort  
To set abroad his qualities in Court,  
He findes respect, and as an usefull man,  
His Faculty, some place afford him, can.  
He soone hath entertainment. Or if not,  
Yet, something may for his availe be got.  
A base Invention, that scarce merit may  
The reputation of a Puppet-play,  
Some spangled Courtier, or some foolish Lord,  
Admires, affects, and of his owne accord  
Prefers it to the Prince, or to the King,  
As an ingenious, or much usefull thing.  
And (ten to one) if then the Author can  
But humour well his Lordship, or his man  
(That rules his Honors wisdom) it may gaine him  
Some such like Lord as that to entertaine him,*

*For*

*For his companion ; yea, the privy purse  
May open to him : and, he fareth worse  
Then many a Foole hath done, vnlesse e're long,  
He purchaseth to be enroll'd among  
The best Deservers ; and arise to be  
Superior to a better man then he.*

*Twixt these and thee what distances appeare ?  
And, twixt your Fortunes, what a space is there ?  
When thou hadst finished a Worke divine,  
(As much for others profit, as for thine)  
Thou scarcely found'st a man, to make thee way  
Thy Present, at thy Soveraignes feet to lay,  
And when thou didst : No sooner laid he by  
What tendred was, but some injurious eye  
Did quickly take thereof a partiall view,  
And with detracting Cenfures thee pursue.*

*Yea, those meere Ignorants, whose courtly wit  
Can judge of nothing, but how cloathes doe fit ;  
How Congees should be acted ; how their Boy  
Observe them should ; or some such weighty toy :  
Those Shreds of Complement, patcht up for things  
To fill vast Roomes in palaces of Kings,  
(As Antiques doe in Hangings) more for show ;  
Then any profit, which from them can flow.  
Even those (scarce worth our laughing at) have past  
Their doomes on that which thou presented hast ;  
As if they understood it : and, as those,  
By chance did censure, so the Censure goes.*

*If these, or any such like Mountebanks,  
By slavish fawning, or by picking thanks ;  
By homeliest services, (or worse) by cheating ;  
Extorting from the poore, or by defeating  
Men honestly disposed, (or, by any  
Of those ill meanes, whereof this age hath many)*

*Can*

*Can, out of beggery, their fortunes reare,  
To hundreds, or to thousands by the yeare :  
They thinke themselves abus'd, if any grutch  
Or murmur, as if they had got too much.*

*But, though thou from thy childhood wert employ'd  
In painfull studies, and hadst not enjoy'd  
So much externall profit, as would pay  
The charges of thy Troubles, for a day :  
(Nay, rather, hindrance hadst, and punishment,  
For that, which gave most honest men content)  
Yet (marke their dealing) when but hope there was  
Of gaine to thee (which never came to passe)  
And though that gaine were lesse then Traders can  
Allow sometimes unto a Iourney-man :  
Yea though it were to no mans prejudice ;  
(But many profiting) and did arise  
By thine owne labours : that small yearly summe  
Expected (for, nought, yet, but losse doth come)  
Was grumbled at ; as if it had beene more  
Then any ever gained heretofore ;  
And would the Common-weale have prejudiced,  
Had none, thereof, to frustrate thee, devised.*

*Some, therefore (whose maliciousnesse is yet  
Vnanswer'd for) themselves against thee set ;  
And, by the dammage of their owne estate,  
Have labour'd, thee and thine to ruinate.  
Some others, as injuriously, as they,  
Laid causelesse Nets, to snarle thee in thy way :  
And have procured, for thy best intents,  
Reproofes, Contempts, and Close Imprisonments ;  
(As rigorous as ever were inflicted,  
Of those that for High Treason stood convicted)  
Yea, that which might an honest wealth have won thee,  
Was that, whereby they fought to have undone thee.*

*Foule*



*Foule Scandals, thy best actions have attended.  
And as (if on thine Infamy depended  
The Kingdomes glory) Phamphlets false and base  
Yea, publike Masques, and Playes, to thy disgrace,* X  
*Were set abroach; till justly they became,  
To those that made, and favour'd them, a shame.*

*In Rimes, and Libels, they have done thee wrongs;  
Thou hast beene mention'd in their drunken Songs,  
Who nothing worse unto thy charge could lay,  
But, that, thou didst not seem so bad as they.  
Meere Strangers, who are quite unknown of thee,  
(Although they see not what thy manners be)  
Take pleasure to traduce thee, and to draw  
Those things in question, which they never saw.  
Nay, at their publike meetings, few forbear  
To speak that scandall, which they thinke, or heare.*

*Ev'n since this Plague began, and whilst thy hand  
Recording was that Iudgement on this Land;  
Thou art inform'd, that, Westward from this place  
(Some scores of miles) a generall rumous was  
Both of thy bidding here, and of thy death.  
And, they who said, thou hadst expir'd thy breath,  
(Supposing, as it seemes) it could not be  
That God from this Disease would shelter thee)  
Reported also, that, of Grace forsaken,  
And, by the sin of drunkenesse o'retaken,  
Thou brok'st thy neck. It may be those men thought,  
Thet when the Plague thy life to end had brought,  
They should have added somewhat, to have slaine  
The life of good Report, which might remaine.*

*Nor was that ayme quite void. For, (though of all  
Grosse sins, the staine of that, least blur thee shall)  
Some straight beleev'd what malice did surmise;  
Condemn'd thy Vertues, for Hypocrisies.*

*Made*

*Made guilty all thy Lines of evill ends ;  
 Vs'd thee, as Iob was used by his friends ;  
 Did on thy Life unchristian Censures passe ;  
 Affirm'd, thy Death had showed what it was ;  
 And, many a one that heard it, shall not know  
 Untill his dying day, it was not so.  
 But, then they shall perceive, that most of that  
 Is false, which men of others use to prate.*

*But, wonder it is none, that thou among  
 Some Strangers, in thy Fame hast suffred wrong :  
 For, lo, thy Neighbours (though they privy be  
 To no such act as may disparage thee,  
 But unto many rather, which in show,  
 Appeared from a Christian minde to flow)  
 Ev'n they, in private whisperings, many times  
 Have taxed thee as guilty of those crimes  
 Thou never perpetratedst ; but dost more  
 Abhor them, then do Mizers to be poore.  
 And from those blots the more thy life is free,  
 The more is theirs defilde, by flaundring thee.*

*In wicked Places (where yet never came  
 Thy foot) some acted follies in thy name :  
 That others present, knowing not thy face,  
 Might spread abroad of thee, to thy disgrace,  
 VVhat others did. And, such a mischief, none  
 But perfect Malice, could have thought upon.*

*Thy very Prayers, and thy Charities  
 Have mocked beene, and judg'd hypocrises.  
 When thou wert best employed, thou wert sure  
 The basest imputations to endure.  
 When thy intentions have beene most sincere,  
 Mens misconstructions alwayes harshest were ;  
 And, when thy pioust action thou hadst wrought,  
 Then, they the greatest mischief on thee brought.*

*They*

*The best, and most approved of those Laies,  
 By thee composed for thy Makers praise ;  
 Have lately greatly multipl'd thy Foes,  
 And, not procur'd alone the spite of those  
 Whom brutish Ignorance besets among  
 The misconceiving and illiterate throng :  
 But, they who on the seats of Iudgement fate,  
 Thee, and those Labours have inveighed at.  
 The Learned, who should wiser men have beene,  
 Did censure that which they had never seene.  
 Ev'n they, who make faire shewes of sanctity,  
 ( God grant, it be not with hypocrisie )  
 With spitefulnesse, that scarce can matched be,  
 Have shamefully traduced that, and thee.  
 Nay, of the Clergy, some (and of the chiefe )  
 Have with unseemely fury, past beleefe,  
 So undervalu'd, and so vilifi'd  
 Those Labours (which the tryall will abide,  
 When their proud spleene is wasted) that, unlesse  
 God had, in mercy, curb'd their furiousnesse  
 ( And by his might abated, in some measure,  
 That pow'r of acting their imperious pleasure )  
 Their place, and that opinion they had gained,  
 Of knowledge, and sincerity unfained,  
 Had long ere this, no doubt, made so contemn'd  
 Those Lines, and thee ; that thou hadst beene condemn'd  
 VVithout a triall. And so true a feeling  
 Hadst gain'd ere now, of base and partiall dealing,  
 That, Discontent might then have urg'd thy stay,  
 In hope this Plague, would that, have tooke away.  
 But, thou by others, hast receiv'd the slings  
 Of Malice, otherwayes, in other things.  
 Those men, whose over-grosse and open crimes,  
 Are justly taxed in thine honest Rimes,*

*Have*

*Have by the generall notice of thy name,  
Sought how to bring thee to a generall shame,  
By raising causelesse rumors to be blowne  
Through ev'ry quarter where thy lines are knowne.  
For, there's no place without an envious care,  
And flandrous tongues be ready ev'ry where,  
To cast, with willingnesse, disgrace on those,  
Of whom, some good report, beforehand, goes.  
And since thou canst not answer ev'ry man,  
As he that's knowne in some few Townships, can;  
The falsest Rumors Men divulge of thee,  
Doe soone become a common Fame to be.*

*Moreover (that lesse cause there may appeare,  
Why thou shouldst life desire, or dying feare)  
The most affected thing this world containes,  
Hath tortur'd thee with most heart-breaking paines.  
For, they whom thou hast loved: they to whom  
Thou didst obliged many wayes become:  
Yea they who knew thy faithfulness; ev'n they  
Have made their outward kindnesse the way  
To make thee most ingracefull seeme to be,  
Yea, they have heaped more disgrace on thee,  
More griefes, and disadvantages, then all  
Thy Foes together, bring upon thee shall.  
And long pursued have, to thy vexation  
Their courses with harsh trickes of aggravation;  
Yet still pretending Love: which makes the curse,  
Of this Affliction twenty times the worse.  
I will not say that thou afflicted art  
In this (by them) without thy owne desert:  
For who perceives in all how he offends?  
Or thinks, that God correction causelesse sends?  
Nor will I say this injury proceeds,  
From any Malice. For, perhaps, it breeds*

*From*

*From their distemper'd love. And God to shew  
Some needfull secret (which thou best maist know  
By this experiment) a while doth please,  
To make thy late Contentments thy Disease*

*Thy first Acquaintance, who did many a yeare  
Enjoy thy fellowship (and glad appeare  
To seeme thy friends) have wearied out their love,  
By length of time; and strangers now doe prove.  
Thou also seest, thy new acquaintance be  
Worne out as fast as gotten. For, to thee  
Most come, for nothing but to satisfie  
Their idle fruitlesse curiositie:  
And, having seene, and found thee but a man,  
Their friendship ended, just as it began.*

*Nay, they who all thy course of life have seene,  
And (in appearance) have perswaded beene,  
So well of thy uprightnesse, as if nought  
Could move in them, of thee, one evill thought:  
Those, by a little absence, or the sound  
Of some untrue Relation (wanting ground)  
Doe all their good opinion sometime change;  
Suspect thy manners, and themselves estrange,  
So unexpectedly, and without cause,  
That what to judge of them it makes thee pause,  
For they that vertuous are, but in the show,  
Doe soone suspect, that all men else, are so.*

*These things are very bitter unto such  
Whose hearts are sensible to ev'ry touch  
Of kindnesse, and unkindnesse; and they make  
Life tedious, where they deepe impression take.  
But, many other griefes thy Soule doe grinde;  
And thou by them, art pained in a kinde  
So differing from the common sense of others,  
(Although thy patience much distemper smothers)*

*That*

*That Reason might me thinks contented be,  
Thou shouldst pursue thy Death to set thee free.*

*I speake not this, as if thou didst repine  
At these, or any other lots of thine :  
Nor to discourage thee, because the World  
So little of her Grace on thee hath hurl'd.  
For, I would have thee scorne her love ; and know  
That whether she will favour thee or no,  
I will, in thy due season, make thee rise  
To honor, by that way which men despise :  
Ev'n to those honors, which are greater then  
The greatest that conferred are, by men.  
And, this I mention, in reproach of them  
Whose Pride, thy humble Musings, doth contemne :  
And to remember thee, how vaine it were,  
To seeke for life, where such harsh dealings are.*

*And, as I would not have thee wish to live  
For love of any thing, this world can give :  
So, am I loath her troubles should have pow'r  
To make thee seeke to shorten life an houre.  
But rather in contempt of all her spight,  
To lengthen it, untill pale Envie quite  
Consume her selfe ; and thou at last be sent  
From hence, victorious, crowned with content.*

*I therefore, here, perswade thee not to stay,  
That vainly thou mightst foole thy life away :  
Or, that some poore applauses may be got ;  
Or, for such trifling ends as profit not ;  
And, whereof, Reason her dislike infers :  
For, my opinion jumps in that, with hers.*

*I doe not counsell thee to cast aside  
That care, which teacheth wisely to provide  
For wholsome Antidotes : Or to observe  
Such courses, as are likely to preserve*

*Thy*

*Thy body sound : nor is it my intent,  
 Thou shouldst employ, by way of complement,  
 Thy time in visiting infected friends ;  
 When to their comfortings it little tends.  
 Nor am I pleas'd in him that so presumes,  
 Or such a franticke foolishnesse assumes,  
 As desperately to thrust himselfe among  
 The noisome breathings of a sickly throng,  
 When such a danger nothing may availe :  
 And, where the meanes of life will surely faile.  
 Nor would I now betray thee to thy sin ;  
 Or worke thy losses, that thy foes may win ;  
 Or make thee tempt thy God ; or grieve thy friends ;  
 Or barre thy Labors of thy wished ends :  
 Nor canst thou thinke thy Reason well hath said,  
 To cast such stumbling-blockes, as she hath laid :  
 For, just and comely things, I doe advise ;  
 And, seeke not Mischiefes, but their Remedies.*

*A carnall Wisedome sayes she seeth not  
 What knowledge and assurance may be got  
 Of those eternall things, that objects are  
 Of Christian hope. But, wherefore shouldst thou feare  
 What Flesh and Blood blasphemously hath said ?  
 Since, into thee already are convaide  
 Both Notions, and the reall sense of that  
 Which they, who would not see, doe stumble at ?*

*Meere humane Reason cannot reach to know  
 Of many thousand Creatures here below,  
 The secret natures : Doe not wonder than,  
 That few celestially things perceive she can :  
 But call to minde, that to be fleshly wise,  
 Is to be foolish in Truths Mysteries.  
 Give God the praise, who hath on thee bestowne  
 A better apprehension then thine owne.*

*Remem-*

*Remember still, to cherish this beleefe;  
Let Prayer daily set thy Faith releefe:  
And be assur'd that I advise thee best,  
What e're thy carnall Reason shall suggest.*

*If thou suppose that thou hast ought begun,  
Which may thy Country profit, being done,  
Or honor God: proceed thou in his name,  
With cheerfulnesse, and finish up the same.  
For God will either give thee life to doe it,  
(If cause there be) or call another to it  
Of better gifts. And, if thou grudge at this,  
Thou seekest thine owne honor, more then his:  
And, though a pious purpose thou pretend,  
Thy holy shewes have some unholy end.*

*Say, thou among the multitude must fall;  
Say, they that hate thee, thereof triumph shall;  
Or others (out of levity) contemne  
Thy course; or thee unjustly should condemne,  
As Reason pleads? what prejudice to thee  
Would this be more, then such mens praises be?  
What harme is this to thee when thou art gone?  
And hast no sense of any wrong that's done?  
What needst thou care, if all the world suppose  
To hell thou sinkest; if thy spirit goes  
The way to heav'n? And in that narrow path  
A blessed being, unperceived hath?*

*Pursue brave Actions, as a Christian ought,  
And, care not thou what shall of them be thought:  
(Except to rouse up other men it be,  
By making them perceive what roused thee)  
When thou dost walke uprightly, walke thou on,  
And scorne to looke aside, who looks thereon:  
For, he's a Foole (if not an hypocrite)  
That in well-doing feeleth no delight,*

*Vntill*



*Untill some witnesse of his deeds he know,  
Or feele some praises his proud sailes to blow.  
Nay, he that cannot in a vertuous deed,  
(Wherein, his Conscience, warrants to proceed)  
Persist without returning, though he should,  
Of all the world together, be controul'd;  
Or, if he thought it not a favour too  
That God would call him such a worke to doe;  
(Yea though that for his paines, he should become  
Abhor'd of all men, till the Day of Doome)  
Ev'n such a Man is farre below that height,  
To which by perfect Vertue climbe he might;  
And lose he doth, by feares that are in vaine,  
The bravest honor that his Faith can gaine.*

*Thy Reason sayes, that thou a sinner art;  
And, thereupon doth urge thee to depart.  
But wherefore should the guilt of sin affright  
From staying, rather then from taking flight?  
For, if thou shalt remove away from hence,  
Thy guilt retaining, by impenitence,  
God hath not so his Plagues confined hither,  
But that they may pursue thee any whither.  
And whereas here, the danger, and the feare,  
Encompassing this place, might so deterre,  
So mollifie, and awe thy heart within thee;  
So move, and to amend thy life, so win thee,  
That God shall cleanse thy soule of ev'ry staine;  
And reconcile thee to himselfe againe:  
Perhaps, the wicked vaine security,  
That will attend thee whither thou shalt flye,  
May make the measure of thy sinnes compleater,  
Thy comforts fewer; thy afflictions greater;  
When least thou fearest, most of all disease thee;  
And keepe off this, that some worse thing may seize thee.*  
*And*

*And, though thy Reason urge thee to beleeve,  
Thy friends may wronged be, or too much grieve,  
By this adventure: I, thy Faith, assure thee,  
That if my Motives may to slay procure thee,  
(For such good purposes as I propose)  
Thy God shall pay thy friends what ere they lose;  
Make some (by fearing what thy dangers are)  
Of their owne wayes to take the greater care:  
Keepe others (by preserving of them sad)  
More watchfull, that might else lesse heed have had:  
And, stirre up thee for them, and them for thee,  
So zealous in continuall vows to be,  
As will (perchance) worse perils drive away,  
Then those, which are so feared, in thy slay.*

*Oh! God, how many soules, by fleeing hence  
Scape this, and catch a deadlier Pestilence!  
How many hearts whom Feare doth somewhat strike  
With sorrowes, which begins Repentance-like,  
(And might by slaying here, accomplish that,  
Which ev'ry true Beleever aimeth at)  
Will fall from those beginnings, by their flight,  
And lose the feeling of Gods Iudgements, quite?  
How many! by wrong seeking to prevent,  
Their heavenly Fathers loving chastisement,  
Incorrigible in their lives will grow?  
And bring themselves to utter overthrow?  
And oh! what multitudes, by slaying here,  
Shall change their dread, into a filiall feare?  
Their feare to love, and love, and laud thee too,  
For sending that, which they abhorred so!*

*Like them, who in the Deeps employed be,  
Here, thou the wondrous works of God shalt see.  
That thou maist tell the world what he hath done;  
And sing the praise of that Almighty-One*

*To*

*To this, and future ages. And, for what  
Did he thy Soule and Body first create?  
For what redeeme thee? For what end infuse  
That Faculty, which thou dost call thy Muse?  
For what, but for his honor, to declare  
Those Iudgements and his Mercies which will here  
Be showne unto thee? and to sing the Story  
Of what thine eye beholdeth to his glory?  
For, if not here, then where? Or if not now,  
Then, at what other time expectest thou  
So faire an oportunitie, to show  
With how much readinesse thou couldst bestow  
Thy life, and all thy faculties, on him  
(And, for his service) who bestowed them?  
What nobler Subject can the world afford  
For thee, or for the Muses to record,  
Then will those Iudgements, and those Mercies be,  
Which God will in this place disclose to thee?  
If Reason seeke some purpose in thy stay,  
Me thinks, this purpose please thy Reason may:  
For, though those men who love their owne vaine praise,  
Have little care of their Creators waies,  
And finde small pleasingnesse in those Relations,  
Which are compos'd of such like Observations;  
Yet, all the gloriousst acts of greatest Kings,  
Are triviall, worthlesse, base, and foolish things,  
Respecting these. And, though some nicer wits  
Scarce think that such a Subject well befits  
Their artfull Muses. Yet, twixt this and that  
Whereon they love to plod and meditate,  
There's much more difference, then betwene their Laies  
And those which they doe most of all dispraise:  
And they who live (the time) I hope shall see,  
These Poems, much, more prized then they be:*

*Yea,*

*Yea, though it may appeare to common Reason,  
 An act impertinent, and out of season,  
 For such an end as this to make thy stay :  
 Let not her carnall Sophismes thee dismay.  
 For since thou seest a vaine Historian dares  
 His person to adventure in the warres,  
 That he (for fame, or hire) may write a story  
 Of what is done to his Commanders glory :  
 This action, wherefore shouldst thou startle from,  
 As if thy Iudgement it would mis-become ?  
 If just it be, our safeties to contemne,  
 In such a case (if that be good in him)  
 How much more just, is thy adventure, then  
 Who sing'st the praise of God, and not of men ?  
 How much more safely walkest thou, then they ?  
 How much more glory, and how much more pay,  
 Can thy great Captaine give thee ? And how small  
 Should be thy feare ? If thou shouldst feare at all.*

*Nor to thy God, or to thy selfe alone,  
 Will acceptable services be done  
 By staying here : but peradventure some  
 That living are, and some, in time to come,  
 May reap advantage by it, and confesse,  
 That thou wert borne for them ; and didst possesse  
 And use thy life, not for thy selfe alone,  
 But that to others profit might be done.*

*The gen'rall notice which men take of thee,  
 Will make thy actions more observed be  
 Then those of twenty others, who doe seeme  
 In their small circuits, men of great esteeme :  
 And, when hereafter it is knowne abroad,  
 To what good purposes thou mad'st abode  
 In this afflicted City : on what ground,  
 Thy blamed resolution thou dost found :*

*How*

*How sensible thou wert of ev'ry feare,  
 And of each perill thou adventredst here :  
 How many friends thou hadst to flye unto :  
 How much elsewhere thou mightst have found to do ;  
 What Censures thou shouldst hazzard, in thy stay :  
 VVhat pleasures wooed thee to come away :  
 How, thy continuing here was not by chance  
 By discontent, or humorous ignorance :  
 How, no compulsion, no perswading Friend,  
 No office, hope of gaine, or such like end  
 Necessitated thee. Yea, when by such,  
 VVho are to feare enslaved overmuch  
 All this is heeded well ; And when men shall  
 Consider it, comparing there withall,  
 VVhat causes moved thee ; what meditation  
 Confirm'd thy stay ; what kind of conversation  
 Thou daily practis'dst ; and what good use  
 They may from thy experiments produce ;  
 It will perchance occasion some to learne  
 Those things, which yet they doe not well discern :  
 Help, in good Resolutions, some to arme :  
 Some weake ones in temptations much confirme :  
 To some become a meanes to make them see  
 That men despised, may enabled be,  
 By Faith, to keepe their place undaunted there,  
 Where men of better seeming gifts doe feare.  
 And peradventure thou maist compasse that  
 Which likelier men in vaine have aymed at.*

*For, though it may be said this place hath store  
 By Calling and by Gifts, adapted more  
 For such a taske ; and that there may be some,  
 That have no warrant for departing from  
 These noysome streets, who well enough may take  
 This paines ; and thereof thee excused make.*

I

Yet

*Yet, shall not that excuse thee. For, all they  
Have Callings, which employ them wholly may.  
Yea, they whose wits are abler, think not on  
That worke, perchance, as needfull to be done.  
Or if they doe, perhaps, they may expire  
Before they have performed it; or tire.  
And though they should make perfit their designs:  
Yet their obscurity, may barre their Lines  
From taking that effect, which if thou write,  
Thy being far more knowne, accomplish might.  
For, Fame prevailes with many (now adaies)  
And, if uncouth'd, unkift (as Chaucer saies.)  
Or grant that many had the fame attempted,  
(And men of note) yet wert thou not exempted.  
For, best it is, when such like things as these  
Confirmed are by many witnessees.*

*Beside; if those assurances which thou  
Shalt publish (and thy Faith shall well allow)  
Affirmed were by none but such as they  
Who might not from this place depart away  
Without much losse, or blame: meere naturall men  
Might have contemned all those counsels, then,  
And all those just reproofes, that may, by thee,  
Or any other man objected be,  
Against their slavish Feares: and may reply,  
That no man staid, but he that could not flye:  
Or that none durst become a voluntary,  
In such a Fire, for conscience sake, to tarie:  
And, that no mortall man had pow'r obtain'd  
To bide such brunts, till outwardly constrain'd.  
Whereas thy free abiding here, will move  
Much better thoughts: thy constancy approve;  
Procure the more beleefe to thy Relations;  
The more effectuall make thy good perswasions:*

*And*

*And stop their mouthes, who might some other way  
Thy paines have wrong'd, had ought procur'd thy slay.*

*Oh! far, far be it, that Lust, Avarice,  
The strong distempers of some hatefull Vice,  
A stupid Melancholy, or the tumors  
Of some wilde Passion, or fantasticke Humors,  
Should fixe more stoutnesse in the heart of man,  
Then temperate, and pious knowledge can.  
Far be it, that old women, for their pay,  
Or Sextons for as little hire, as they,  
We in the walks of Death should walking see  
Without all feare; yet, they deterred be,  
Who boast of knowledge; and have sung, and said,  
That though in Deaths black shadows they were laid,  
They would without dismay continue there;  
Because Gods Rod, and Staffe, their keepers are.  
Oh! let not this be so: And be it far  
From proving true; that they who studious are  
Of Wisdome, and of Piety, should shrinke,  
Where he, whose head peece is but arm'd with drinke,  
Sits fearlesse: Or, that Vse, or Custome shall  
Embolden more, then Christian Faith, and all  
The Morall Vertues: Or, that thou shouldst yeeld  
To carnall Reason, and forgoe the Field.*

*Moe Arguments I could, as yet, expresse,  
To prove thy slaying hath much usefulnesse:  
As that it were unkindnesse to forsake  
Those persons here, who comfort in thee take.  
For, some professe already, that they bide,  
By thy example, greatly fortifi'd,  
(In their compelled slay) by seeing thee  
So willingly, their griefes companion be.  
Yea, many a one, observing thee to slay,  
Confesseth, he doth shame to flye away.*

I 2

Thereby,

*Thereby, those Resolutions they have got  
Which very lately they embraced not;  
And might, perhaps, if now thou shouldst depart,  
Become afraid, because thou fearfull art.*

*Me thinks, it is unmanlinesse to flie  
From those, in woe, whom in prosperity  
Thou lovedst: yea, tis basenesse, not to share  
In ev'ry sorrow which thy friends doe beare,  
As well as in their pleasures, if they be  
Such friends, as some of thine doe seeme to thee.*

*Here, thou hast long continu'd. On the bread  
Of Dainties, in this City thou hast fed.  
Here, thou hast laught and fung; and here thou hast  
Thy youthfull yeares, in many follies past;  
Abus'd thy Christian-liberty, and trod  
That Maze, which brings forgetfulnesse of God.  
Here, thy example, some corrupted hath;  
Here, thou hast moved thy Creators wrath:  
Here, thou hast sinned; and thy sinnes they were,  
Which holpe to bring this Plague now raging here.*

*Here, therefore, doe thou fast: here, doe thou mourne,  
And, into sighes, and teares, thy laughter turne.  
Here, yeeld thy selfe to prison, till thou see  
At this Assize, how God will deale by thee:  
Ev'n here, the time redeeme thou: here, restore  
By good examples, those whom heretofore  
Thou hast offended: here, thy selfe apply  
Gods just incensed wrath to pacifie.  
Here, joyne in true Repentance, to remove  
That Storme which now descendeth from above.  
And then, or live or dye, this Place, to thee  
A place of Refuge, and of ioy shall be.  
Nor Sin, nor Death, nor Hell, nor any thing  
Shall discontentment, feare, or perill bring*

*Which*



*Which to thy Soule or Body, shall become  
A disadvantage, but helpe save thee from  
Destruction : Ioyes, as yet, unfelt, procure :  
In all temptations, make thy minde secure :  
Discover plainly how thy Reason failed ;  
And, make thee blesse the time, thy Faith prevailed.*

*But, thou dost want a Calling ( R E A S O N cries )  
Thy staying in this place to warrantize.  
And, that untill thereof thou dost obtaine  
The full assurance, all my speech is vaine.  
Indeed, the gloriousst worke we can begin,  
Vnlesse God call us to it, is a sin,  
And therefore, ev'ry man should seeke to know  
What, God, and what vaine Fancy calls him to.  
For, Pride, and over-weening Arrogance,  
The Devill, or a zealous Ignorance,  
Suggests false warrants ; and allureth men  
To dangerous adventures, now and then :  
Yea, maketh some, from Gods commands to fall,  
And take employments at the Devils call.*

*To judge thy Calling, then, learne this of me,  
That, some Vocations ordinary be,  
Some extraordinary. If thou take  
An ordinary Calling, thou must make  
The common entrance, which that pow'r doth give  
Within whose Iurisdiction thou dost live :  
Else ( whatsoever cause thou dost pretend )  
It is Intrusion : and thou shalt offend.*

*If thou conceivest thou some Calling hast  
In Extraordinary ; see it pass  
By Gods allowance, from Gods holy Writ,  
Before such time as thou accept of it.  
And, then, beware that nothing force thee back,  
Or, make thee in thine Office to be slacke.*

I 3

In

*In briebe; a Calling extraordinary,  
To juſtifie it ſelfe, theſe Markes muſt carie;  
And, if it faile of them, but in the leaſt,  
Thy Conſcience is deluded in the reſt.*

Gods glory will be aymed at, in chiefe :  
It will be grounded on a true beleefe :  
It doth not Gods revealed *will* oppoſe :  
No ſtep that erres from *Charity* it goes :  
It ſeeketh not, what cannot be enjoy'd :  
It makes no *ordinary calling* void :  
Some *cauſe* not frequent muſt invite thereto :  
And (*to accompliſh what thou haſt to doe*)  
Some Gift, that's proper for it, muſt be given,  
And then, thou haſt thy *Calling* ſeal'd from heaven.

*Approve thy ſelfe by theſe, and thou ſhalt ſee,  
That, God, no doubt, hath truly called thee,  
To this adventure. For, thy heart intends  
His praife in this, above all other ends.  
Thou doſt beleefe, that (whether live or dye)  
Thy ſtay ſhall ſomewhat adde, to glorifie  
Thy bleſſed Maker; and that ſomething ſhall  
To thine, and others profits, here, befall.  
Thy Iudgement, to thy Conſcience nought diſcloſeth,  
Wherein it Gods revealed Will oppoſeth :  
It well agrees with Charity, and tryes  
To compaſſe no impoſſibilities.  
Nor hinders it, nor calls it thee from ought  
Which is more neceſſary to be wrought.  
A Cauſe not ordinary now requires  
Thy preſence here; and, God himſelfe inſpires  
Thy Beſt with Reſolutions that agree  
To ſuch an action. Gifts, which none but he  
Can give, he gives thee; ſuch, as are by Nature,  
Not found in any ſubceleſtiall Creature,*

*But*

*But, meerly of his Grace: and, such, as none  
Can counterfeit, by all that may be done.*

*And, whence are all these Musings here exprest?  
Whence come these combatings within thy brest  
Twixt Me and Reason? who is it that makes  
Thy heart so fearlesse, now such horror shakes  
The soules of others? what embolden can  
The frightfull spirit of a naturall man,  
In such apparant dangers to abide?  
And yet, his Reason nothing from him hide,  
That seemeth to be dreadfull; neither leave him  
Such Aymes, or such like Passions to deceive him,  
As harden others? Who, but he, that giveth  
Each perfit Gift; these Gifts to thee deriveth?  
And fure he nought bestowes, but therewithall  
He sends occasions that employ it shall.*

*Few Officers shall want a doubtfulnesse  
That they their places doubtfully possesse,  
If this be doubtfull; whether God (or no)  
Hath called thee to what I bid thee doe.  
For, outward Callings, most men doe, or may  
Intrude upon, by some sinister way:  
By Symony, by Bribery, by Spoiles,  
By open Violence, or secret Wiles.  
And therefore (though the Seales of Kings they gaine  
To strengthen what unduly they obtaine)  
Some doubting of their Callings may be had  
To God ward, though such doubts be rarely made.*

*But, for thy Calling thou Commission hast  
So firme; and it so many Seales hath past,  
That nothing should induce thee to suspect  
Thy Warrant, or distrust a good effect.*

*God, from thy Cradle, seemes to have ordain'd thee  
To such a purpose: for, he yearly train'd thee*

I 4

Through

*Through sev'rall cares, and perils, so inure  
 Thy heart, to what he meant thou shouldst endure :  
 Else why shouldst thou ( whose actions honest were  
 To Man ward, though to God ward foule they are )  
 Be more for that afflicted, which doth seeme  
 ( To some ) a worke deserving good esteeme,  
 Then are a multitude in these our times,  
 Convicted of the most notorious crimes ?*

*Why, at thy very birth, did he infuse  
 Thy Soule with naturall helps to forme thy Muse,  
 Which is a Faculty not lent to many,  
 Nor by meere Art attained to, of any ?  
 To thee, why gave he Knowledge, such a way  
 As others lose it by ? And why I pray  
 Did he bestow upon thee so much Fame  
 For those few childish lines that thou didst frame  
 In thy minority ? Why did he then  
 ( Then scarce a man ) enroule thy Name with men ?  
 And make thee to be prais'd and priz'd before  
 Those men whose Yeares, and Sciences are more ?  
 What was there in thy Poems ? what in thee,  
 That seem'd not worthy of contempt to be,  
 Much more then of applause ? And what hast thou  
 From scorne to save thee, but Gods mercy now ?*

*Beleeve it, he divulgeth not thy Name  
 For thine owne honor : But to make the same  
 A meanes of spreading his. From perills past  
 He sav'd not thee, for any worth thou hast,  
 But, to declare his Mercies. At this season,  
 He moves this plea betwixt thy Faith and Reason,  
 Not to be pass'd over, as in vaine ;  
 But, in thy Brest true courage to maintaine.  
 Thy Muse he gave thee, not to exercise  
 Her pow'r in base and fruitlesse vanities,*

Or

*Or to be silenc'd: but, to magnifie  
The wondrous workings of his Majesty.*

*And, as the seales of Kings authorize those  
To whom they doe their Offices dispose,  
So, these are Signes which force enough doe cary  
To seale this calling extraordinary:  
And, they who sleight the same will in some measure  
Incur the King of heavens high displeasure.*

*More might be said (hereof to make a prooffe)  
But, more to say, were more then is enough.  
Of this, no further, therefore, I'll dispute;  
But, bid thee stay, thy Place to execute.*

When *FAITH* had made this *pleading* in my brest  
My *REASON* was perswaded to protest  
Her full assent, to what she first gainsaid,  
Which, that it might be constantly obey'd,  
My *Conscience*, in her *Court*, did soone decree;  
And, all my thoughts were then at peace in me.

From that time forward, neither Friend, nor Foe,  
Could startle me in what I meant to doe.  
No vaine desires within me did controule  
My purpose: no distrusts did fright my soule:  
Nor seemed it, so dangerous, to stay,  
As (knowing what I knew) to flye away.

For, though these *Arguments*, and such as these,  
Can never fit in all mens *Consciences*,  
The just *Meridian* (seeing, variations  
In manifold respects, make alterations)  
Yet, mine they suted with; and may, and shall  
Be some way usefull, to my *Readers* all.  
I wisht it so: For, I was then inspired  
With love to all; and all mens weale desired.  
Me thought, I pitied those, who should not see  
What God within this place did shew to me:

I 5

And

And should have grieved to have beene constrained,  
 Within the City, not to have remained.  
 For by my selfe, when I to censure brought  
 My present Lott ; it pleas'd me : and, me thought,  
 That, God vouchsafed to employ me so,  
 And furnish me for what I was to doe,  
 With such a healthfull body, and a minde  
 To act his will so readily enclin'd ;  
 It seem'd more comfort, and more honour far,  
 Then if a Monarkes *Favorite* I were,  
 Or might for temporall respects become  
 The noblest person of all *Christendome*.  
 And, if I shall not still this minde embrace,  
 A dog halfe hanged is in better case.  
 For, when that favour I doe value lesse,  
 I shall grow senselesse of all happinesse.

Oh ! God, how great a blessing, then, didst thou  
 Confer upon me ? And what Grace allow !  
 Oh ! what am I, and what my parentage ?  
 That Thou of all the Children of this Age  
 Didst chuse out me, so highly to prefer,  
 As of thy *Acts*, to be a *Register* ?  
 And give me Fortitude and Resolution,  
 To stay, and view thy *Judgements* execution ?  
 That, I should live to see thy *Angell* here,  
 Ev'n in his greatest dreadfulnessse appeare ?  
 That, when a thousand fell before my face,  
 And at my right hand (in as little space)  
 Ten thousand more, I should be still protected  
 From that contagious blast, which them infected !  
 That, when of Arrowes thou didst shoot a flight  
 So thick by day, and such a storme by night  
 Of pois'ned shafts ; I, then, should walke among  
 The sharpest of them ; and yet passe along  
 Unharm'd ?

Vnharm'd? And that I should behold the path  
Which thou dost pace in thy hot burning wrath,  
(Yet not consume to Ashes) what a wonder  
To me it seemes, when thereupon I ponder!

How great a grace it was, whose tongue can say,  
That I who am but breathing dust and clay,  
Should waking (and in all my senses, well)  
Walke downe the Grave almost as low as hell,  
Yet come againe unscarred? and have leave  
To live and tell what there I did perceive!  
Yea come (as from the dead) againe to show  
The faithlesse world what terrors are below!  
(And justifie, that though a man me sent  
Ev'n from the Grave to move men to repent,  
No Faith would in those hearers be begot,  
Who *Moses* and the *Prophets* credit not.)

How great a *Mercy* was it, that when I  
Was thought in dangers, and in griefes to lye,  
That, for my *Shepherd* I had thee my God?  
And in the path of best contentments trod?  
That I, on sweetest *Pleasures* banqueted,  
When other men did eate *Afflictions bread*?  
That, I had perfect joyes ev'n in my teares?  
Assured safety in my greatest feares?  
A thousand comforts, whereof, they who lived  
In better-seeming states, were quite deprived?  
And much content, which they will never know,  
Who keep those paths in which the Vulgar go.

What matchlesse benefits were these! & whence  
Canst thou, that gav'st them, have thy recompence,  
But from thy selfe? Or who but thou alone  
Can give me heart enough to thinke upon  
These Graces as I ought? Oh! therefore, daigne  
To make my brest sufficient to containe

That

That meafure of due thankfulneffe, which may  
Accepted be, for what I cannot pay.  
And, fuffer not my frailties, or my fin  
To hide againe, what thou doft now begin  
To make me fee ; but grant to me thy grace,  
For ever, to behold thy cheerfull face.

Nor *Oile*, nor *Corne*, nor *Wine* can glad me fo :  
Nor shall their brutifh lovers ever know  
What joyes within my brest begotten be,  
When thy pleas'd countenance doth fhine on me.  
Let thofe who of great Kings affections boast,  
(And for their favours are engaged moft)  
Thofe who poffeffe (their ftarveling foules to pleafe)  
Sweet Gardens, Groves, and curious Palaces,  
Rich Jewels, large Revenues, princely Stiles,  
The flatteries of Lords, and female fmiles,  
The pleasures of the Chamber, and the Fields,  
All thofe which dainty fare, or Mufique yeelds,  
The City or the Court ; and all that ftuffe  
Of which their hearts can never have enough :  
Let thefe, and thofe who their defires approve,  
With fuch entifing *Objetts* fall in love :  
Let them purfue their fancies, till they finde  
What forrowes and difgraces come behinde :  
And let them furfet on them, till they fee  
By tride experience, what their fruit will be.  
I never fhall envy their happineffe ;  
Nor covet their high fortunes to poffeffe,  
If thou preferve me ftill in thy protection,  
And cheere my fpirit by thine eyes reflection.  
For then I fhall not feare the fcornes of fuch :  
My cares, or wants fhall never grieve me much :  
I fhall not need to crouch and fue to them,  
Who thee, and me, and vertue fhall contemne.

I



I shall nor shrink nor startle, when I heare  
Those evill tidings, which men daily feare.  
Nor leave my standing, though that in the roome  
Of this great *Pestilence*, a *Warre* should come.  
Or (which were worfe) another *Fiery triall*,  
To force us, of thy *Truth* to make deniall.  
And, in these fearfull times, no temporall blisse  
Would seeme a greater priviledge then this,  
To those, who now with trembling soules, expect  
What our proceedings will at last effect.  
Yea, they, perhaps, who now are stupif'd,  
Will praise my lot, whē they their chance have try'd.

But (though ev'n all men living should despise  
The comfort of it) I the same will prize.  
I praise thee for it, LORD, and here emprove  
That I may praise thee for it, evermore :  
That these expressions of thy love to me,  
May helpfull also to thy praises be  
In other men : And (if it may be so)  
In other times, and other places too :  
And, that the shewing how I did compose  
The *warre* which twixt my *Faith* and *Reason* rose,  
May teach some others how they should debate  
Such doubts within themselves ; and arbitrate  
(Within their *Court of Conscience*) what is fit  
To be concluded, and so practise it.  
For, why so largely, I have this exprest,  
That, was not, of my purposes, the least.

I beg moreover, that I may pursue  
To utter that which I have yet to shew.  
And, that nor Sloth, nor Want, nor any Let,  
May to these *Poemes* their last period set,  
Till I have made my *Readers* to conceive,  
That this was undertaken by thy leave :

And

And, that my *Censurers* may come to say,  
 There was an usefull purpose in my stay :  
 Or, shew me what they did ; or, what I might  
 Have done to better uses in my flight.

I lastly, crave (which is, I trust, begun)  
 That, I the way of thy Commands may run,  
 The remnant of my *Talent*, and my dayes,  
 Employing in good actions, to thy praise :  
 That, I, for ever, may those paths refuse  
 Which may unhallow, or pervert my *Muse* :  
 And that, when this is done, I may not fall  
 Through *Pride* or *Sloth* ; as if this act were all :  
 But, humbly strive such other workes to doe,  
 As thou requir'st, and I was borne unto.  
 Yea furnish me with ev'ry thing by which  
 I best may serve thee, and I shall be rich.

This beg I, LORD ; and nothing else I crave,  
 For, more then that, were lesse then nought to have :  
 I beg of thee, nor Fame, nor mortall praise,  
 Nor carnall pleasures, nor yet length of dayes,  
 Nor honors, nor vaine wealth, but, just what may  
 The Charges of my Pilgrimage defray.

Oh grant me this ; and heare me when I call :  
 For, if thou stand not by me, I shall fall.

### The fourth *Canto*.

*Our Muse, in this fourth Canto, writes  
 Of melancholy thoughts, and fights :  
 What changes were in every place ;  
 What Ruines in a little space :  
 How Trades, and how provisions fail'd ;  
 How Sorrow thriv'd ; how Death prevail'd ;  
 And, how in triumph he did ride,*

*With*

*With all his horrors, by his side.*

*To L O N D O N, then, she doth declare  
How futing her afflictions were  
To former finnes : what good and bad  
Effects, this Plague produced had :  
What friendly Champions, and what Foes  
For us did fight, or us oppose :  
And, how the greatest Plague of all  
On poore Artificers, did fall.*

*Then, from the Fields, new grieve she takes,  
And, usefull Meditations makes :  
Relates, how slowly Vengeance came,  
How, God forewarn'd us of the same :  
What other Plagues to this were joyned :  
And, here and there are interlined  
Vpbraidings, warnings, exhortations,  
And, pertinent expostulations.*

**W**Hen Conscience had allowed my *Commission*  
For staying, & declar'd on what condition ;  
I did not onely feele my heart consent  
To entertaine it, with a full content,  
But also, found my selfe prepared so  
To execute the worke I had to do,  
That without paine (me thought) I was employ'd,  
And all my *Passions* to good use enjoy'd.

For, though God freed my soule from slavish *fear*,  
Yet, so much awe he still preserved there,  
As kept within my heart some naturall sense  
Of his displeasure, and of penitence.  
He gave me *Ioyes*, yet left some *Griefe* withall,  
Lest I into security might fall ;  
Or, lose the fellow-feeling of that paine,  
Whereof, I heard my neighbours to complaine.

He

He lent me *health* : yet, ev'ry day some twitches  
Of pangs unusuall ; many qualmes, and stiches  
Of short continuance, my poore heart assailed,  
That I might heed the more what others ayled.  
He kept me hopefull : and yet, now and then,  
His rods (wherewith, in love, he scourgeth men)  
Did make me smart ; lest else I might assume  
The liberty of *Wantons*, and perfume.  
My ordinary meanes was made their prey,  
Who seeke my spoile, and lately tooke away.  
Yet, me with plenties, daily he did feed,  
And I did nothing want, which I could need.  
Which God vouchsafed to assure to me,  
That when unusuall workes required be ;  
He will (e're we shall want what's necessary)  
Supply us by a meanes, not ordinary.

By many other signes, unmention'd here,  
Gods love, and providence, did so appeare,  
And so me thought ingage me, to remove  
What ever to his work a let might prove ;  
That (so farre forth as my fraile nature could  
Admit, and things convenient suffer would)  
My owne *Affaires* aside, a while I threw,  
And bent my selfe, with heedfulnesse, to view  
What, worth my notice, in this *Plague* I saw,  
Or, what good uses I from thence might draw.

But, farre I needed not to pace about,  
Nor long enquire to finde such *Objects* out.  
For, ev'ry place with sorrowes then abounded,  
And ev'ry way the cryes of *Mourning* founded.  
Yea, day by day, succeßively till night,  
And from the evening till the morning light,  
Were *Scenes* of Griefe, with strange variety,  
Knit up, in one continuing *Tragedy*.

No

No sooner wak'd I, but twice twenty knels,  
And many sadly-sounding *passing-bells*,  
Did greet mine eare, and by their heavy towles,  
To me gave notice that some early soules  
Departed whilst I slept : That other some  
Were drawing onward to their longest home ;  
And, seemingly, presag'd, that many a one  
Should bid the world *good-night*, e're it were *noone*.

One while the mournfull *Tenor*, in her tones  
Did yeeld a sound as if in deepe fet grones,  
She did bewaile the sorrow which attends  
The separation of those loving friends,  
The Soule and Body. Other while, agen,  
Me thought, it call'd on me, and other men  
To pray, that God would view them with compassiō,  
And give them comfortable separation.  
(For, we should with a fellow-feeling, share  
In ev'ry sorrow, which our brethren beare)  
Sometime my Fancy tuned fo the Bell,  
As if her *Towlings* did the story tell  
Of my mortality, and call me from  
This life, by oft, and loudly founding, *Come*.

So long the solitary nights did last  
That I had leasure my accounts to cast ;  
And think upon, and over-think those things,  
Which darknesse, lonelinessse, and sorrow brings  
To their consideration, who doe know,  
From whence they came, and whither they must go.

My Chamber entertain'd me all alone,  
And in the roomes adjoyning lodged none.  
Yet, through the darksome silent night did flye  
Sometime an uncouth noise ; sometime a cry,  
And sometime mournfull callings pierc'd my roome,  
Which came, I neither knew from whence, nor whom.  
And

And, oft betwixt awaking and asleepe,  
 Their voices who did talke, or pray, or weepe,  
 Vnto my listning eares a passage found,  
 And troubled me, by their uncertaine sound.  
 For, though the founds themselves no terror were,  
 Nor came from anything that I could feare;  
 Yet, they bred *Musings*; and those musings bred  
*Conjecturings*, in my halfe sleeping head:  
 By their Conjectures into minde were brought  
 Some reall things, before quite out of thought;  
 They, divers Fancies to my soule did shew,  
 Which me still further, and still further drew  
 To follow them; till they did thoughts procure  
 Which humane frailty cannot long endure:  
 Ev'n such, as when I fully was awake,  
 Did make my heart to tremble, and to ake.  
 And, when such frailties have disheartned men,  
 Oh! God, how busie is the Devill then?

I know in part his malice, and the wayes  
 And times, and those occasions which he layes  
 To worke upon our weaknesse; and there is  
 Scarce any which doth shew him like to this.  
 I partly also know by what degrees  
 He worketh it; how he doth gaine or leese  
 His labours; and some sense I have procur'd,  
 What pangs are by the soule that while endur'd.

For, though my God, in mercy, hath indu'd  
 My Soule with Knowledge, and with Fortitude  
 In such a measure, that I doe not feare  
 (Distractedly) those tortures which appeare  
 In solitary darknesse: yet, some part  
 Of this, and of all frailties in my heart  
 Continues he; that so I might confesse  
 His mercies with continuall thankfulnessse,

And

And, somewhat (evermore) about me beare,  
Which unto me my frailties may declare.  
Yea (though without distemper, now it be)  
So much of those grim feares are shewed me,  
Which terrifi'd my childhood, and which make  
The hearts of aged men, sometimes to quake ;  
That I am sensible of their estate ;  
And can their case the more compassionate,  
Who on their beds of death doe pained lye,  
Exil'd from comfort, and from company,  
When dreadfull *Fancies* doe their soules afright,  
Begotten by the melancholy night.

Glad was I, when I saw the Sun appeare,  
(And with his Rayes to bleffe our Hemisphere)  
That from the tumbled bed I might arise,  
And with more lightfomnesse refresh mine eyes :  
Or with some good companions, read, or pray,  
To passe, the better, my sad thoughts away :  
For, though such thoughts oft usefull are, and good ;  
Yet, knowing well, I was but flesh and blood,  
I also knew mans naturall condition  
Must have in joyes, and griefes, an intermission,  
Lest too much joy should fill the heart with folly,  
Or, too much grieve breed dangerous melancholy.  
But, when the Morning came, it little shewed,  
Save light, to see discomfortings renewed :  
For, if I staid within, I heard relations  
Of nought but dying pangs, and lamentations.  
If in the Streets I did my footing set,  
With many sad disasters there I met.  
And, objects of mortality and feare,  
I saw in great abundance ev'ry where.

Here, one man stagger'd by, with visage pale :  
There, lean'd another, grunting on a stall.

A

A third, halfe dead, lay gasping for his grave ;  
 A fourth did out at window call, and rave ;  
 Yonn came the *Bearers*, sweating from the *Pit*,  
 To fetch more bodies to replenish it.  
 A little further off, one sits, and shoves  
 The *spots*, which he *Deaths tokens* doth suppose,  
 (E're such they be) and, makes them so indeed ;  
 Which had been *signes of health*, by taking heed.  
 For, those *round-purple-spots*, which most have thought  
*Deaths* fatall tokens (where they forth are brought,)  
 May prove *Life tokens*, if that ought be done,  
 To helpe the worke, which *Nature* hath begun.  
 Whereas, that feare, which their opinion brings  
 Who threaten *Death* ; the want of cordiall things  
 (To helpe remove that poison from the heart,  
 Which *Nature* hath expelled thence in part)  
 And then, the *Sickmans* liberty of having  
 Cold drinks, and what his appetite is craving,  
 Brings backe againe those humours pestilent,  
 Which by the vitall pow'rs had forth beene sent.  
 So by recharging him that was before  
 Nigh spent, the fainting Combatant gives o're :  
 And he that cheerfully did raise his head,  
 Is often, in a moment, stricken dead.  
*Feare* also helps it forward. Yea, the terror  
 Occasion'd, by their fond and common error,  
 Who tell the *sicke*, that markt for Death they be,  
 (When those *blew spots* upon their flesh they see)  
 Ev'n that hath murthred thousands, who might here  
 Have lived, else, among us, many a yeare.  
 For, if the *Surgeons*, or the *Searchers*, know  
 Those *markes*, which for the markes of death do goe,  
 From *common-spots*, or *purples*, (which we must  
 Confesse, or else all kinde of spots distrust)

Then



Then, such as we *Death-tokens* call were seene  
On some, that have long since recover'd beene.

Before I learned this, I fixt mine eyes  
On many a private mans calamities,  
And saw the Streets (wherein a while agoe  
We scarce could passe, the people fill'd them so)  
Appeare nigh desolate ; yea, quite forlorne  
And for their wonted visitants to mourne.

Much peopled *Westminster*, where late, I saw,  
So many rev'rend *Judges* of the Law,  
With Clients, and with Suitors hemmed round :  
Where *Courts* and *Palaces* did so abound  
With bus'nesses : and, where, together met  
Our *Thrones* of *Iustice*, and our *Mercy-seat* ;  
That place, was then frequented, as you see  
Some *Villages* on *Holy-dayes* will be  
When halfe the Towneship, and the hamlets nigh  
Are met to revell, at some Parish, by.  
Perhaps, the wronging of the Orphans cause,  
Denying, or perverting of the Lawes  
There practised, did set this *Plague* abbreeding,  
And sent the *Terme* from *Westminster* to *Reading*.  
Her goodly *Church* and *Chappell*, did appeare  
Like some poore *Minster* which hath twice a yeare  
Foure visitants : And, her great *Hall*, wherein  
So great a *Randevow* had lately bin,  
Did look like those old *Structures*, where long since  
Men say, King *Arthur* kept his residence.  
The *Parliament* had left her, to goe see  
If they could learne at *Oxford* to agree ;  
Or if that ayre were better for the health  
And safety of our English *Common-wealth*.  
But there, some did so counsell, and so vrge  
The Body politike to take a purge,

To

To purifie the parts that seem'd foule :  
 Some others did that motion so controule,  
 And plead so much for Cordialls, and for that  
 Which strengthen might the sinnewes of the *State*,  
 That all the time, the labour, and the cost,  
 Which had bestowed beene, was wholly lost.  
 And, here, the empty House of *Parliament*  
 Did looke as if it had beene discontent,  
 Or griev'd (me thought) that *Oxford* should not be  
 More prosperous, yet ; nor could I any see  
 Resort to comfort her : But, there did I  
 Behold two *Traytors* heads, which perching high,  
 Did shew their *teeth*, as if they had been grinning  
 At those Afflictions which are now beginning,  
 Yea, their wide *eye-holes*, star'd, me thought, as tho'  
 They lookt to see that *House* now overthrow  
 Itselfe, which they with Powder up had blowne,  
 Had God, their snares, and them, not overthrowne.

*White Hall*, where not three months before, I spi'd  
 Great *Britaine* in the height of all her pride,  
 And, *France* with her contending, which could most  
 Outbrave old *Rome* and *Persia*, in their cost  
 On *Robes* and *Feasts* : Ev'n that lay solitary,  
 As doth a quite-forfaken *Monastery*  
 In some lone Forrest ; and we could not passe  
 To many places, but through weeds and graffe.  
 Perhaps, the sinnes, of late, committed there,  
 Occasions of such desolation were.  
 Pray God, there be not others, in the *State*,  
 That will make all, at last, be desolate.

The *Strand*, that goodly thorow-fare betweene  
 The *Court* and *City* (and where I have secne  
 Well nigh a million passing in one day)  
 Is now, almost, an unfrequented way :

And

And peradventure, for those impudencies,  
Those riots, and those other foule offences,  
Which in that place were frequent, when it had  
So great resort ; it is now justly made  
To stand unvisited. God grant it may  
Repent ; lest longer, and another way  
It stand unpeopled, or some others use  
Those blessings, which the owners now abuse.

The *City-houses* of our English *Peeres*,  
Now smoakt as seldome, as in other yeares  
Their *Country-palaces* : and, they perchance  
Much better know then doth my ignorance,  
Why so it came to passe. But, wish I shall  
That they their wayes to minde would better call ;  
Lest both their Country, and their City-piles,  
Be smoaking seene, and burning, many miles.

The *Innes of Court* I entred ; and I saw  
Each Roome so desolate, as if the *Law*  
Had out-law'd all her *Students* ; or that there  
Some fear'd arrestings, where no *Sergeants* were.  
Most dreame that this great fright was thither sent  
Not purposely, but came by accident ;  
And so, but little use is taken from  
Gods *Judgements*, to amend the times to come.  
Yet, I dare say, it was a warning given  
Ev'n by appointment : and decreed in heaven :  
To signifie, that if our *Lawyers* will  
In their abusive wayes continue still,  
The cause of their profession quite forgetting,  
And to their practices no limits setting,  
Till they (as heretofore the Clergy were)  
Are moe in number then the *Land* can beare.  
Their goodly *Palaces* shall spew them forth,  
As excrements that have nor use nor worth ;

And

And, be disposed of, as now they fee,  
 The *Priories*, and *Monasteries* be.  
 It griev'd me to behold this wofull change,  
 And places so well knowne, appeare so strange.  
 But, oh poore *LONDON!* when I lookt on thee,  
 Remembring therewithall, thy jollity  
 Erewhile ; and how soone after I did meet  
 With griefe and sad complaints in ev'ry freet.  
 When I did minde how throng'd thy Gates have bin  
 And then perceiv'd so few past out or in.  
 When I consider'd that abundant store  
 Of wealth, which thou discover'dst heretofore :  
 And, looking on thy many empty *stalls*,  
 Beheld thy *shops* fet up their wooden-wals :  
 Me thought, thou shouldst not be that *London*, which  
 Appear'd of late so populous, and rich ;  
 But, some large *Burrough* ; either falling from  
 Her height ; or, not unto her greatnesse come.  
 If to thy *Port* I walkt ; it mov'd remorse,  
 To see how greatly, Trade and Intercourse  
 Decayed there ; and what depopulations,  
 Were made in thy late peopled habitations.  
 Thy *Royall Change*, which was the Randevow  
 Wherein all Nations met, the whole world through,  
 Within whose princely walls we heard the sound  
 Of ev'ry Language spoke on Earths vast *Round* ;  
 And where we could have known what had bin done  
 In ev'ry forraine *Coast* below the Sun :  
 That *Place*, the City-Merchant, and the Stranger  
 Avoyned as a place of certaine danger :  
 And feared (as it seemes) they might have had  
 Some bargain ther, that would have spoild their trade  
 Thy large *Cathedrall*, whose decaying frame  
 Thou leavest unrepaired to thy shame,

Had

Had scarce a *Walker* in her *middle Ile*;  
And, ev'ry Marble of that ancient *Pile*,  
Did often drop, and seeme to shed forth teares,  
For thy late ruine though thou sleightest hers.

The time hath been, that once a day, from thence,  
We could have had a large intelligence  
Of most occurrences, that publique were.  
Yea, many times we had relations there,  
Of things, whose foolish actors never thought  
Their deeds to open scanning should be brought.  
There, heard we oft made publique by report,  
What *Secrefies* were whisper'd in the *Court*.  
The *Closet-Counsels*, and the Chamber work,  
Which many thinke in privacy doth lurke.  
There heard we what those *Lords*, and *Ladies* were,  
Who met disguised, they know when, and where.  
There heard we what they did, and what they said ;  
And many foolish plots were there bewraid :  
There, heard we reasons, why such men were made  
Great *Lords* and *Knights*, who no deserving had,  
In common view : and how great *Princes* eyes  
Are dazled and abus'd with fallacies.  
There heard we for what *Gifts*, most *Doctors* rise,  
And gaine the *Churches* highest dignities.  
The truest causes also there were knowne,  
Why men advanced are, or pulled downe.  
Why *Officers* are changed, or displaced ;  
Why some confined are, and some disgraced ;  
And what among the wise, those men doe seeme,  
That are great *Statesmen*, in their owne esteeme.  
There we have heard, what Princes have intended,  
When they to doe some other thing pretended.  
What *Policies*, and *Projects*, men pursue,  
With publique aymes, and with a pious shew.

K

Why

Why from the *Counsell* one is turned out ;  
 What makes another counterfeit the gout,  
 And many other mysteries beside,  
 Which hardly can the mentioning abide.

But those *Athenian* Merchantmen were gone,  
 Who made exchange of Newes ; and few or none  
 To heare or make reports remained there.  
 Yea they who scarce a day (as if they were  
 Of *Pauls* the walking *Statues*) staid from thence  
 Since *LONDON* felt the last great *Pestilence*,  
 Ev'n they were gone ; and those void *Iles* did look  
 As if some *properties* had them forfooke.

Our *Theaters*, our *Tavernes*, *Tennis-courts*,  
 And Gaming-houfes whither great resorts  
 Were wont to come ; then, feldome were frequented :  
 Not that such vanities we much repented ;  
 But, lest those places, which had follies taught us,  
 Might some reward, unlooked for, have brought us.  
 Where we with *Pestilences* of the foule  
 Each other had polluted and made foule,  
 Our bodies were infected ; and our breaths,  
 Which had endanger'd our eternall deaths,  
 (In former times) by uttring heresies,  
 By scandals, and by basest flatteries,  
 Or wanton speeches ; purifide the Ayre,  
 The blood ev'n at the fountaine did impaire,  
 To coole our lust : And they that were the blisses  
 Of some mens lives, did poison them with kisses.

The Markets which a while before did yeeld  
 What ayre, seas, rivers, garden, wood, or field,  
 To furnish them afforded ; now had nought,  
 But what some few in secret thither brought.  
 For (as aforefaid) it was ordred so,  
 That none should with provisions, come or goe.

So

So, like a Towne beleaguer'd thou didst fare,  
In some respects : And, but that God had care  
By making others feele necessities  
Which forced them to minister supplies ;  
Thou hadst beene famisht, or beene faine to bring  
Provisions in by way of forraging :  
And then their foolishnesse, had brought upon  
Those men, two mischiefes, who did feare but one.

Hereafter therefore, practise well to use  
Those plenties thou didst heretofore abuse ;  
Lest God, againe bereave thee of thy store,  
And never so enlarge his bounty more.  
For, to correct thy *Surfets*, and *Excesse*,  
Thy sleighting of the poore, thy thanklesnesse,  
And such like finnes ; God worthily restrained  
Those plenties which thy pride and lust maintained.

Thy dwellings, from whose windowes I have seen  
A thousand Ladies, that might Queenes have beene  
For bravery, and beauty : And, some far  
More faire then they that sam'd in *Legends* are.  
Those flood unpeopled, as those houses doe  
Which *Sprights*, and Fairies doe resort unto.  
None to their closed wickets made repaire ;  
Their empty gasements gaped wide for ayre ;  
And where once foot clothes and Caroches were  
Attending ; now flood *Coffins*, and a *Biere*.  
Yea Coffins oftener past by ev'ry doore,  
Then Coaches, and Caroches, heretofore.

To see a country Lady, or a Knight  
Among us then, had beene as rare a sight  
As was that *Elephant* which came from Spaine,  
Or some great Monster spewd out of the *Maine*.  
If by mischance the people in the street,  
A *Courtier*, or a Gentleman did meet,

K 2

They

They with as much amazement him did view,  
 As if they had beheld the wandering *Jew*.  
 And, many, seeing me to keepe this place,  
 Did looke as if they much bewaild my case,  
 And halfe belee'vd that I was doomed hither,  
 That (since close-prison, halfe a yeare together,  
 Nor private wrongs, nor publique dis-respect,  
 Could breake my heart, nor much the same deject)  
 This *Plague* might kill me, which is come to whip  
 Those faults which heretofore my pen did strip.

But here I walkt in safety to behold  
 What changes, for instruction, see I could.  
 And, as I wandred on, my eye did meet,  
 Those halfe-built *Pageants* which, athwart the street,  
 Did those triumphant Arches counterfeit,  
 Which heretofore in ancient *Rome* were set,  
 When their victorious *Generalls* had thither  
 The spoile of mighty kingdomes brought together.  
 The loyall Citizens (although they lost  
 The glory of their well-intended cost)  
 Erected those great Structures to renowne  
 The new receiving of the Sov'raigne Crowne  
 By hopefull *CHARLES* (*whose royall exaltation,*  
*Make thou oh! God, propitious to this Nation.*)

But when those works, imperfect, I beheld,  
 They did new causes of sad musings yeeld,  
 Portending ruine. And, did seeme, me thought,  
 In honor of Deaths trophees to be wrought;  
 Much rather, then from purposes to spring  
 Which aymed at the honor of a King.  
 For, their unpolisht forme, did make them fit  
 For direfull *Showes*: yea, *DEATH* on them did fit.  
 His *Captives* passed under ev'ry *Arch*;  
 Among them, as in *Triumph* he did march;  
 Through



Through ev'ry Street, upon mens backs were borne  
 His Conquests. His black Liveries were worne,  
 In ev'ry House almost. His spoyle was brought  
 To ev'ry Temple. Many Vaults were fraught  
 With his new prizes. And his followers grew  
 To such a multitude, that halfe our Eugh,  
 And all our Cypresse trees, could hardly lend him  
 A branch for ev'ry one who did attend him.

My fancy did present to me that houre  
 A glimpse of *DEATH* ev'n in his greatest power.  
 Me thought I saw him, in a Charret ride,  
 With all his grim companions by his side.  
 Such as *Oblivion*, and *Corruption* be.  
 Not halfe a step before him, rode these three,  
 (On monsters backt) *Paine*, *Horror*, and *Despaire* :  
 Whose fury, had not *Faith*, and *Hope*, and *Pray'r*,  
 Prevented, through Gods mercy none had ever  
 Escap'd Destruction by their best endeavour.  
 For, next to *Death*, came *Judgement* : after whom,  
*Hell* with devouring Iawes, did gaping come,  
 To swallow all : But, she at *One* did snap,  
 Who now, for many, hath made way to scape.  
*Death's* Cart, with many chaines, & ropes, & strings,  
 And, by a multitude of severall things,  
 As *Pleasures*, *Passions*, *Cares*, and such as they,  
 Was drawne along upon a beaten way,  
 New gravell'd with old bones : and *Sin* did seeme  
 To be the formost *Beast* of all the *Teeme* :  
 And, *Sicknesse* to be that which haled next  
 The *Charret wheele* ; for none I saw betwixt,  
*Time* led the way ; and, *Iustice* did appeare,  
 To sit before and play the *Charioteer*.  
 For since our *Sin* to pull on *Death* begun,  
 The whip of *Iustice* makes the Charret run.

K 3

There

There was of Trumpets, and of Drums the sound ;  
But in loud cries, and roarings it was drown'd.  
Sad *Elegies*, and songs of *Lamentation*  
Were howled out ; but, moved no compassion.  
Skulls, Coffins, Spades, and Mattocks placed were  
About the Charret. Crawling *Wormes* were there  
And whatsoever else might signifie  
*Deaths* nature, and weak mans mortalitie.

Before the Charret, such a multitude  
Of ev'ry Nation in the world I view'd,  
That neither could my eye so farre perceive,  
As they were thronging ; nor my heart conceive  
Their countlesse number. For, all those that were  
Since *Abel* dy'd, he drove before him there.  
And, of those thousands, dying long agoe,  
Some here and there, among them, I did know,  
Whose Vertues them in death distinguished  
(In spight of *Death*) from others of the dead.  
I saw them stand, me thought, as you shall see  
High spreading *Oakes*, which in fel'd Copfes be,  
O're top the shrubs ; and, where scarce two are found  
Of growth, within ten thousand rod of ground.

Of those who dy'd within the Age before  
This yeare, I scarce distinguished a score  
From Beasts, and Fowles, & Fishes. For, *Death* makes  
So little difference twixt the flesh he takes,  
That, into dust alike he turnes it all.  
And, if no vertue make distinction shall,  
Those men who did of much in lifetime boast,  
Shall dying, in the common heap be lost.

But, of those *Captives* which my fantasie  
Presented to my apprehensions eye  
To grace this *Monarkes* Triumph ; most I heeded  
Those troupes, which next before the *Carr* proceeded,  
Ev'n

Ev'n those which in the circuit of this yeare,  
 The prey of *Death* within our Iland were :  
 It was an *Army-royall*, which became  
 A King, and loe, King *JAMES* did lead the fame.  
 The Duke of *Richmond*, and his onely brother  
 The Duke of *Lenox*, seconded each other.  
 Next them in this attendance follow'd on  
 That noble *Scot*, the Marquis *Hammilton*,  
 Southampton, Suffolke, Oxford, Nottingham,  
 And *Holderneffe*, their Earledomes leaving, came  
 To wait upon this Triumph. There I saw  
 Some rev'rend *Bishops*, and some men of *Law*,  
 As *Winchester*, and *Hubbard*, and I know not  
 Who else ; for to their memories I owe not  
 So much as here to name them : nor doe I  
 Vpon me take to mention punctually  
 Their order of departing, nor to sweare  
 That all of these fell just within the yeare.  
 For of the time if somewhat I doe misse,  
 The matter sure not much materiall is.

Some Barons and some Viscounts, saw I too,  
*Zouch*, *Bacon*, *Chichester*, and others moe,  
 Whose Titles I forget. There follow'd then  
 Some Officers of note ; some Aldermen ;  
 Great store of Knights, and Burgeeses, with whom  
 A couple marcht, that had the *Sheriffedome*  
 Of London that sad yeare : the one of which  
 In Piety and Vertue dy'd so rich,  
 (If his surviving fame may be beleev'd)  
 That for his losse the City much hath grieved.  
 To be an honor to him, here, therefore  
 I fixe the name of *Crisp*, which name he bore :  
 And I am hopefull it shall none offend,  
 The Muses doe this right unto their friend.

K 4

Some

Some others also of great state and place,  
 To me nor knowne by office, name, nor face,  
 Made up the concourse. But, the common Rabble  
 To number or distinguish, none was able.  
 For, rich and poore, men, women, old and yong,  
 So fast and so confusedly did throng;  
 By strokes of *Death*, so markt, so gastly wounded,  
 So thrust together, and so much confounded  
 Among that glut of people, which from hence  
 Were sent among them, by the *Pestilence*,  
 That possible it was not, to descry  
 Or who or what they were who passed by.  
 Yet, now and then, me thought, I had the view  
 Of some who much resembled those I knew.  
 And, faine I would the favour have procured  
 To keepe their Names from being quite obscured  
 Among the multitude. But, they were gone  
 Before the meanes could well be thought upon.  
 And passe they must for aye, unknowne of me :  
 For, this was but a waking Dreame, I see.

These *Fancies*, Melancholy often bred :  
 Yea, many such like *Pageants* in my head  
 My working apprehension did beget,  
 According to those objects which I met.  
 Some, full of comfort, able to relieve  
 The heart whom dreadfull thoughts did over-grieve.  
 Some full of horror ; such as they have had  
 (If I mistake not) that grow desp'rate mad.  
 Some, like to their illusions, who in stead  
 Of being humbled in this place of dread,  
 Are puffed up by their deliverance :  
 And being full of dangerous arrogance,  
 Abuse their foules, with vaine imaginations,  
 Ill-grounded hopes, suggested revelations,

And

And such like toyes, which in their hearts arise  
From their owne Pride, and Sathans fallacies.

Some, such as those I had ; and other some,  
Which cannot be by words exprest from  
My troubled heart. And, if I had not got  
Gods hand, to help untie their *Gordian-knot* ;  
His prefence, my bold reas'nings to controule ;  
To curb my passion ; to informe my soule ;  
My faith to strengthen ; doubtings to abate ;  
And so to comfort, and to arbitrate,  
That I might see I was of him beloved,  
(Though me with many secret feares he proved)  
Sure, in my selfe some *Hell* I had invented,  
Where endless thoughts, & doubts, had me tormented.

But, God those depths hath show'd me, that I might  
See what we cary in our selves to fright  
Our selves withall. And what a hell of feare  
Is in our very soules, till he be there.  
Ev'n when I had the brightnesse of the day,  
To chase my meloncholy thoughts away,  
I was to musings troublesome disposed,  
As well as when the darknesse me enclosed ;  
That, by experiments, which reall are,  
Those horrors which to others oft appeare  
(And are not demonstrable) might in part  
Be felt in me, to mollifie my heart ;  
To stir up hearty thankfulnesse ; and make  
My soule, in him the greater pleasure take. (me,  
For frō those prospects, & those thoughts that grieve  
I, those extractions make that much releeve me.  
And when my inward combatings are past,  
It giveth to my joyes the sweeter tast.

But leaving this, I will againe returne  
To that for which the people soonest mourne.

K 5

I

I lookt along the Streets of chiefeſt trade ;  
 And, there, perpetuall *Holiday* they made.  
 They that one day in ſev'n could not forbear  
 From trading ; had not one in halfe a yeare.  
 And, all which ſome had from their childhood got,  
 The charges of their flight defrayed not.  
 To make the greedy *Cormorant* regard  
 The *Sabbath* more, and of ill gaines appear'd.

False wares, false oathes, false meaſures, and false  
 False promiſes, and falſified lights, (weights,  
 Were puniſht with false hopes, false joyes, false fears,  
 False ſervants, and false friends, to them and theirs.  
 They who of late their neighbours did contemne,  
 Had not a neighbour left to comfort them,  
 When neighbourhood was needfull. Such as were  
*Selfe-lovers*, by themſelves remained here ;  
 And wanted thoſe contentments, which ariſe,  
 From Chriſtian *Love*, and mutuall Amities.  
 Moſt *Trades* were tradefaln, & few Merchāts thriv'd,  
 Save thoſe men, who by *Death* and *Sickneſſe*, liv'd.  
 The *Sextons*, *Searchers*, they that *Corpses* carie,  
 The *Herb-wiſe*, *Druggiſt*, and *Apothecarie*,  
*Phyiſitians*, *Surgeons*, *Nurſes*, *Coffin-makers*,  
 Bold *Mountebanckes*, and ſhameleſſe undertakers,  
 To cure the *Peſt* in all ; theſe, rich become :  
 And what we pray to be delivered from  
 Was their advantage. Yea, the worſt of theſe  
 Grew ſtout, and fat, and proud by this diſeaſe.

Some, vented reſuſe wares, at three times more,  
 Than what is beſt, was prized at before.  
 Some ſet upon their labours ſuch high rates,  
 As paſſed Reason : ſo, they whoſe eſtates  
 Did faile of reaching to a price ſo high,  
 Were faine to periſh without remedy.

Some

Some, wolvisly, did prey upon the quick,  
 Some, theevishly, purloyned from the sick.  
 Some robb'd the dead of sheets, some, of a grave,  
 That there another guest may lodging have :  
 Yea, Custome had so hardned most of them,  
 That they Gods Iudgements wholly did contemne.  
 They, so hard-hearted, and so stupid grew,  
 So dreadlesly their cōurse they did pursue,  
 Yea so they flouted, and such jests did make  
 At that, for which each Christian heart did ake,  
 That greater were the Plague their mind to have,  
 Then of the *Pestilence* to lye and rave.

Now muse I not at what *Thucydides*  
 Reporteth of such wicked men as these,  
 When *Athens* was depopulated nigh  
 By such a Pestilence. Nor wonder I,  
 That when the *Plague* did this time sixty yeare  
 Oppresse the Towne of *Lyons*, that some there  
 Were said to ravish women, ev'n when death  
 Was drawing from them their last gaspe of breath.  
 And when infectious Blaines on them they saw,  
 Which might have kept their lustfull flesh in awe.  
 For man once hardned in impenitence,  
 Is left unto a reprobated sense.

Till God shall sanctifie it, weale, nor woe,  
 Can make us feare him as we ought to doe.  
 His love made wanton *Isr'el* spurne at him ;  
 His plagues made *Phar'oh*, his sharpest rod contemn :  
 And as the Sun from dunghils, and from sinks,  
 Produceth nothing but ranck weeds, and stinks ;  
 Yet makes a Garden of well-tilled ground,  
 With wholefome fruits, and fragrant flowres abound :  
 Or, as in bruising, one thing senteth well,  
 Another yeelds a loathsome, stinking smell ;

So

So, *Plagues* and *Blessings*, their effects declare,  
According as their fev'ral objects are.

Indeed, my young experience never saw,  
So much security, and so much awe  
Dwell both together in one place, as here  
In this mortality, there did appeare.  
I am perswaded, time and place was never  
In which afflicted men did more endeavor  
By teares, vowes, prayers and true penitence,  
To pacifie Gods wrath for their offence.  
Nor ever was it seene, I think, before,  
That men in wickednesse presumed more.

Here you should meet a man with bleared eyes,  
Bewailing our encreasing miseries ;  
Another there, quite reeling drunk, or spewing,  
And by renewed sins, our woes renewing.  
There sate a *peece of shamelesnesse*, whose flaring  
Attires and looks, did shew a monstrous daring :  
For, in the postures of true impudence,  
She seem'd as if she woo'd the *Pestilence*.  
Yonn talkt a couple, matter worth your hearing :  
Hard by, were others, telling lyes, or swearing.  
Some streets had *Churches* full of people, weeping :  
Some others, *Tavernes* had, rude-revel keeping :  
Within some houses *Psalmes* and *Hymnes* wer sung :  
With raylings, and loud scouldings, others rung.  
More *Charity*, did never, yet, appeare :  
Nor more malicioufnesse, then we had here.  
True piety was eminently knowne ;  
Hypocrisie as evidently showne.  
More avarice, more gapers for the wealth  
Of such as dy'd ; no former times of health  
Afforded us ; nor men of larger heart,  
Things needfull for their brethren, to impart.

Their



Their masters goods, some servants lewdly spent,  
 In nightly feastings, foolish merriment,  
 And lewd uncleanness. Other some againe,  
 Did such an honest carefulnesse retaine,  
 That their endeavors had a good successe,  
 And, *Man* and *Master* met with joyfulness.

Yea, *Good* and *Evill*, penitence and sin  
 Did here so drive each other out and in ;  
 That in observing it, I saw, me thought,  
 In sight of Heav'n, a dreadfull *Combat* fought,  
 Concerning this whole *Iland*, which yet lyes,  
 To be Gods purchase, or the devils prise.

*Vice* wounded *Vertue* ; *Vertue* oft compeld  
 The strongest *Vices* to forsake the field.  
*Distrust* rais'd up a storme, to drive away  
*Sure-helpe*, our ship, which at *Hopes* anchor lay ;  
 And brought supplies with ev'ry winde and tyde,  
 Whereby this Land was fed and fortifi'd.  
 The *Fort* of *Faith*, was plaid on by *Despaire* :  
 But then the gun-shot of *Continuall-Pray'r*  
 (Well aym'd at *Heav'n*) *Devotion* so did ply,  
 That, he dismounts the *Foes Artillery*.  
 The *Spirit* and the *Flesh* together strive,  
 And, oft each other into perill drive.  
*Presumption*, huge high *Scaling ladders*, reared,  
 And then the taking of our *Fort* was feared.  
 But awfull *Reverence* did him oppose,  
 And with *Humilities* deepe *Trench* enclose  
 The *Platforme* of that Fortresse, from whose Towres  
 We fight with *Principalities*, and *Pow'rs*.

*Suggestion* lay *pur due* by *Contemplation*,  
 And fought to disadvantage *Meditation*.  
 The *Regiment* of *Prudence* was assailed,  
 By head-strong *Ignorance*, who much prevailed.

Where

Where *Temperance* was quarter'd, there I saw  
*Excesse* and *Riot*, both together draw  
 Their troupes against her : and, I some espy'd  
 To yeeld, and overcome on either side.

The place that valiant *Fortitude* made good,  
*Faint-heartednesse* (though out of fight he flood)  
 Did cowardly oppose, and courtes take,  
 Which otherwhile his Constancy did shake.  
 For *Carnall-policy* her Engineer,  
 Had closely suncke a *Mine*, which had gone neere  
 To blow all up. But *Providence* divine  
 Did soone prevent it by a *Counter-mine*.  
 Yet *Morall-Iustice* (though a *Court of Guard*  
 Was plac'd, and oft releev'd in her *Ward*)  
 Had much adoe to make a strong defence  
 Against her *Foes*. For, *Fraud*, and *Violence*,  
*Respect of persons*, *Feare*, *Hate*, *Perjury*,  
*Faire-speaking*, and corrupting *Bribery*,  
 Did wound her much ; though she did often take  
 Avengement ; and of some, examples make.

Some *Vices*, there, I saw themselves disguise  
 Like *Vertues*, that their *Foes* they might surprize ;  
 As doe the *Dunkirks*, when aboard to lay  
 Our ships, an *English* flag they do display.  
*Pride* went for *Comelinesse* : profuse *Excesse*,  
 For *Hospitality* : base *Drunkennesse*  
 Was call'd *Good fellowship* : blunt *Rashnesse* came  
 Attyr'd like *Valour* : *Sloth* had got the name  
 Of *Quietnesse* : accursed *Avarice*,  
 Was term'd *Good husbandry*. Meere *Cowardice*  
 Appear'd like prudent *Warinesse*, and might  
 Have pass'd for a very valiant wight.  
 Yea, ev'ry *Vice*, to gaine his purpose, had  
 Some masks or vertue-like disguises made,

And

And, many times, such hellish plots were laid,  
That divers morall *Vertues* were gainfaid,  
Defam'd, pursu'd, and wounded by their owne ;  
Whose glory had not else beene overthrowne.

*Iust-dealing* had beene tooke for *Cruelty* :  
*Pure-love* for *Lust* : upright *Integrity*  
For cunning *Falshood* : yea, divinest *Graces*  
Have beene at variance brought in divers Cafes,  
(By wicked *Stratagems*) that vaine Inventions,  
Might frustrate pious workes, and good intentions.

To further strife, great *Quarrels* broached are,  
Twixt *Faith* and *Workes*. There is another jar  
Begun erewhile, betwixt no worfe a paire,  
Then *Preaching*, and her blessed Sister *Pray'r*.  
*God grant they may agree ; for, I ne're knew*  
*A quiet Church but where they kept one Pew.*

*Faith* and *Repentance* also are, of late,  
About their *Birth-right* fallen at debate.  
But by the *Church-bookes* it appeares to me  
Their *Births* and their *Conceptions* mention'd be  
Without such nice regard to their precedings,  
As some have urged in their needleffe pleadings,  
And, so it pleas'd the *Father, Sonne* and *Spirit* :  
Because that *Law* by which they shall inherit  
The promist meed ; doth never question move,  
How soone or late, but how sincere they prove.

Moreover, in this *Battell* I espy'd  
Some *Ambodexters*, fight on either side.  
The *Moralist*, who all Religion wants ;  
*Church-Papists* ; Time-observing *Protestants*.  
All *Double-dealers* ; *Hypocrites*, and such  
Base *Neutrals*, who have scandalized much,  
And much endanger'd those who doe contend  
This *Ile*, from Desolation, to defend.

Befide

Beside these former *Combatants*, which fought  
 Against or for us ; I perceiv'd, me thought,  
 Both good and evill *Angels* fighting too,  
 The one, to help ; the other, harme to doe.  
 And though this battell yet appeareth not  
 To common view, so cruell nor so hot  
 As I conceive it : yet it will appeare  
 To all in time, with comfort, or with feare.  
 For, still, and ev'ry day, those enemies  
 Stand arm'd and watching opportunities  
 To feize us ; and will feize us if these times  
 Shall make complete the measure of our Crimes ;  
 Or our continuing Follies drive away  
 Our Angell Guard, which doth our fall delay.  
*Oh slay them Lord ! and make that side the stronger,*  
*For whom this Land shall yet be spared longer.*

And let us, my deare Countrimen, with speed,  
 Of that which so concerneth us, take heed.  
 Observe, thou famoust City of this Land,  
 How heavily on thee God layes his hand.  
 The very rumour of this *Plague* did make  
 The farthest dwellers of this *Ile* to shake :  
 And such a sent of *Death* they seem'd to cary,  
 Who in or neare about thy Climate tary,  
 That, from the *Mount* to *Barwick* they were hated,  
 Or shunn'd, as persons excommunicated.  
 And three weekes ayling on old *Sarum* plaine,  
 Would scarce a lodging for a brother gaine.  
 Yea, mark, mark *London*, and confesse with me,  
 That God hath justly, thus afflicted thee,  
 And that in ev'ry point this *Plague* hath bin  
 According to the nature of thy sin.  
 In thy prosperity, such was thy pride,  
 That thou the *Countries* plainnesse didst deride.

Thy

Thy wanton Children would oft straggle out,  
 At honest husbandmen to jeere and flout.  
 Their homely garments, did offend thine eyes :  
 They did their rurall Dialects despise :  
 Their games and merriments (which for them, be  
 As commendable, as are thine for thee)  
 Thou laughedst at ; their gestures, and their fashions,  
 Their very diet, and their habitations  
 Were sported at : yea, those ingratefull Things,  
 Did scoffe them for their hearty *Welcomings* ;  
 And taught ev'n those that had been country born  
 The wholesome places of their birth to scorne.

And *see*, now *see*, those thanklesse ones are faine  
 To seeke their fathers thatched Roofes againe ;  
 And, aske those *good old women* blessing, whom  
 They did not see, since they did rich become ;  
 And never would have seene, perhaps, unlesse  
 This *Plague* had whipped their ingratelnesse.  
 Yea, thine owne Naturall Children have beene glad,  
 To scrape acquaintance where no friends they had,  
 To praise a homely, and a smoky *Shed* ;  
 A darke low *Parlour*, an uneasie *Bed* ;  
 An ill drest diet ; yea, perchance, commend  
 A churlish Landlord, for an honest Friend ;  
 Yet be contented both to pray and pay,  
 That they may leave obtaine with him to stay.

And peradventure, some of those who plaid  
 The scoffers heretofore, were fully paid.  
 Then, *Citizens*, were sharkt, and prey'd upon,  
 In recompence of wrongs before time done  
 To silly Countrimen ; and were defeated  
 Of that, whereof, some Rusticks, they had cheated.

Moreover, for the *Countries* imitations  
 Of thy fantastick, vaine, and fruitlesse fashions,

(Of

(Of thy apparell, and of thy excesse  
 In Feasts, in Games, in Lust, in idleneffe;  
 With such abominations) some of those  
 Who came from thee, shall doubtlesly dispose  
 To ev'ry *Shire* a *Viall* of that wrath,  
 Which thy transgression long deserved hath:  
 That, thou and they, who sinners were together,  
 May Rods be made to punish one another;  
 And give each other bitterneffe to sup,  
 As you have joyntly quaff of *Pleasures* Cup.

As to and fro I walked, that I might  
 On ev'ry ruthfull *Object* fix my sight,  
 Vpon those *Golgatha's* I cast mine eye,  
 Where all the common people buried lye.  
 Lie buried did I say? I should have said,  
*Where Carcasses to bury Graves were laid.*

Lord! what a sight was there? & what strong smells  
 Ascended from among *Death's* loathsome Cells?  
 You scarce could make a little Infants bed  
 In all those *Plots*, but you should pare a head,  
 An arme, a shoulder, or a leg away,  
 Of one or other who there buried lay.  
 One grave did often many scores enclose  
 Of men and women: and, it may be those  
 That could not in two Parishes agree,  
 Now in one little roome at quiet be.

Yonn lay a heape of skulls; another there;  
 Here, halfe unburied did a Corpse appeare.  
 Close by, you might have seene a brace of feet  
 That had kickt off the rotten winding-sheet.  
 A little further saw we other some,  
 Thrust out their armes for want of elbow-roome.  
 A locke of womans hayre; a dead mans face  
 Vncover'd; and a gasty sight it was.

Oh!

Oh! here, here view'd I what the glories be  
Of pamper'd flesh : here plainly did I see  
How grim those *Beauties* will e're long appeare,  
Which we so dote on, and so covet, here.  
Here was enough to coole the hottest flame  
Of lawlesse lust. Here, was enough to tame  
The madst ambition. And, all they that goe  
Vnbetter'd from such objects ; worse doe grow.

From hence (for here was no abiding long)  
Our *Allies* and our *Lanes*, I walkt among,  
Where those *Artificers* their dwellings had,  
By whom our idle *Traders* rich are made.  
The *Plague* rav'd there indeed. For, who were they  
Whom that *Contagion* fastest swept away  
But those whose daily lab'ring hands did feed  
Their honest Families? and greatly steed  
This place by their mechanick industries?  
These are the swarmes of *Bees*, whose painfull thighes  
Bring *Wax* unto this *Hive* ; and from whose bones  
The *Honey* drops, that feedeth many *Drones*.  
These are the *Bulwarks* of this senselesse *Towne*,  
And when this *Wall of Bones* is overthrowne,  
Our stately Dwellings, now both faire and tall,  
Will quickly, of themselves, to ruine fall.

Of these, and of their housholds, daily dy'd  
'Twice more then did of all forts else beside ;  
And hungry *Poverty* (without relieves)  
Did much inrage and multiply their griefes.  
The *Rich* could flye ; or, if they staid, they had  
Such meanes that their diseafe the lesse was made.  
Yea, those poor aged folkes that make a show  
Of greatest need, did boldly come and goe,  
To aske mens Almes ; or what their Parish granted :  
And nothing at this time those people wanted,

But

But thankfulnesse ; lesse malice to each other ;  
And grace to live more quietly together.  
Their bodies, dry'd with age, were seldome struck  
By this *Disease*. Their neighbours notice took  
Of all their wants. Among them, were not many  
That had full families. Or if that any  
Of these had children sick ; some good supplies  
Were sent them from the generall Charities.

Moreover, common *Beggers* are a nation  
Not alwayes keeping in one habitation.  
They can remove as time occasion brings :  
They have their progresse as well as King ;  
And most of these, when hence the rich did goe,  
Remov'd themselves into the Country too.  
The rest about our streets did ask their bread,  
And never in their lives, were fuller fed.

But, those good people mentioned before,  
Who, till their worke did faile them, fed the poore  
As well as others ; and maintained had  
Great families, by some laborious trade :  
Ev'n those did suffer most. For, neither having  
Provision left them, nor the face of craving ;  
Nor meanes of labour : First, to pawne they sent  
Their brasse and pewter : then, their bedding went.  
Their garments next, or stufte of best esteeme :  
At length, ev'n that which should the rest redeeme,  
Their working Instruments. When that was gone,  
Their Lease was pawned, if it might be done.  
And peradventure, at the last of all,  
These things were sold outright for fums but small ;  
Or else quite forfeited. For, here were they  
Who made of these poore foules, a gainfull prey.  
And as one Plague had on the life a pow'r,  
So did these other *Plagues*, their goods devoure.

When



When all was gone, afflicted they became  
With secret griefes, with poverty and shame.  
And, wanting cheerfull minds, and due refection,  
Were seized on, the sooner by *Infection* :  
For, hearts halfe broke, and households famisht neare,  
Are quickly spent, when visited they are.

The carefull *Master*, though it would have saved  
A servants life, to get him what he craved,  
No kinde of Med'cine able was to give him ;  
Nay scarce with bread and water to relieve him :  
The tender-hearted Mother, hath for meat  
Oft heard her dearest child, in vaine, intreat ;  
And had or foure or five on point of dying  
At once, for drink to ease their torment, crying.

The loving husband sitting by her side,  
To save whose life he gladly would have dy'd,  
Vnable was out of his whole estate,  
To purchase her a dram of *Mithridate* ;  
One messe of Cordiall broth, or such like thing,  
Although it might prevent her perishing.

Sometime, at such a need, abroad they came,  
To aske for helpe ; but, then, the feare of shame,  
Of scorne, or of deniall, them with-held  
To put in practice, what their want compell'd.

Vpon an Evening (when the waining light  
Was that which could be call'd nor day nor night)  
I met with one of these, who on me cast  
A ruthfull eye : and as he by me past,  
Me thought, I heard him, softly, somewhat say,  
As if that he for some reliefe did pray :  
Whereat (he seeming in good clothes to be)  
I staid, and askt him, if he spake to me.  
He bashfully replied ; that, indeed  
He was asham'd to speake aloud, what *Need*

Did

Did make him softly mutter. Somewhat more  
 He would have spoken, but his tongue forbore  
 To tell the rest ; because his eyes did see  
 Their teares had (almost) drawne forth tears frō me,  
 And that my hand was ready to bestow  
 That helpe which my poore fortunes could allow :

Nor his, nor all mens tongues, could more relate,  
 Then I my selfe conceiv'd of his estate.  
 Me thought, I saw, as if I had beene there,  
 What wants in his, and such mens houses were ;  
 How empty, and how naked it became ;  
 How nasty, *Poverty* had made the same :  
 Me thought, I saw, how sicke his wife might lye ;  
 Me thought I heard his halfe starv'd children cry ;  
 Me thought I felt, with what a broken heart  
 He lookt upon them, e're he could depart  
 To try, if (by Gods favour) he could meet  
 With any meanes of comfort in the street.  
 And, *Lord my God*, thou know'st, that, when alone  
 The griefes of such as these, I mused on ;  
 My pitie I with watry eyes have showne,  
 And more bewail'd their sorrowes, then my owne.

But, since those *Dewes* are vaine that fruitlesse be ;  
 And since the share that is allotted me,  
 Of this worlds heritage, will not suffice  
 To bring reliefe to these mens miseries ;  
 Oh ! let my teares (ye *rich men*) make your ground  
 With fruits of Charity the more abound.  
 Let me intreat you, that, when God shall bring  
 Vpon this place, another *Visiting*,  
 You would remember, some reliefe to send  
 To those, who on their labours doe depend,  
 And have not got their impudence of face,  
 Who idly beg their bread from place to place.

God,

God, you the *Stewards* of his goods doth make,  
And how you use them, he account will take.  
It will not be enough, that you have paid  
The publique taxes on your houses laid ;  
Or that, you, now and then, doe send a summe  
To be disposed, to you know not whom :  
But, you your selves, must, by your selves alone,  
Those neighbours, or acquaintance think upon,  
Who likeliest are in such a time of need,  
To want of that, wherein you doe exceed :  
And, if you know of none, enquire them out ;  
Or leave some honest neighbour thereabout,  
To be your *Alm'ner* (when the Towne you leave)  
That, you, and they, a *Blessing* may receive.  
For, if that ev'ry wealthy man would find  
But one, or two, to cherish in this kind :  
Gods wrath would much the better be appeased,  
And we should of our plagues be sooner eased.

As I request the Richer men to take  
This pious course : A suit, I likewise take  
That our inferiour *Tradesmen*, would not so  
Abuse their times of profit, as they doe.  
For, most of those doe live at rates as high,  
As all their gaines (at utmost) will supply.  
Yea, many times they mount above the tops  
Of present fortunes, and ensuing hopes :  
That, if a sickness, or unlook'd-for Crosse,  
Or want of trade, or any slender losse,  
But for a *Yeare*, a *Quarter*, or a *Term*,  
Befalls them : it soone maketh so infirme  
Their over-strain'd Estates ; that Almes are needed,  
Ere any failings are by others heeded.

Of these, and other things I notions gained,  
Whilst in our sickly *Citie* I remained ;

And

And much I contemplated what I saw,  
 Some profitable uses thence to draw.  
 But, feeling that my thoughts nigh tyred were,  
 With over-musing on those objects there :  
 I thought to walke abroad into the field,  
 To take those comforts, which fresh ayre doth yeeld ;  
 And, to revive my heart, which heavy grew,  
 With what the streets did offer to my view ;  
 But little ease I found ; for, there mine eyes  
 Discover'd *Sorrow* in a new disguise :  
 And in so many shapes himselfe he shewed,  
 That, still my passion was afresh renewed.  
 Here, dead upon the *Road*, a man did lye,  
 That was (an houre before) as well, as I ;  
 There, fate another, who did thither come  
 In health, but had not strength to beare him home.  
 Yonn, spraul'd a third, so sicke, he did not know  
 From whence he came, nor whither he should goe.  
 A little further off, a fourth did creepe  
 Into a ditch, and there his *Obit* keepe.  
 About the Fields ran one, who being fled  
 (In spite of his attendance) from his bed,  
 Lookt like a Lunatique from *Bedlem* broken ;  
 And, though of health he had no hopefull token ;  
 Yet, that he ailed ought, he would not yeeld,  
 Till *Death* had struck him dead upon the field.  
 This way, a *Stranger* by his Host expelled,  
 That way, a *Servant* (shut from where he dwelled)  
 Came weakly stag'ring forth, and (crush'd beneath  
 Diseases, and unkindnesse) fought for *Death* ;  
 Which soone was found ; and glad was he, they say,  
 Who for his *Death-bed*, gain'd a Cock of Hay.  
 At this croffe path, were *Bearers* fetching home  
 A Neighbour, who in health did thither come :

Clofe

Cloſe by, were others digging up the ground,  
 To hide a ſtranger whom they dead had found.  
 Before me, went with Corpſes, many a one ;  
 Behinde, as many mo did follow on,  
 VVith *running-fores*, one begg'd at yonder gate :  
 At next Lanes end, another *Lazar* fate.  
 Some halted, as if wounded in the wars ;  
 Some held their necks awry ; ſome ſhew'd their ſcars ;  
 Some, met I weeping, for the loſſe of friends ;  
 Some others, for their ſwift approaching ends ;  
 And ev'ry thing with forrow was affected,  
 On whatſoe're it was mine eye reflected.

The *Proſpect*, which was wont to greet mine eye  
 With ſhowes of pleaſure in variety,  
 (And lookt, as if it cheerfully did ſmile,  
 Vpon the bordring *Villages*, erewhile.)  
 Had no ſuch pleaſingneſſe as heretofore,  
 For ev'ry place, a mask of forrow wore.  
 The walks are unfrequented, and the path  
 Late trodden bare, a graſſie Carpet hath.  
 I could not ſee (of all thoſe Gallants) one  
 That viſited *Hide-parke*, and *Mary-borne*.  
 None wandred through the paſtures, up and downe,  
 But, as about ſome petty Country towne :  
 Nor could I view in many Summers dayes,  
 One man of note to ride upon our wayes.

*Lord, what a diff'rence didſt thou put betweene  
 That Summer, and the reſt that I have ſeene !  
 How didſt thou change our Fields ! and what a face  
 Of Sadneſſe, didſt thou ſet upon each place !  
 Yet oh ! how few remember it, or feele  
 The touches of it, on their hearts of ſteele !  
 And when our baniſht tmirrh thou didſt renew,  
 Who did returne to thee the praiſes due ?*

L

What

What others apprehended, they know best ;  
 But if it could be fully here exprest  
 What of that alteration I conceiv'd,  
 When of their pleasures, God our fields bereav'd ;  
 It would much more be minded : For they had  
 Nought in them, but what moved to be sad.  
 Not many weekes, before, it was not so.  
 But, *pleasures*, had their passage to and fro.  
 Which way soever from our Gates I went,  
 I lately did behold with much content,  
 The fields bestrow'd with people all about :  
 Some pacing homeward, and some passing out.  
 Some, by the bancks of *Thame* their pleasure taking ;  
 Some, Sulli-bibs among the Milk-maids, making ;  
 With musique, some upon the waters, rowing ;  
 Some, to the next adjoyning *Hamlets* going ;  
 And *Hogfdone*, *Islington*, and *Tothnam-Court*,  
 For Cakes and Creame, had then no small resort.  
 Some, fate and woo'd their Lovers in the shadowes ;  
 Some, straggled to and fro athwart the meadowes ;  
 Some, in discourse, their houres, away did passe ;  
 Some, playd the toyish wantons on the grasse ;  
 Some, of Religion ; some of bus'nesse talked ;  
 Some coached were, some horfed ; and some walked.  
 Here Citizens ; there Students, many a one ;  
 Here two together ; and, yonn one alone.  
 Of *Nymphs* and *Ladies*, I have often ey'd  
 A thousand walking at one Evening tide ;  
 As many Gentlemen : and yong and old  
 Of meaner fort, as many, ten times told.

And, when I did from some high Towre survey  
 The Rodes, and Paths, which round below me lay,  
 Observing how each passage thronged was  
 With men and Cattell, which both wayes did passe ;  
How

How many petty paths, both far and neare,  
 With rowes of people still supplied were ;  
 What infinite provision still came in,  
 And what abundance hath exported bin ;  
 Me thought this populous *City* and the trade  
 Which we from ev'ry Coast about her had,  
 Was well resembled by an *Ant-hill*, which  
 (In some old Forrest) is made large, and rich  
 By those laborious creatures, who have thither  
 Brought all their wealth, and *Colonies* together.  
 For, as their peopled *Borough* hath resort  
 From ev'ry quarter, by a severall Port,  
 And from each Gate thereof a great Rode hath  
 That branches into many a little Path ;  
 And, as those *Negroes* doe not onely fill  
 Each great and lesser tract unto their hill,  
 But, also, spread themselves out of those wayes,  
 Among the grasse, the leaves, and bushy sprays :  
 Ev'n so, the people here, did come and goe  
 Through our large Rodes ; disperse themselves into  
 A thousand passages ; and, often stray  
 O're neighbouring Pastures, in a pathlesse way,

This, formerly I saw ; and, on that *Station*,  
 Where this I markt ; I had this *Contemplation*.

*How happy were this People, did they know  
 What rest, our God upon them did bestow !  
 On us, what showres of blessings hath he rained,  
 Which he from other Cities hath restrained ?  
 And, from how many mischiefs hath he freed us,  
 Which fall on those that in good workes exceed us ?  
 Here lurke no ravenous Beasts to make a prey  
 On those fat Cattell which these Fields o're-lay.  
 Within our Groves no cruell Out-lawes hide,  
 That in the blood of passengers are dy'd.*

L 2

Our

*Our Lambs, unwarry'd, lye abroad, benighted ;  
 By day, our Virgins walke the Fields unfrighted.  
 No neighbouring country doth our food forestall ;  
 No Convoyes need to come and goe withall ;  
 No forraine Prince can suddenly appall us,  
 For Seas doe mote us, and huge Rocks doe wall us.  
 No rotten Fennes doe make our ayre unfound ;  
 No Foe, doth with a trench enclose us round.  
 We neither tumults have by night or day,  
 Nor rude unruly Garifons in pay.  
 No Taxes, yet, our Land doth over-load ;  
 Our Children are not prest for warres abroad,  
 From Spanish Inquisitions we are free ;  
 (God grant that we, for ever, so may be)  
 We are compeld to no Idolatries ;  
 Our people doe not in rebellions rise :  
 No factious spirits much disturbe the State ;  
 No Plagues, our dwellings, yet, depopulate.  
 No Rots or Murraines have our Cattell kild :  
 Our Barnes and Store-houses, with fruits are fill'd :  
 On ev'ry threshold, store of children play ;  
 Our breeding Cattell fill both street and way.  
 And, were we thankfull unto him that gave them,  
 There are no blessings, but we here might have them.  
 See, how like Bees upon a Summer-Eve,  
 (When their young Nymphes have over-fill'd the hive)  
 They swarme about the City, sporting so,  
 As if a winter gale would never blow.  
 How little doe they dreame, how many times,  
 While they deserved ruine for their Crimes,  
 God notwithstanding, hath shewed mercies on them,  
 And slopt those Plagues that comming were upon them !  
 How seldome is it thought, the pow'r of him,  
 Whose love they much forget (if not contemne)*

*Might*



*Might heape upon them all those fearfull things,  
Which he upon our neighbouring Nations brings.  
For, in a moment, he could summon hither  
His Iudgements, and inflict them, all together.  
Ev'n all. But, one of those which he hath brought  
On other Cities, would enough be thought.*

*If in displeasure he should call from thence  
Where now it raves, the slaughtring Pestilence,  
Or else the Famine; what a change were that,  
To them that are so healthy, and so fat?  
How desolate, in lesse then halfe a yeare,  
Might all our lodgings and our streets appeare?  
How unfrequented would that randevow  
Be made, in which, we throng, and jussle now?  
How lonely would these walkes and fields be found,  
Wherein I see the people so abound?*

*Or, should he whistle for his armed Bands,  
(Which now are wasting other Christian Lands)  
To put in action on our Commick Stage  
The Tragedies of VVar, and brutish rage:  
What lamentations then here would be made,  
And calling unto minde, what peace we had?  
Should we in ev'ry house, at boord and bed  
Have Souldiers, and rude Captaines billeted,  
That would command, and swagger as if they  
Had all the Towneship (where they lodge) in pay,  
To wait upon their pleasures; and should see  
Our owne defenders, our devourers be.  
Should we behold these fields (now full of sport)  
Cut out with Trenches; there, a warlike Fort;  
Another here; A Sconce not farre from that;  
A new rais'd Mount, or some fire-spitting Cat,  
From which the Foes our actions might survey,  
And make their Bullets on our houses play.*

L 3

Should

Should we behold our Dwellings beaten downe ;  
 Our Temples batter'd ; Turrets over throwne ;  
 Our seats of pleasure burning from asarre ;  
 Heare, from without, the thundring Voice of War ;  
 Within, the shrickes of children, or the cry  
 Of women, strucke with feares, or famisht nigh.  
 Should we behold, what painfully we got,  
 Possess'd by those that seeke to cut our throat ;  
 Our children slaine before us, on the ground ;  
 Our selves pierc't through with some deep mortall wound ;  
 And see (ev'n there) where we have wantoniz'd,  
 Our beauteous wives, by some sterne Troupe surpriz'd,  
 And ravish't in our view. Or (which is worse)  
 When we have seene all this, be forc't perforce  
 To live ; and live their slaves that shall possesse  
 Our wives, and all our ourward happinesse ;  
 And, then, want also, that pure Word of Grace  
 To comfort us, which yet adorne this place.

Should such a Destiny (as God defend)  
 This people, and this place, thought I, attend.  
 (For, this may be ; and ev'ry day we heare  
 That other Nations doe this burthen beare)  
 Should we who now for pleasure walke the field,  
 Be faine to search what weeds the pastures yeeld  
 To feed us ; and peake hungerly about,  
 Some Roots, or Hawes, or Berries to finde out,  
 To keepe from starving ; and not gaine a food  
 So meane, without the hazard of our blood :  
 Should some contagious sicknesse, noisome make  
 This place, wherein, such pleasure now we take :  
 Should in these places, whither we repaire  
 Our bodies to refresh with wholesome ayre,  
 Those blastings or Serenes upon us fall,  
 Which other places are annoy'd withall.

Should

*Should from the wife the husband he divorc'd,  
Or from the parent should the child be forc'd,  
While here they walkt, and perish by the sword:  
Or, should here be a famine of the Word,  
On which would follow, to our grieve and shame,  
A thousand other Plagues which I could name.  
Should those things be; then what our blessings are  
It would by such a curse too soone appeare.*

*Then, feele we should, what comforts might arise  
From those great mercies, which we now despise,  
Or think not on. Yea, so we might enjoy  
But part of that which now we mis-employ,  
We thinke it would, a greater happinesse,  
Then, yet we finde in all we now possesse.  
We then should know how much we have beene blest  
In our long time of plenty health, and rest:  
How sweet it is that we may to and fro  
Without restraint, or feare, or danger goe;  
How much we owe to him that hath so long  
Our Granards filled, and our Gates made strong;  
Permitting us to walke for our delight  
About our fields, whilst others march to fight;  
And suffering us to feast, whilst others fast,  
Or, of the bread of sowre Affliction tast.*

*As heretofore the peopled Fields I walked,  
To this effect, my thoughts within me talked;  
And though all present Objects gave content,  
My heart did such Ideas represent  
Of Judgements likely to be cast upon  
So great a City, and a finfull one;  
That much I feared, I should live to see,  
Some such afflictions, as here mention'd be.  
And loe, (though yet, I hope, not in his wrath)  
God, part of that I fear'd, inflicted hath;*

L 4

A

A warning *War* he hath begun to wage  
 Against the crying finnes of this our age,  
 And of this place : And in a gentle wife  
 Pour'd out a taste of those Calamities  
 Which other feeble at large : that, we should mourne  
 For our transgressions, and to him returne.  
*Vouchsafe, oh ! God, that soone returne we may,*  
*Left thou in anger, sweepe us all away.*

If we observed, well, what God hath done,  
 And in what manner, he with us begun ;  
 How he forewarn'd us, of those *Plagues*, which he  
 Vouchsafed *David* should-a chuse be :  
 (And how, ev'n he himselfe, in mercy chused,  
 To keepe us from what *David* had refused)  
 We should perceive, that our most loving God  
 At first did threaten, with a *Fathers* rod.

A little while before this *Pestilence*,  
 Of his just wrath we had intelligence  
 By divers tokens, which we did contemne,  
 Or, at the best, but little heeded them.  
 The *Spring* before this *Plague*, one jerke we had  
 By *WAR*, which made no little number fad,  
 By calling many from their ease ; by taking  
 Some husbands from their wives, & childless making  
 Some *Parents* : which permitted was to show us  
 In part, what sharpe corrections God did owe us.  
 And make us minde, that this unhallow'd place  
 Is thus long spared meerely of his grace.  
 Else, to awake us with some touch of that  
 Which he hath brought on many a forraine State.

For, that he might but touch us, he did call  
 No *Armies* hither, to afflict us all.  
 But, as a *Generall* in time of war,  
 When all his Troupes of somewhat guilty are ;

On

On them the fortune of the *lot* doth try,  
 That some as warnings to the rest may dye :  
 Ev'n so, the *God of Armies*, in like case,  
 Pickt, here and there a man, from ev'ry place,  
 To meet the sword : that, ev'ry place might learne,  
 His *Mercies*, and his *Iustice* to discern,  
 And, leave off sinne ; which, if we breake not from,  
 His *Plagues*, and terrors all, will shortly come.

If any shall object, we lost in these  
 But some corrupted blood, which did disease  
 The common *Body* : Let them understand,  
 That it portends hot *Fevers* in the Land,  
 When such *Phlebotomy* is needfull thought :  
 And, that, good blood, as well as what is nought,  
 Is lost at ev'ry op'ning of a veine.  
 The foot was prick't, and we did feele no pain ;  
 The next blood-letting may be in the *Arme*,  
 Where lyes our strength. God shend us frō the harm  
 Of such like *Surgery* ; unlesse we see  
 The *Signe* be better then it seemes to be.

God scar'd us, lately, also, by a *Dearth*,  
 And for the peoples faults did curse the Earth.  
 The *Winter* last before the *Pest* began,  
 Throughout some Northerne *Shires* a Famine ranne,  
 That starved some ; and other some were faine,  
 Their hungry appetites to entertaine  
 With swine, and sheep, and hofes, which have dy'd  
 By chance : For, better could they not provide,  
 Some others on boild nettles gladly fed,  
 Or else had oft gone supperlesse to bed.  
 And this was much, considering the foile  
 And ordinary plenties of this *Ile*.  
 Nay, since the *Sicknesse*, we small hopes possessed,  
 Of that, wherewith, this Kingdom, God hath blessed.

L 5

For,

For, when *Earths* wombe did big with plenty grow,  
 When her large bosome, and full breasts, did show  
 Such signes of faire encrease, that hope of more  
 Was never in our life-times heretofore :  
 A later frost, our early blossomes crompt ;  
 The heav'ns, upon our labours, leanness dropt ;  
 And such perpetuall showres, and flouds we had,  
 That of a *Famine*, we were fearfull made,  
 And scarce had any hope (in common reason)  
 Of harvest either in, or out of season.  
 Yet he with-held that *Plague*. The Sky grew cleare ;  
 A kindly wheather drove away our feare,  
 The Floods did sinck ; the Mildewes were expell'd ;  
 The bending eares of corne, their heads up held ;  
 And *Harvest* came, which fild our Granards more,  
 Then in the fruitfull't, of sev'n yeares before.

And, doubtlesse, had we gone to meet our God,  
 With true repentance, when this fearfull Rod  
 Was raised first ; it had away beene flung,  
 And not continued in this *Realme* so long.  
 For, as a *Father*, when his dearest child  
 Growes disobedient, rude, and over-wilde,  
 First warnes ; then threatens ; then, the rod doth show ;  
 Then frownes ; and then doth feare him with a blow.  
 Then doubles, and redoubles it, untill  
 He makes him grow more plyant to his will,  
 And leave those wanton tricks which in conclusion  
 May prove the parents grieve, and childes confusion.  
 Ev'n as this Father ; so, our God hath wrought.  
 Vs, by his *Word of Grace*, he first besought :  
 Then, of his *Wrath*, and *Iustice* spake unto us :  
 Next, hanging over us, he plagues did show us.  
 Yea, divers months before this Vengeance came,  
 The spotted *Fever* did forewarne the same.

VVas

Was made her *Harbenger* ; and in one week  
Sent hundreds, in the Grave, their bed to seek.  
Which nought prevailing, he did thereupon  
(As being loath to strike) first strike but one.  
Then, two or three : then staid a while ; and than  
To smite another number he began,  
And then a greater. Neither did God show  
This mercy, onely, in the publike blow ;  
But daign'd it, also, in that chastisement,  
Which he to ev'ry man in private sent.  
To hasten his repentance ; first, he smote  
Some one of those he knew, in place remote,  
Within a weeke, another better knowne ;  
Next week a friend ; the next a dearer-one ;  
A little after that, perhaps, another ;  
And then a kinsman, or an onely brother.  
Which no amendment working, God did come  
(To make him heedfull) somewhat nearer home :  
Knockt at his neighbours house, and tooke out all  
Or most who lodg'd on tother side the wall :  
Then called at his doore, and seized on  
A servant first ; soone afterward, a sonne ;  
Next night was hazarded a daughters life ;  
And e're that morning came, he lost his wife :  
At last fell sicke himselfe, and then repented,  
Or dy'd, or liveth to be worse tormented.

Thus, as it were by steps, God came upon us,  
That either Love or Terror might have won us,  
To seeke our peace. But, yet, so few were warned,  
(And this long suffering, so few foules discerned)  
That some the nature of this *Plague* beli'd ;  
The number of the dead, some strove to hide.  
On groundles hopes, Gods Iudgmēts, some deferred,  
Some scoffed others, when they were deterred,

Some

Some rais'd a profit from it. Yea, so few  
 Conceived what was likely to ensue ;  
 That when we should like *Niniveh* have fared,  
 For sports, and causelesse *Triumphs* we prepared.  
 Of pleasure, in excessive wise, we tasted.  
 We *feasted*, when we rather should have *fasted*.  
 And when in sack-cloth we should loud have cry'd,  
 Ev'n then we ruffled in our greatest pride.

Which God perceiving, and that we were growne  
 Regardlesse of his smiles, and of his frowne ;  
 He did command his *Mercy*, to let goe  
 That hand which did restraine his *Iustice* so.  
 Then, catching up a *Viall* of his wrath,  
 (Which he in store for such offenders hath)  
 He did on this our Citie, poure it downe.  
 And, as strong poison shed upon the crowne,  
 Descendeth to the members, from the head ;  
 And, soone, doth over all the body spread :  
 Ev'n so, this noysome plague of *Pestilence*,  
 On our head City falling, did from thence,  
 Disperse and soake throughout this *Empery*,  
 In spite of all our carnall policie.

Our want of penitency to allay  
 Gods wrath, and stop his anger in the way,  
 Enflamed and exasperated so  
 This *Fiend*, that he did thousands over-throw  
 In some few minuts : and, the greedy *Grave*  
 Devour'd as if it none alive would save.  
*Death* lurkt at ev'ry angle of the street,  
 And did arrest whom ever he did meet.  
 There scarcely was that house or lodging found,  
 In which he did not either slay or wound.  
 In ev'ry roome his murthers acted he,  
 Our Closets nay our Temples were not free

From



From his attemptings ; no not while men pray'd,  
 Could his unbridled fury be delay'd.  
 In sundry *Families* there was not one  
 Whom his rude hand did take compassion on :  
 Nay many times he did not spare the last,  
 Vntill the buriall of the first was past.  
 For, e're the *Bearers* back againe could come,  
 The rest were ready for their graves at home.  
 Nor bad nor good, nor rich nor poore did scape him :  
 Nor foole nor wiseman, an excuse could shape him :  
 He shunned not the yong man in the saddle,  
 Nor him that lay and cryed in the cradle.  
 So dreadfull was his looke, so sterne and grim,  
 That many dy'd through very feare of him.  
 For, to mens fancies he did oft appeare  
 In shapes which so exceedind gastly were,  
 That flesh and blood, unable was, to brooke,  
 The horror of his all affrighting look.

Ev'n in that house, whose rooffe did cover me,  
 Of this, a sad experiment had we :  
 For, there, a plague-sicke man (at least) conceiued  
 That Death a shape assuming, he perceiued  
 Deform'd and vgly ; whereat loud he cryes,  
*Oh ! hide me, hide me, from his dreadfull eyes.*  
*Looke, oh ! looke there he comes : now by the bed*  
*He stands ; now at the feet ; now at the head.*  
*Oh ! draw, draw, draw the Curtaine, Sirs I pray,*  
*That his grim looke no more behold I may.*  
 To this effect, and such like words he spake,  
 But that their hearers hearts they more did shake.  
 Then, rested he a while, and by and by  
 Vp starting, with a lamentable cry,  
 Ran to a Couch, whereon his wife (who waking  
 Two nights before had beene) some rest was taking ;  
 There

There, kneeling downe, & both his hands up rearing,  
 As if his eye had feene pale *Death* appearing  
 To strike his wife ; *Good Sir*, said he, *forbeare*  
*To kill or harme that poore yong woman there :*  
*For God's sake do not strike her ; for you see*  
*She's great with child. Lo, you have wounded me*  
*In twenty places ; and I doe not care*  
*How me you mischiefe so that her you spare.*  
 Ev'n this, and more then I to minde can call,  
 He acted with a looke so tragicall,  
 That, all by standers, might have thought, his eyes  
 Saw reall objects and no fantasies.

To others, Death, no doubt, himselfe convoid  
 In other formes, and other *Pageants* plaid.  
 Whilst in her armes the mother thought she kept  
 Her Infant safe ; Death stole him when she slept.  
 Sometime he tooke the mothers life away,  
 And left the little babe, to lye and play  
 With her cold paps, and childish game to make  
 About those eyes, that never more shall wake.

Sometimes whē friends where talking he did force  
 The one to leave unfinished his discourse. (ted,  
 Sometimes, their morning meetings he hath thwar-  
 Who thought not they for ever had been parted,  
 The night before. And many a lovely *Bride*,  
 He hath defloured by the *Bridegroomes* side.  
 At ev'ry hand, lay one or other dying :  
 On ev'ry part, were men and women crying,  
 One for a husband ; for a friend another ;  
 One for a sister, wife, or onely brother :  
 Some children for their parents mone were making ;  
 Some, for the losse of servants care were taking ;  
 Some parents for a childe ; and some againe  
 For losse of all their children did complaine.

The

The mother dared not to close her eyes,  
 Through feare that while she sleepest, her baby dyes.  
 Wives trusted not their husbands out of doore,  
 Left they might back againe returne no more.  
 And in their absence if they did but heare  
 One knock or call in hast, they quak'd through feare,  
 That some unlucky messenger had brought  
 The newes of those mischances they forethought.  
 And if (with care and grieve o're-tyr'd) they slept,  
 They dream'd of *Ghosts*, & *Graves*, & shriekt, & wept.

He that o're night went healthy to his bed,  
 Lookt, ere the morning, to be sicke, or dead.  
 He that rose lusty, at the rising Sunne,  
 Grew faint, and breathlesse, e're the day was done.  
 And, he that for his friend, this day did sorrow,  
 Lay close beside him in a grave the morrow.  
 Some men amidst their pleasures were diseased :  
 Some, in the very act of sin were seized :  
 Some, hence were taken laughing, and some singing :  
 Some, as they others to their graves were bringing,  
 Yea, so impartiall was this kind of *Death*,  
 And so extreemly venomous his breath,  
 That they who did not in this place expire,  
 Where saved, like the *Children in the fire*.

*It may be that to some it will appeare,  
 My Muse hath onely poetized here ;  
 And that I fain'd expressions doe rehearse,  
 As most of those that use to write in verse :  
 But, in this Poeme I pursue the story  
 Of reall Truth, without an Allegory :  
 And many yet surviving witnesse may.  
 That I come short of what I more might say.  
 But, what I can I utter ; and I touch  
 This mournfull string, so often, and so much,*

*As*

*As in this Book I doe ; that I might show  
 To them that of these griefes forgetfull grow,  
 What sorrowes and what dangers they have had ;  
 That all of us more thankfull may be made :  
 And if to any these things doe appeare  
 Or tedious, or impertinent ; I feare  
 That most of them are they, who take no pleasure,  
 For good and usefull things to be at leisure.  
 And more delight in Poems worded out,  
 Then those that are Gods works employ'd about.*

Me thinkes, I cannot speake enough of that  
 Which I have seene ; nor full enough relate  
 What I declare ; but still it seemes to me  
 I leave out somewhat that should utt'ed be.  
 For, though in most, the sence thereof be gone,  
 It was God's *Iudgement*, and a fearfull one.

And, *L O N D O N*, what availed then thy pride,  
 Thy pleasures and thy wealth so multiply'd ?  
 Or, then, oh ! what advantage didst thou get  
 By those vaine things, whereon thy heart is set ?  
 How many sev'rall *Plagues* did God prevent,  
 Before this *Iudgement* was upon thee sent ?  
 How many loving favours had he done thee,  
 Before so roughly he did seize upon thee ?  
 And, that thou mightst his purposes discover,  
 How long together, did he send thee over  
 The weekly newes, of those great Defolations,  
 Which he inflict on many other Nations ?  
 How often did he send, e're this befell,  
 His *Prophets*, of his *Iudgements* to foretell ?  
 How many thousand *Preachers* hath he sent,  
 With teares, to pray, and woo thee to repent ;  
 To tell thee, that thy pride, and thy excessse,  
 Thy lusts, thy surfets, and thy drunkenesse,

Thine

Thine idlenesse, thy great impieties,  
 Thy much prophanenesse, thy hypocrisies,  
 And other vanities, would bring at last  
 Those plagues whereof thou now some feeling hast ?

How did thy *Pastors* to repent conjure thee ?  
 How strongly did Gods Ministers assure thee  
 That all thy love, thy labour, and thy cost  
 Bestow'd on carnall pleasures, would be lost ?  
 That, thou hereafter shouldst become ashamed  
 Of that whereof thy comforts thou hadst framed ;  
 And that those evils would at length befall  
 From which no mortall hand reprieve thee shall.

Thou canst not but acknowledge these things were  
 Ev'n ev'ry moment, rounded in thy eare ;  
 And that thy *Sonnes of Thunder* did preface  
 What, for thy finnes, should be thine heritage.  
 Yet, thou to heare their message didst refuse.  
 And, as the stubborne unbeleeving *Iewes*,  
 Despised all those *Prophets*, who foresnew'd  
 The times of their approaching servitude,  
 Yea, punisht them, as troublers of the Land,  
 And such as weakned much the peoples hand :  
 So, thou accountedst of thy Teachers, then,  
 But as a crew of busie-headed men,  
 Who causlessly, thy quietnesse disturbing,  
 Had for their saucinesse, deserved curbing.  
 But with amazement, now thou dost behold,  
 That they have no uncertainties foretold.  
 For, God in this one single *Plague*, comprised  
 Those other *Iudgements*, all, epitomized ;  
 Which for thy ruine he at large will send,  
 If this be not enough to work his end.  
 Observe this *Pestilence*, and thou shalt see,  
 That as there may be some one *sin* in thee

With

With other great *Transgressions* interlaced,  
So, divers *Plagues* in this great *Plague* were placed.

It shew'd thee (in some fashion) their distresses,  
Whom *WAR*, in a besieged Fort oppresses :  
For, lo, thou wert deprived of all Trade,  
As if thy Foes blockt up thy *River* had.  
And, though no armed Host thy wall surrounded,  
Yet (which was worfe) thou by thy friends wert boun-  
For, whatsoever person passed from (ded :  
Thy Ports, upon an enemy did come.  
And none more cruell to thy children proved,  
Then some of thine, who from thy *Plagues* removed.

*Confusion*, and *Disorder*, threatned thee,  
(On which attendeth all the *Plagues* that be)  
For, most of thy grave *Senate*, who did beare  
Thy names of office, far departed were,  
To other places ; leaving thee, nigh spent  
And languishing for want of Government.  
Yea, they that were thy *Trust*, and thy *Delight*,  
In times of health, did then forsake thee quite ;  
To teach us, that those men, and vanities,  
Which have our hearts, in our prosperities,  
Will in affliction be the first who leave us ;  
And, when we most expect, then most deceive us.

Oh ! whither then ; oh ! whither were they gone,  
Who, thy admired Beauty doted on ?  
Where did thy *Lovers* in those dayes appeare,  
Who did so court thee, and so often sweare  
Affection to thee ? whither were they fled,  
Whom thou hast oft with sweetest junkets fed ?  
And they, whom thou so many yeares, at ease,  
Didst lodge within thy fairest *Palaces* ?

Where *London*, were thy skarlet *Fathers* hous'd,  
Who in thy glory, were to thee espous'd ?

What

What were become of all thy children, which  
 Were nursed at thy breast, made great, and rich  
 By thy *good-huswifry*? and whom we see  
 In thy prosperity so hugg'd of thee?

Where were thy rev'rend *Pastors*, who had pay  
 To feed thy Flocks, and for thy sinne to pray?  
 (I must confesse) the meanest, and some few  
 Of better sort, were in affection true,  
 And gave thee comfort. But, oh! where were those,  
 Those greater ones, on whom thy hand bestowes  
 The largest portions? Those, who have profest  
 A zealous care of thee, above the rest?  
 Those, who (as I conceive) had undertaken  
 A charge that should not then have beene forsaken?  
 Those many *filken-Doctors*, who did here  
 In shining fatten Coffers late appeare?  
 They who (till now, a thing scarce heard of ever)  
 Do flaunt it in their Velvet, Plush, and Beaver.  
 And they, whom thou didst honor far above  
 Those meane ones, who, then, shewed thee most love?

Where were they? &, where were thy Lawyers too  
 That heretofore, did make so much adoe  
 Within thy Courts of *Iustice*? Prethee, where  
 Were those *Physitians*, who so forward were  
 To give thee physick, when thou neededst lesse,  
 And wert but sicke, of ease, and wantonnesse?  
 Where did their foot cloths wait? where couldst thou  
 For their assistance? what became of all (call  
 Their *Diets*, and *Receipts*? and why did they  
 In that necessity depart away?

Where lurckt those *Poetaasters*, who were wont  
 To pen thy *Mummings*, and vainly hunt  
 For base reward, by soothing up the Crimes  
 Of our Grand *Epicures*, in lofty Rimes;

And

And doe before each others *Poems* raise  
 The fruitlesse Trophees of a truthlesse praise?  
 Dar'd none of all those matchlesse wits to tary  
 This brunt? That his experienc'd Muse might cary  
 This Newes to after times; and move compassion,  
 By his all moving straines of *Lamentation*?  
 What, none but me? me onely leave they to it,  
 To whom they shame to yeeld the Name of *Poet*?  
 Well; if they ever had a minde to weare  
 The *Lawreat Wreath*, they might have got it here:  
 For though that my performance may be bad,  
 A braver Subject, *Muses* never had.

Where were thy troupes of *Rorers*? where were they  
 Who in thy Chambers did the wantons play?  
 Provoking God Almighty, downe to cast  
 Those plagues from which they fled away so fast?  
 Yea, whither were those *Nothings*, all retir'd,  
 Of whom thou wert, of late, so much desir'd?  
 Alas! was there not any of all these  
 Who staid to comfort thee, in this Disease?  
 Did all depart away? And, being gone,  
 Leave thee to beare thy sorrowes all alone?  
 Left they upon thy *Tally* all that sin,  
 Which had by them and thee, committed bin?

Yes, yes, they left thee: ev'n all these: and they  
 So left thee, *London*, when they went away,  
 That thy afflictions they did aggravate,  
 And make more bitter thy deplored *Fate*.

A *Dearth* mixt also in this *Pest* was found,  
 For they who did in riches most abound,  
 (And should have holpen to relieue the poore)  
 Departing hence, diminished thy store.  
 To other *Boroughes* they themselves betooke:  
 Their sick distressed brethren, they forooke,

And



And, left on those that would be hospitable,  
A burthen which to beare they were unable.  
Those few, of worth, who did in thee remaine,  
Had multitudes of beggers to sustaine ;  
And, from the Country (as before I said)  
The sending of supply was long delaid.

There was a *Famine* also, which exceeded  
This other ; though the fame by few was heeded.  
We had not so much scarcity of bread,  
As of that food wherewith our foules are fed.  
For, of our *Pastors* (in the greatest dangers)  
Some left us to the charity of Strangers.  
And, many foules, whom they were bound to cherish  
Depriv'd of timely sustenance, did perish.

Who could have thought, this *Vineyard*, heretofore  
So fruitfull ; and wherein the salvage *Bore*  
Of *Turky* rooted not : and whose thick fence  
Hath long time kept the *Bulls* of *Bashan* thence ;  
Should then (ev'n in the *Vintage* time) be found  
So bare of what, so lately did abound ?  
And, then (a thing worth note) when ev'ry Field  
And meanest *Villages* did plenties yeeld ?

Indeed, not long before, we surfetted,  
And plaid the wantons with our heav'nly bread.  
Our appetite was cloy'd ; and we grew dainty,  
And either loath'd, or murmur'd at our plenty.  
Yea, many of us, when at will we had it,  
By private *Cookeries*, unwholesome made it.  
For which, and for our base unthankfulnesse,  
Our portion and allowance waxed lesse :  
And, we who (like fond children) would not eat,  
Vnlesse, this man, or that man carv'd our meat,  
Then (like poore folkes that of meere almes doe live)  
Were glad to take of any that would give.

The

The *Laborers* were few ; the *Harvest* large :  
 And of the best of those that had the charge  
 To spread Gods *Table* ; some grew faint and tired  
 By their perpetuall travaile : some expired  
 Their painfull foules, and freely sacrific'd  
 Themselves for us, that we might be suffiz'd.

Among which happy number I doe bleffe  
 The memory of learned *Makernesse*,  
 And zealous *Eton*, whose large Congregations,  
 Bemoan'd their losse with hearty lamentations.  
 And worthily : for, they did labour here  
 With cheerfulnesse ; and in their *Callings* were  
 So truly diligent whilst vigour lasted,  
 That they their life blood, yea their spirits wasted ;  
 And ev'n unslackt the very nerves and powres  
 Of their owne foules, to helpe enable ours.

To *bury*, nigh a hundred in a day,  
 To *church*, to *marry*, *study*, *preach* and *pray* ;  
 To *wake betimes* ; at night *late watch to keepe* ;  
 To be *disturb'd* at midnight from their *sleepe* ;  
 To *visit* him that on his *death-bed* lyes ;  
 Oft to *communicate* ; more oft *baptize* ;  
 And daily (and all day) to be in action,  
 As were those two, to give due satisfaction  
 To their great *Flocks* ; more Laborers there needed ;  
 And their consumed strengths, it much exceeded.

But, they are now at *rest* : their *worke* is done,  
 Their *Fight* is finished : their *Goale* is won :  
 And, though no *Trophee* I to them can raise,  
 Save, this poore wither'd *Wreath* of mortall praise ;  
 Their *Master* (to reward their faithfulnessse)  
 For them reserved Crownes of Happinesse ;  
 Because, unto his *household*, they the *Bread*  
*Of Life*, in season, have distributed.

Nor

Nor was the Food of life diminisht more  
 By such mens want alone, then heretofore.  
 But, to our discontent, we also had  
 Our due allowances the shorter made  
 Ev'n by command. For, some (I know not why)  
 Had falsely mis-inform'd *Authority*,  
 That our promiscuous meetings, at the *Fast*,  
 Increas'd the *Plague*: which was believ'd in haste.  
 And being urg'd, perhaps, with such faire shewes  
 Of *Reason*, as *Conjecture* could infuse;  
 (The matter being aggravated too,  
 With such untruths, as travell to and fro)  
 The publike preaching on the *Fasting day*,  
 Was, in an evill season, tooke away.

For, when the flesh was fed, and soule deprived  
 Of two Repasts, which weekly we received,  
 Prophanenesse, and hard-heartednesse began  
 To get new rooting in the mind of man.  
 We missed those good helps, and those examples  
 Which had been preached to us in our Temples.  
 The poore did want full quickly, to their griefe,  
 Those Almes the *Fast* brought out for their reliefe.  
 And, when with *Prayers*, *Preaching* did not goe,  
 Our cold *Devotions*, did far colder grow.

VWhat instrument of mischief might he be  
 VWho caus'd that? and, what a Foole was he!  
 If *Wensday-Sermons* holpe infect; I pray  
 VWhat kept us safer on the *Sabbath day*?  
 Since most fast then till noone without refection?  
 Or what at *Funeralls*, did stop infection?

Good God! in thy affaires, how vaine (to me)  
 Doth carnall *Policy* appeare to be?  
 How apt is flesh and blood to run a course,  
 Which makes the soules condition, worse and worse?

To

To venture on eternall death how toward !  
And in a temporall danger what a coward !

Sure, had not such a project, had a scope  
Beyond the reaching of the *Devils* hope,  
And been too damnable for any one  
To be his *Procurator* thereupon ;

Some would have made the motion that we might  
Have liv'd excluded from our *Churches* quite :  
And, that till God his hand should please to stay,  
None should in publike, either preach, or pray.

'Twas well the weekly number of the dead,  
By Gods meere mercy, was diminished,  
Before the prohibition of the *Fast* :

The *Fiend* had else, for evermore, disgrac't

That *Discipline* : and carnall *Policy*

Had so insulted o're *Divinity*,

That, in succeeding Ages, men unholy,  
Would thence have proved, such Devotion, Folly.

But, God prevented it, that we should take  
Good notice of it ; and good uses make :

And I have mention'd it, that here I may  
God's *Wisedome* and man's foolishnesse display.

Oh ! let us to our *Fasts* againe returne ;

Let us, for our omiffions truly mourne ;

And not capitulate with God, as tho

He, first his Rod out of his hand should throw,

Eere we would come unto him : for, if thus

A son of ours should beare himselfe to us,

It would our ire exasperate the more ;

And make the fault seem greater then before.

Why should we in an action that is just

The mercy of our gracious God distrust ?

Or, unto any place be loath to go,

Where God is to be heard, or spoken to,

Though

Through feare of that which may be caught at home  
 And in a thousand places where we come?  
 Our finnes and plagues were publike: so should wee  
 In *Pray'rs*, and *Teares*, and *Almes*, and *Fastings* be.  
 For, that strong *Deuill* which hath tortur'd thus  
 Our generall body, is not cast from us  
 By single *Exorcismes*: neither shall  
 Our privacies advantage us at all,  
 Except in what conduces to the health  
 Of private men, or of their private wealth.

If we in close retirements (by our feare)  
 At markets, or where worse Assemblies are,  
 Infected grow: the *Deuill*, by and by  
 With us perswadeth, either to belye  
 The *Church*, our constant *Fasting*, or some one  
 Good worke, or pious action we have done.  
 (As visiting the sick, in time of need,  
 Or any other such like Christian deed)  
 For, he those practices doth greatly spight,  
 And, to disparage them hath much delight:  
 Because he sees, that such as are inclinde  
 To pious meanes, will soone by triall finde,  
 Good hopes to thrive beyond their expectations;  
 Their knowledge, foole his cunning machinations;  
 Their faiths grow strong; temptations weak appeare;  
 Their joy most perfect, where most sorrowes are;  
 And know, that when the *Lord of Hosts* is armed,  
 With all his *Iudgements*, that, he least is harmed,  
 Who, bold through *Love*, *selfe-trust* quite from him  
 And, runs with confidence to meet his blows. (throws

Let no man then be fearfull to repaire  
 Vnto the house of *Preaching*, or of *Pray'r*;  
 Or, any whither else, those works to doe,  
 Which he by Conscience is obliged to:

M

No,

No, though the Devill in the passage lay,  
Or strow'd most fearfull dangers in the way.  
For, if in such a case, our death we take,  
Our death, shall for our best advantage make.

Yet, let none thinke I this opinion cary,  
That ev'ry *Church*, will be a *Sanctuary*,  
To all that come. For, sure, if any dare  
Without *Devotion*, in Gods house appeare,  
To them, that place, more perill threatens, then,  
A chamber thronged with infected men.

Some fainted in the *Church*, as others did  
Within their houses (where themselves they hid)  
Yet not so often. For, though some did please  
To blame the *Church* for spreading this disease,  
No places were more harmlesse. None did we  
Behold more healthy, or to scape more free  
From this *Infection*, then those persons, whom  
We saw most often, to Gods worship come.  
Nor were there any houses more infected  
Then theirs, who most the house of God neglected.  
I speake not this by rumor: For, ev'n thither  
Resorted I, where thronged were together  
The greatest multitudes: And day by day  
I fate, where all the croud I could survey.  
Yet, I nor man, nor childe, nor woman saw,  
To sinke, looke pale, or from their place withdraw.  
And, doubtlesse, if such faintings there had beene,  
As many prated of; I some had seene.  
Which, since I did not see, I wish againe,  
None would at such a time, Gods house refraine,  
Except in Congregations not their owne,  
And where infection feared is, or knowne:  
Or in their owne Assembly, where disorder  
Committed wilfully, the Pest may further.

Or

Or, when their bodie's weakenes, or the Aire  
 Their safeties may some other waies impaire.  
 Excepting to (in times of *Visitation*,  
 When they are markt with markes of *Separation*,  
 As *Rising*, *Blaines*, or *Sores*. Or, newly from  
 The company of such like persons, come.  
 Or, whensoever they or doe, or may  
 Suppose themselves Infectious any way.

These (as the *Lepers* did, by *Moses* Law)  
 From publike Congregations should withdraw,  
 For, sure, if any such themselves intrude  
 To mixe among a healthy Multitude,  
 (Though prayers or devotions they pretend,  
 Or whatsoever other pious end)  
 Their foolish practise is vnwarrantable ;  
 Yea, their condition so uncharitable,  
 That I abhorre it : and beleeeve that for  
 So doing, God their *prayers* doth abhorre :

*And, here, (although it may impertinent  
 By some be thought) I cannot chuse but vent,  
 How I dislike our so much liked fashion  
 Of buriall, where the publike Congregation  
 Are bound to meet : And then, especially,  
 When of infectious griefes great numbers dye.  
 I know both Custome, and Opinion, have  
 So rooted this, that I my breath may save  
 In reprehending it. Yet, when I must  
 Be taken hence, and turne againe to dust,  
 Let nought but Earth and Heav'n my carcassee cover,  
 And neither Church nor Chappell roofo me over ;  
 Nor any other Buildings, saving those  
 That onely serve, such reliques to enclose.*

*For, though I doe ingenuously confesse,  
 We should to show our Christian hopefulnesse*

M 2

Of

*Of rising from the dead, lodge decently  
 Their flesh, who in Christs Faith professe to dye :  
 And, that Churchyards, or plots distinguisht from  
 The vulgar use, doe best of all become  
 That purpose. Yet, I know the common guise  
 Of bur'ing in the Church, did first arise  
 From ancient Superstition ; and to gaine  
 Some outward profit, to the priestly traine.  
 For, many simple men were made conceive  
 That if (when they were dead) they might have leave  
 To rest within those plots of hallowed ground,  
 Which either Church or Chappell did furround ;  
 No wicked Spirit should permittance have,  
 To trouble or abuse them, in the grave :  
 Whereas (which yet old fooles beleieve they doe)  
 They might else rise, and walke at midnight too  
 About their streets, and houses, or crosse wayes ;  
 Till some Masse-monger them at quiet layes :  
 And then it was suppos'd, how much the nigher  
 They lay unto their Altar, or their Choire,  
 By so much more the safer they should rest ;  
 Which brought no petty summes to Dagon's chest.  
 Thence was it, that our Churches, first of all,  
 Were glaz'd with Scutchions like a Herald's hall ;  
 And that this age in them depainted fees  
 So many vaine and lying Pedigrees.  
 Thence comes it that we now adayes behold  
 Some Chancels filled up with rotten, old,  
 And foolish monuments. From hence we see  
 So many puppet Images to be  
 On ev'ry wall within our Oratories :  
 So many Epitaphs, and lying stories,  
 Of men deceast: and, thence the guise was gotten,  
 To let so many Banners dropping rotten*

*Deforme*



*Deforme our pillars ; and withdraw our eyes  
From pious objects to those vanities.*

*If any man desirous be to lye  
Within a Monument, when he shall dye :  
Let ev'ry noble Family erect  
Within their Cities some faire Architect,  
Within the compasse of whose roofed wall  
There may be founded some good Hospitall  
Or buildings for the lawfull recreation  
Of youth, and for the honor of the Nation.  
And of that Name or kin, when any dyes,  
There lay their bones ; or to their memories  
Erect there Tables. And, let them that had  
Such minds, and fortunes, to the Structure adde.  
Yea thither (if they please) let them translate  
Their ancessors. But, I have spoke too late,  
Those times are past in which our noble ones  
Were able to erect such piles of stones  
As might be eminent. Our kingly race  
Had by the seventh Henry, such a place  
Erected for them, so magnificent,  
That to this Land it is an ornament.  
Let them that cannot reach the cost of these,  
Raife Cawfies, Bridges, and make Docks, and Keyes  
For publike use : which with as little cost  
As now upon their pedling Tombe, is lost,  
Should make them live farre longer in their fames ;  
For, we would those entitle by their Names.*

*All they that love their Country, now they know  
Which way they may their money best bestow,  
( To memorize their Friends, with profiting  
The publike ) will consider of this thing  
And build them Tombes where we may praise the work ;  
Not in a Church obscure, unseene to lurke,*

*M 3*

*Where*

*Where few shall view them ; and where most who shall  
Behold them, take no heed of them at all.*

*If some good Patriots would begin the fashion,  
It might allure, perhaps, to imitation.*

*And if it were not greedinesse of gaine*

*Among Church-Officers, which did maintaine*

*Such Customes ; we should somewhat more forbear*

*To lay so many stinking bodies there*

*Where God we seeke (and him should seeke to finde,*

*With purity of body, and of minde)*

*Indeed our sinne, alone pollutes ; and yet*

*An outward decency is also fit.*

*Was't well, that in the Church (where throngs and heat  
Did make us in the croud to pant and sweat)*

*Ev'n in the midst of our Devotions too,*

*Men should, as oft it pleas'd them to doe,*

*Thrust in (where we could hardly stand in ease)*

*With foure or five strong smelling Carkasses ?*

*Was't fit, so many Graves, at such a season*

*Should gape and breath upon us ? was it reason,*

*That heaps of rubbish, Coffin-boards, and stones,*

*Late bury'd bodies, and halfe rotten bones,*

*Gods Temple should pollute ? and make it far*

*More loathsome, then most Charnell houses are ?*

*Was't fitting that to gaine their griping fees,*

*They should endanger multitudes to leese*

*Their lives, or healths ? or, that they should fulfill*

*A foolish motion in a dead mans will,*

*By wronging of the living ? God forbid*

*It should be reason ; and yet, thus they did.*

*Thus did they ? yea, far worse : for should I tell*

*At what high rates, some Churchmen, here did sell*

*Their burying grounds : What fees they did exact :*

*How Readers, Clarkes, and Sextons did compact,*

To

*To racke the dead : to what a goodly summe  
 Their large Church-duties (in some cases) come :  
 What must be paid for Bearers, though men have  
 Their friends to helpe convey them to the grave :  
 What for the Bells, though not a bell be rung :  
 What, for their mourning-clothes, though none be hung  
 Vpon them but their owne : what pay did passe  
 For Fun'rall Sermons, where no Sermon was :  
 And, what was oft extorted (without shame)  
 To give him leafe to preach, who freely came :  
 If here (I say) I should discover what  
 I might, of those things mentioned, relate,  
 Those men who die, that charges they may save,  
 Would feare they might be begger'd in the Grave :  
 For, more to take that lodging hath beene spent,  
 Then would have bought a pretty tenement.*

Thus, as one matter drew another on,  
 My *Muse* hath diuers things discours'd upon  
 To many fundry purposes : but, what  
 I chiefly in this *Canto* aimed at  
 Vvas, to preferue in mind an awfull sense  
 Of what we suffred in this *Pestilence* :  
 VVhat we deserved, and how varioufly,  
 Gods *Iustice*, this one *Corfive* did apply,  
 To eate out all Corruptions, which be spotted  
 Our foules, and had ere this our bodies rotted.

I might as well have memorized here,  
 How diversly God's *Mercies* did appeare,  
 Amid his *Iudgements* : how he comforted,  
 VVhen outward comfort failed : how he fed,  
 VVhen oile and meale were wasted : how he gaue  
 Their lives to them, whose feet were in the graue.  
 VVhat *Patience*, what high *Fortitude* he granted,  
 And, how he still supplied what we wanted.

M 4

I

I might commemorate, a world of Grace  
 Bestow'd in this affliction, on this place,  
 Both common, and in private. Many a vow  
 (Of theirs, who will, I feare, forget it now)  
 Was daily heard. Ten thousand suits were daign'd ;  
*Reprieves*, for foules condemned were obtained.  
 Friends prayd for friends ; the parents for the lives  
 Of their deare children. Husbands for their wives ;  
 Wives for their husbands beg'd with teares & passiō,  
 And, God with pitie heard their lamentation.

In friends, in servants, in the temporall wealth,  
 In life, in death, in sickneses, and health,  
 God manifested *Mercy*. Some did finde  
 A *Friend*, to whom till then, none had beene kind.  
 Some, had their servants better'd, for them, there,  
 By Gods correction. Some, left wealthy were  
 By dying kindred, who the day before  
 Were like to beg their bread from doore to doore.  
 Some, by their timely *deaths* were taken from  
 Such present paines, or from such woes to come,  
 That they are happy. Vnto some, from heav'n,  
 The blessing of a longer life was giv'n,  
 That they might call to minde their youthfull times,  
 Repent omiffions, and committed crimes ;  
 Amend their courfes, and be warifome  
 That they displeas'd not God, in times to come.

Againe, some others by their sickneses,  
 And by the feares they had in this *Disease*,  
 Grew awfull of Gods Iudgements ; and within  
 Their harts, good motions were, wher none had bin ;  
 Ev'n in their hearts who fear'd nor God nor Devill,  
 Nor guilt of sin, nor punishment for evill.  
 And, some had health continu'd, that they might  
 Gods praise extoll, and in his love delight.

Should

Should I declare, in what unusuall wise  
 God op'ned here their foules dimfighted eyes,  
 Who blinded were before ; how nigh had reacht  
 To higheſt *Myſteries* : what things they preacht  
 Ev'n to their neighbours, and their family,  
 Before their foules did from their bodies flye ;  
 Or, ſhould I tell but what young *Children* here  
 Did ſpeake, to take from elder folke their feare  
 Of Sickneſſes and Death ; what they expreſt  
 Of heav'nly bliſſe, and of this worlds unreſt ;  
 What faith they had ; what ſtrange illuminations ;  
 What ſtrong aſſurances of their ſalvations ;  
 And with what proper termes, and boldneſſe they  
 Beyond their yeares, ſuch things did open lay,  
 It would amaze our *Naturalliſts*, and raiſe  
 A goodly *Trophee* to our Makers praife.  
 But, this for me were too too large a task,  
 And many yeares and volumes it would aſke,  
 Should I in theſe particulars record  
 The never ending mercies of the *Lord*.  
 For he that would his meaneſt act recite,  
 Attempts to meaſure what is infinite.

That ſtory therefore, in particular  
 To meddle with I purpoſe to defer  
 Till in the Kingdome of eternity  
 My ſoule in honor of his Majeſty  
 Shall *Halelujah* ſing ; and over-looke  
 With hallow'd eyes, that great eternall Booke,  
 Which in a moment to my view ſhall bring  
 Each paſſed, preſent, and each future thing,  
 And there my ſoule ſhall read, and ſee revealed  
 What is not by the *LAMBE*, as yet, unſealed.

Meane while Ile cry *Hofannah*, and for all  
 His love to me, and mercies generall,

M 5

His

His three times holy, and thrice blessed Name  
I praise, and vow for aye to praise the same.

---

### The fifth *Canto*.

*The Author justifies againe  
His Method, and his low'y Straine.  
Next, having formerly made knowne  
The Common Feares, he tels his owne.  
Shewes with what thoughts he was diseased,  
When first the Plague his lodging seized :  
Of what God's Iustice him accused ;  
Vpon what Doubts, or Hopes, he mused ;  
On what, and how, he did resolve ;  
And who from Death, did him absolve.  
The Plagues encrease, he then expresseth :  
The Mercies of the L O R D confesseth :  
Emplores that he himselfe may never  
Forget them, but, be thankfull ever :  
Then, mounting Contemplations wings,  
Ascends to high and usefull things.  
From thence his Muse is called downe,  
To make Great Britaines errors knowne :  
Wherein, he doth confesse a failing ;  
And (his infirmities bewailing)  
Is fitted and resolv'd anew,  
His purpos'd Message to pursue :  
And, having first anticipated,  
His Arrant is, in part, related.*

**P**ERhaps, the nicer *Critickes* of these times,  
When they shall sleightly view my lowly *Rimes*,  
(Not to an end, these *Poems* fully reading,  
Nor their *Occasion*, not my *Aymes*, well heeding)

May

May taxe my *Muse* that she at random flies ;  
 For want of *Method*, makes *Tautologies* ;  
 And commeth off, and on, in such a fashion,  
 That, oft she failes their curious expectation.

It is enough to me, that I doe know  
 What they commend, and what they disallow.  
 And let it be enough to them, that I  
 Am pleas'd to make such faults for them to spy.  
 For I intend the *Method* which I use ;  
 And, if they doe not like it, they may chuse.  
 They who in their *Composures*, keep the fashion  
 Of older times, and write by imitation ;  
 Whose quaint *Inventions* must be trimd and trickt,  
 With curious dressings, from old *Authors* pickt ;  
 And whose maine workes, are little else, but either  
 Old scattred *Peeces*, finely glew'd together,  
 Or, some concealed *Structures* of the Braine,  
 Found out (where long obscured they have laine)  
 And new attir'd : These must (and well they may)  
 Their *Poesies* in formall garbes aray,  
 Their naturall defects by Art to hide ;  
 And, make their *old new-straines* the Test abide.

These, doe not much amisse, if they assume  
 Some *Estridge* feathers, or the *Peacockes* plume  
 To strut withall : nor had I greatly heeded  
 That course of theirs, if they had not proceeded  
 To censure mine. My *Muse* no whit envies  
 That they from all their heathnish *Poesies*  
 Have skumm'd the *Creame* ; & to themselves (for that)  
 The stile of *Prince of Poets* arrogate.  
 For, *Plautus*, *Horace*, *Perseus*, *Iuvenal*,  
 Yea *Greece* and *Romes* best *Muses*, we may call  
 Their *Tributaries* ; since from them came in  
 Those *Treasures* which their princely *Titles* win.

Some

Sometime, as well as they I play the *Bee* :  
 But, like the *Silkworme*, it best pleaseth me  
 To spin out mine owne Bowells, and prepare them  
 For those, who thinke it not a shame to weare them.  
 My *Matter*, with my *Method*, is mine owne ;  
 And I doe plucke my *Flow'rs* as they are blowne.

A *Maiden* when she walkes abroad to gather  
 Some herbs to frow the dwellings of her *Father*,  
 (Or fragrant flow'rs to deck her wedding Bowre,  
 Or make a nosegay for her *Paramour*)  
 She comes into the Garden, and first seizeth  
 The Flow'rs which first she sees, or what she pleaseth ;  
 Then runs to those whom use or memory,  
 Presenteth to her thought, or to her eye :  
 As toward them she hasteth, she doth finde  
 Some others, which were wholly out of minde,  
 Ev'n till that very moment : while she makes  
 Her prize of those, she notice likewise takes  
 Of *Herbs* unknowne before, that lurking lay  
 Among the pleasant *Plants* within her way :  
 She crops off these, of those she taketh none,  
 Makes use of some, and lets as good alone ;  
 Here plucks the *Cowslips*, *Roses* of the *prime*,  
 There *Lavander*, sweet *Marjoram*, and *Thyme*,  
 Yonn *Iuly flow'rs*, or the *Damask Rose*,  
 Or sweet-breath'd *Violet*, that hidden growes :  
 Then some againe forenam'd (if need she thinks)  
 Then *Daisies*, and then *Marigolds*, and *Pincks* :  
 Then *Herbs* anew, then *Flow'rs* afresh doth pull,  
 Of ev'ry fort, untill her lap is full.  
 And otherwhile, before that worke be done,  
 To kill a *Caterpillar* she doth run,  
 Or catch a *Butterfly* ; which varies from  
 That purpose whereabout she first did come.

So,



So, from the *Muses* Gardens, when I meane  
Those flow'rs of usefull *Poesie* to gleane,  
Which being well united may content  
My Christian Friends ; or with a pleasing sent  
Perfume Gods house, or beautifie, or cheere  
My soule, which else would rude, and sad appeare :  
When this I meane ; I paint out ev'ry *Thought*,  
As to my heart I feele it to be brought :  
I treat of things, as cause conduces them,  
And as occasions, unto me, doe show them.  
Sometimes, I from the matter seeme to goe,  
For purposes, which none but I may know.  
Sometime, an usefull *Flow'r* I may forget ;  
Anon, into my *Nossegay*, I doe set  
Some other twice ; because, perchance, the place  
Affords it better use, or better grace.  
As one conceit I seriously pursue,  
That, brings perhaps another to my view,  
And that another ; and that, many a one,  
Which if in *Methods* Allies I had gone,  
Had, peradventure, else remain'd unseene ;  
And, in my *Garland* might have missed beene.  
E're I my pen assume, I feele the motions  
Of doing somewhat, and have gen'rall *notions*  
Of what I purpose : But, *Mogul* doth know  
As well as I, what path my *Muse* will goe.  
What, in particular, I shall expresse,  
I know not (as I hope for happinesse)  
And though my matter, when I first begin,  
Will hardly fill one page ; yet being in,  
Methinks, if neither faintnesse, friends, nor night,  
Disturbed me, for ever I could write.  
Vpon an instant I oft feele my brest  
With infinite variety possest ;

And

And such a troupe of things together throngs,  
 Within my braine ; that, had I twenty tongues  
 I should (whilst I affaid to utter it)  
 Twice more, then I could mention, quite forget.

A hundred *Musings*, which I meane to say,  
 Before I can expresse them, slip away ;  
 Which to recall, although I much endeavor,  
 Oft passe out of my *memory*, for ever ;  
 And cary forth (ev'n to the worlds farre end)  
 Some other thoughts, which did on them depend.

Whilst I my pen am dipping downe in inke,  
 That's lost which next to tell you I did thinke ;  
 And, somewhat instantly doth follow on,  
 Which till that present, I ne're thought upon.

This, forceth me those *Methods* to forgoe,  
 Which others in their *Poems* fancy fo.  
 This makes me birth to my *Conceptions* give,  
 As fast as they their *Beings* doe receive.  
 Left whilst I for the common *Midwife* tary,  
 The flitting issue of my braine miscary.  
 And, howfoe're they please to censure me,  
 Who but *Stepfathers* to their *Poemes* be ;  
 This, is that way of uttrance, that each *Muse*  
 Makes praëctice of, whom *Nature* doth infuse :  
 And, warrant from their *Naturall-straines* doth fet,  
 Whom *Artificiall Poets* counterfeit.

These are true *Raptures* ; theirs are *imitations*,  
 Or, rather, of old *Raptures*, new *Translations*.  
 This *Method* long agoe, old *Moses* used,  
 When God his *Hymne* of praise, to him infused.  
 Thus, *Solomon* his *Song of Songs*, compos'd :  
 And, when thy finger, *Ifr'el*, was dispos'd  
 To praise the *Lord*, or speake unto his God,  
 Or vent his passions in a mournfull *Ode*,

In

In this contemned wife, from him did flow,  
Those heav'nly *Raptures* which we honor so.

As God's good *Spirit* cary'd him along,  
So vary'd he, the matter of each *Song*.  
Now *prayer*; straight *praiseth*; instantly *lamenteth*;  
Then halfe *despaires*; is by and by *contented*;  
The *person* of the *changeth*; oft *repeateth*  
One sentence; and one suit oft *iterateth*.  
Which manner of expreffion, seemes to some  
So methodlesse, and so to wander from  
A certainty, in what he did intend,  
That they his well-knit *Raptures* discommend,  
As broken and dis-jointed; when, indeed,  
From ignorance (or from their little heed  
To such expreffions, and such mysteries)  
Their causelesse disesteeme, did first arise.  
Yea, *Ignorance*, not knowing what they meant,  
When such an uncouth path the *Muses* went;  
Was wont (long since) to call our soule-rapt *straines*,  
*Poetick Furies*: And that Name remains.

Yet, this old tract I follow; this I use;  
And, this no true-borne *Poet* can refuse.  
My scope, I ever keepe, in all my *Layes*;  
Which is, to *please*, and *profit*, to Gods praise:  
But, in one *path*, or in one *pace* to ride,  
It is not fit a *Poet* should be ty'd.  
Sometime he must be *grave*; lest else, the *wise*  
The matter, or the manner, may despise.  
Sometime he must endeavor to be plaine,  
Lest all that he delivers be in vaine:  
Another while, he *Parables* must use,  
And *Riddles*, lest some should the truth abuse,  
And they that are the *Nymrods* of the times  
Grow mad, in stead of leaving off their crimes.

Some-

Sometimes he must be *pleasing*, lest he may  
 Drive all his froward *Readers* quite away.  
 Sometimes he must have *bitter-straines*, to keepe  
 The fullen Reader from a drowfie sleepe ;  
 And whip those wantons, from an evill course,  
 That, without warning, would be daily worfe.  
 Sometimes againe, he must be somewhat *merry*,  
 Lest *Fooles*, of good instruction, should be weary.  
 Yea, he to all men all things should become,  
 That he, of many, might advantage some.

This, makes me change the *Person*, and the *Style*,  
 And vary from the matter, other while.  
 This, makes me mixe final things, and great together ;  
 Here, I am grave ; there, play I with a feather.  
 One page, doth make some *Reader* halfe beleieve,  
 That I am angry : In the next, I give  
 The Childe an Aple. In one leafe, I chide ;  
 I somewhat in another doe provide,  
 To helpe excuse those frailties I reprov'd :  
 And those excuses, are in place removed,  
 From such reproofes ; lest following on too nigh,  
 The *Check*, might without heed, be pass'd by.

This course becomes the *Muses*. This doth save  
 Our *Lines* from just reproofe, when *Tyrants* rave  
 At our free *Numbers* : and when *Fooles* condemne  
 Our *Straines*, because they understand not them.  
 Such *Poesie* is right : and, therefore, they  
 Who study matter, and what words to say,  
 Doe falsely arrogate to be inspired ;  
 Since, when they boast their foules are this way fired,  
 It is but *Wine*, or *Passion* makes them rave :  
 And thence the *Muses* their disgraces have.  
 Most times, when I *compose*, I watch, and fast.  
 I cannot find my *Spirits*, when I taste

Of

Of meats and drinks ; nor can I write a line,  
 Sometime, should I but take one draught of *wine*.  
 Men say, it makes a *Poet*, and doth warme  
 His braine, and him with strong invention arme.  
 No marvell then, that most doe reckon me  
 For none, who of this Age the *Poets* be ;  
 And, that so enviously at me they strike,  
 For they and I are not inspir'd alike.  
 In such like workes as these, if I should fill  
 My head, my *Muse* would have an empty quill ;  
 And, that which to expresse she then prefumes,  
 Would smother'd be, with vapourings and fumes.  
 But, when those write ; theſelves they first make mery  
 With *Claret*, with *Canary*, or with *Sherry*.  
 And these are sure the Deities which make  
 A sensuall eare, of them, best liking take.

When such as they reprove a sinfull *State*,  
 Or would those great enormities relate,  
 Wherein their times offend ; they may be brought  
 To question for it ; and it may be thought  
 Their spleene, revenge, or envy, did incite  
 Their braines to hammer, what their pens did write,  
 Because they did premeditate, and straine  
 Their faculties, their projects to attaine.  
 But, when a man one *Subject* purposing,  
 Sits downe to write it, and another thing  
 (Vnthought upon before) quite thrusteth out  
 The matter which at first he went about :  
 When he remembers, that nor spight, nor spleene,  
 Nor envy hath his *primus motor* beene :  
 When he perceives, nor dangers, nor disgrace  
 Can fright him, when such *Raptures* are in place :  
 When he doth find, that with much ease & pleasure  
 He utters what exceeds the common measure

Of

Of his owne *Gifts* : And that (although his Rimes  
 Are none of those *strong lines* that catch the times)  
 They from the *Vertuous*, good respect can draw,  
 And keepe the proudest *vitious-men* in awe :  
 What should he thinke, but that the pow'r of God  
 Inspireth him, to shew his will abroad ?  
 What need he feare, but, most undantedly,  
 Make use of his inspired *Facultie* ?  
 No arrogance it were, if he, or I,  
 Should say that God our pens had spoken by,  
 To those we live among ; since, we might say,  
 He speakes by all his creatures, ev'ry day :  
 Yea, since in elder times it came to passe,  
 That he declar'd his pleasure by an *Affe*.

What should we do but speak, when we are willed ?  
 Whan can we doe but speake when we are filled ?  
 While wicked men we doe remaine among,  
 With *David*, we a while may curb the tongue ;  
 But, burne it will within us, till we speake,  
 And forth, at last, some thundring voice will breake.

And what should then our hearers doe, but learne  
 Their errors, by our *Poems*, to discern ?  
 Why should they raile at us, who neither feare  
 Their fury, nor for all their threatnings care ?  
 Why doe they, childishly, our Lines condemne,  
 That strike but at their *follies*, not at *them* ?  
 Why, so unjustly still, are we pursued,  
 Who shew them how their *falls* may be eschewed ?  
 And why doe they by seeking of our shame,  
 Encrease our glories, and themselves defame ?  
 Whence comes all this, but from that sottishnesse  
 Which doth most people of this age possesse ?

But, let these questions passe ; lest by degrees,  
 They draw us on, untill our marke we leefe.

Thus

Thus far my *Muse* hath wilfully digrest,  
And of her *purpose*, now she vents the rest.  
When divers weeks together I had wasted  
In viewing those afflictions others tasted ;  
When day by day, I long had walkt abroad,  
Beholding how the scourging hand of God,  
Afflicted other men, and how, each morning  
My going out, and how my back returning,  
Was ev'ry night in safety ; I began  
Gods care and my unworthinesse to scan.  
And, 'twas, me thought, a favour, which required  
To be both much acknowledg'd, and admired ;  
That (when so many houses, ev'ry day,  
Were visited) the place wherein I lay  
Stood free so long ; considering we were many,  
And, then, resorted to, as much as any.  
But, there was somewhat needfull to be knowne,  
Which no mans griefe could teach me, but mine own.  
And, that I might thereof informed be,  
God sent at last his *Judgements* home to me.  
Yea, peradventure, in my foule he saw  
Some failings of my former filiall awe ;  
Some thanklesnesse ; some inward pride of heart ;  
Or over-weening of mine owne desert,  
Arising from the mercifull protection  
Which he vouchsafed me from this *Infection* ;  
And therefore sent as my *Remembrancer*,  
His dreadfull, and his bloody *Messenger*  
To take his lodging, where my lodgings were ;  
And put his rage in execution there.  
For, in upon us, that *Contagion* broke,  
Five soules out of our Gate, it quickly tooke,  
And left another wounded ; that I might  
Conceive my danger, and Gods love, aright.

It

It fell about the time in which their fum  
 Who weekly died, to the full was come :  
 Then, when infection to such height was grownne,  
 That many dropped on a sudden downe  
 In ev'ry street : yea, when some fooles did tell  
 The lying Fables of the *Falling-Bell*  
 At *Westminster* ; and how that then did flye  
 No Bird through *Londons* ayre which did not dye.  
 Ev'n then it was. And, though some few did please,  
 By such like tales, and strange *Hyperboles*,  
 To overstraine the stories of our sorrow :  
 They did much needlessly their fictions borrow  
 To set it forth. Nay, their false rumors made  
 Our woes appeare lesse great, then those we had.

Till now, I made the smart of others knowne :  
 The *Griefes* I next will tell you, are mine owne.  
 At first, I stood as one who from a Towre  
 Beholding how the sword doth such devour  
 (Who in the streets beneath him fighting be)  
 Accounts himselfe from danger to be free.  
 But, at the last, I fared, as it fares  
 With such, whose Foes have made, at unawares,  
 A breach upon their *Bulwarke* ; and I stood  
 No meane assaults, to make my standing good.  
 For, both within me, and without me, too,  
 I had enough, and full enough to doe.

No sooner to my Chamber was I gone,  
 But, I was follow'd straight, and set upon  
 By strong *Affailants*, who did much intrude,  
 And much diseafe me, by their multitude.  
 My *Reason*, who to *Faith* did lately stoop,  
 Revolted, and brought on a mighty troupe  
 Of trayt'rous *Arguments*, whereby she thought,  
 On this my disadvantage, to have wrought.

*Tempta-*



*Temptations*, slye-*Suggestions*, *Feare* and *Doubt*,  
 Did undermine, and clofe me, round about.  
 My *Conscience* did begin to be afraid  
 My *Faith* had beene a false one ; who betraid  
 My Soule to Death : and (whether then it were  
 The pow'r of strong *Infection*, or else *Feare*,  
 Occasion'd by those combatings within,  
 Or both together) I did then begin  
 To finde my body weakned more and more,  
 And felt those pangs till then unfelt before.

Ev'n many dayes together, so it fared :  
 And fure if *Superstition* could have scared  
 My better fetled heart, there hapned that,  
 Which I had fear'd, and somewhat startled at :  
 And (though I never outwardly complained  
 To any one, of that which I sustained)  
 That week, in which our house was visited,  
 And made complete the number of their dead ;  
 I had a sleepleffe night ; in which with heat  
 Opprest, I purged out (in stead of sweat)  
*Round-ruddy-spots* (and, that, no little store)  
 Which on my brest, and shoulders, long I wore.

Perhaps, it was the *Pestilence*, which then  
 So marked me ; and I, as other men,  
 By her had beene devour'd, had I not  
 Through Gods great mercy, my free *pardon* got.  
 Which, how, and on what termes, the same I gain'd,  
 Ile now declare. For, though they seeme but fain'd,  
 Or melancholy thoughts, which here I tell ;  
 Yet, fure, to smother them, I did not well.  
 For, some, perhaps, will thinke (as well as I)  
 That none should sleightly passe such musings by :  
 And some (who at first viewing will furmise,  
 That in these things I meerly poctise)

Will

VWill find, perchance, in times that shall ensue,  
 Experimentall proofes that all is true ;  
 Should *Darknesse*, where her visage, *Danger*, shoves,  
 (At such a disadvantage) them enclose.

VWhen all alone I lay, and apprehended,  
 How many mischiefs my poore soule attended ;  
 I plainly saw (though not with carnall eyes)  
 God's dreadfull *Angell*, ready to surprize  
 My trembling soule ; and ev'ry hideous feare,  
 VWhich can to any naturall man appeare,  
 (In such a case, to aggravate his terror)  
 Approacht, with ev'ry circumstance of horror.  
 I saw the *Muster* of each passed evill,  
 And all my youthfull follies, by the *Deville*  
 Brought in against me, marshall'd, and prepared,  
 To fight the battell which I long had feared,  
 And such a multitude of them furrounded  
 My *Conscience*, that I was almost confounded.

A thousand sinnes appear'd which were forgot,  
 And which I till that moment minded not,  
 Since first committed ; and more ugly far  
 They seem'd, then when they perpetrated were.  
 Yea many things whereof I bragg'd, and thought  
 That I, in doing them, some good had wrought,  
 Declar'd themselves against me ; and I found  
 That they did give my soule the deepest wound.  
 VWhen these had quite enclosed me, I saw  
 The *Tables*, and the *Volumes* of the *Law*,  
 To me laid open : and I was, me thought,  
 Before the presence of Gods *Iustice* brought,  
 VWho from her eye did frownes upon me dart,  
 And seemed, thus to speake unto my heart.

(Oh ! *Readers* marke it well ; for to this *Doom*e,  
 Or to a worfe then this, you all must come.

*Sup-*

*Suppose thou not, vaine man, thou dost possesse  
This life till now, for thine owne righteousness,  
Or that thou meritest more grace to have  
Then they who now are sent to fill the Grave :  
Lo, here, thy Foe hath brought of thy offences  
An Army, and so many evidences  
Of thy Corruption ; that plead what thou wilt  
Of merit in thy selfe, they prove a guilt  
So hainous, that thy foule thou canst not free :  
Yet other sinfull thoughts of thine I see.*

*I search thy heart, and I discover there  
Deceits, which cannot to thy selfe appeare.  
I know thy many secret imperfections,  
I know thy passions, and thy vaine affections ;  
And, that performances thou hast not made  
According to those favours thou hast had.  
Vaine glory, profit, or some carnall end,  
Thy best endeavor alwayes did attend ;  
And, as distrusting, God would thee beguile,  
An arme of flesh thou seekest otherwhile :  
Not as the second, but the chiefeest Cause :  
Which from the glory of thy God withdrawes.*

*Mine eye doth see what arrogance and pride  
Thou dost among thy fairest vertues hide ;  
And, what impieties, thou shouldst have done,  
Had I not slopt the course thou thoughtst to run.  
Of times, when others Vices, thou hast showne,  
Thou hast forgotten to repent thine owne.  
And, many times, thy tart reprooves have bene  
The fruits, not of thy Vertue, but of Spleene.  
Thy wanton Lusts (but that I did restraine  
Their fury, when thou wouldst have slackt the Reine)  
Had borne thee headlong to those deeds of shame,  
With which thy evill willers blur thy Name.*

*Shouldst*

*Shouldst thou have done the best that thou wert able,  
Thy services had beene unprofitable :  
But, thou scarce halfe thy Talent hast employ'd ;  
And, that small good thou didst, is nigh destroy'd,  
By giving some occasion, needlessly,  
Of questioning thy true sincerity.*

*God oft hath hid thy frailties, and thy sinne,  
Which being knowene, would thy disgrace have bin.  
The show of Wit and Vertue, thou hast had,  
He, to the world more eminent hath made,  
Then theirs, who wiser, and much better are,  
Though outward helpes, and fortunes, wanting were.  
And, though thy knowledge, and thy former Layes,  
Among your formall Wizzards got no praise,  
Yet, what they counted foolishnesse, became  
A greater honor to thy fleighted Name,  
Then they obtained : And, that Grace ( I see )  
Begot more pride, then thankfulnessse in thee :  
And, I was faine, to let some scandals flye,  
To teach unto thee, more humilty.*

*In all thy wants, thou still hast beene relieved ;  
From heav'n thou comfort hadst, when thou wert grieved ;  
When Princes threatned, thou wert fearlesse made ;  
In all thy dangers, thou a Guard hast had ;  
In closest prison, thou best freedome gainedst ;  
In great contempts, thou most esteeme obtainedst ;  
When, most thy foes did labour to undoe thee,  
They brought most honor, and most profit to thee.  
Yea, still when thy destruction was expected,  
Then, God, thy peace beyond thy hope, effected.  
And, in the stead of praising him for this,  
Thou robdst him of much honour that was his.  
Thou wert content, to heare the vulgar say,  
Thy Spirit, and thine Innocence made way*

*To*

*To thy escape. Whereas thy Conscience knew,  
Thou wert a Coward, till God did endue  
Thy heart with Fortitude, and freely gave thee  
That innocency which from harme did save thee.*

*When God thy Name divulg'd for some good end  
(Which his wise Providence did foreintend)*

*Thou tookst the glory of it for thine owne,  
And, justly, therefore, thy so being knowne,  
Hath beene a meanes whereby thy Foes have sent  
Their scandal farther, then they else had went.*

*As soone as God from trouble did release thee,  
(Or, but with hopes of outward things possesse thee)  
Some fruitlesse thoughts did quite thy heart estrange,  
And after such vaine Projects make thee range,  
That he was oft compeld to put thee from  
Those blessings, which ev'n to thy lips were come ;  
Lest, being then unseasonably received,  
Thou mightst of better things have beene bereaved.  
Few men so nigh great Hopes attained ever,  
With such small fortunes, and without endeavor,  
As thou hast done ; and fewer have beene crost  
That way (which thou hast beene) in what was lost ;  
That see and know thou mightst, such losse and gaine,  
He sent ; and, that he neither sent in vaine  
Yea, that those evils which thou hadst in thought,  
Should scape the being into action brought,  
Ill tongues were stured to prevent the fact,  
By blazing what was never yet in act :  
But, might have beene, perhaps, had not that armed  
Thy heart ; whereby thy foes would thee have harmed.*

*Thou to refresh thy soule, hast pleasures had,  
And thou by their abuse, hast feebler made  
Her usefull Faculties. Thou hast enjoyed  
Youth, strength, and health ; and, them hast mis-employed.*

N

Thy

*Thy God hath made thee gracious in their eyes,  
 Whose good esteeme, thy soule doth highly prize;  
 And (of ill purpose though Ile not condemne  
 Thy love, or meaning, to thyselfe or them)  
 Thou hast full often stole their hearts away,  
 Ev'n from themselves; and made thine owne a prey  
 To many passions; which did sometimes bring  
 Vpon your selves, a mutuall torturing;  
 Because you did not in your loves propose  
 Those ends, for which, Affection, God bestowes.  
 But, spent your houres (that should have beene employ'd  
 To learne and teach how you should have enjoy'd  
 Gods love) that flame, to kindle, in each other;  
 Wherein, you might have perished together.*

*Thou aggravated hast thy pard'ned crimes,  
 And, iterated them, a thousand times.  
 Ev'n yet, thou dost renew them ev'ry day;  
 And when for Mercy thou dost come to pray,  
 Thou meritest confusion, through that folly,  
 Which makes thy prayers to become unholy.*

*Nay, at this time, and in this very place,  
 Where God in Iudgement stands before thy face,  
 Thou oft forgetst the danger thou art in;  
 Forgetst Gods mercy, and dost hourly sin.  
 Thou dost neglect thy time, and trifle out  
 Those dayes, that should have beene employ'd about  
 The service of thy Maker. Thou dost give  
 Thy selfe that liberty, as if to live  
 Or dye, were at thy choice; and that at pleasure,  
 Thou mightst pursue his worke; and at thy leasure.  
 Thy Talent thou mispendst; and here, as though  
 To looke upon Gods Iudgements were enough  
 For thee to doe; thou dost with negligence  
 Performe thy vowes; which adde to thy offence.*

*And,*

*And loe, for these thy faults, and many moe ;  
Whereof thy Conscience thee doth guilty know,  
My spotted-Hound hath seized thee : from whom,  
That thou with life shouldst licence have to come,  
What canst thou say ? I could not make reply ;  
For, Feare, and Guilt, and that dread Majesty  
Which I had apprehended, tooke away  
My speach ; and not a word had I to say.*

But *Mercy* who came arme in arme along  
With *Iustice*, and about her alwayes hung ;  
Did looke, me thought, upon me, with an eye  
So truly pitifull, that instantly  
My heart was cheer'd, and (*Mercy* prompting her)  
Such words, or thoughts as these she did prefer.

*Tis true most awfull Iustice, that my sin  
Hath greater then thy accusations bin.  
The most refined actions of my soule,  
Are in thy presence, horrible and foule.  
And if thou take account of what is done,  
I cannot of ten thousand answer one.  
As soone as I am censured from my sinne,  
To soile my selfe anew I doe begin.  
I to my vomit, like a Dog, retire,  
And like a Sow, to wallow in the mire :  
I have within my foule, distempers, passions ;  
And hourly am besieg'd with strong temptations.  
My Flesh is weake, except it be to sin ;  
My Spirit faints, when I the goale should winne.  
My Will Affecteth most, what is most vaine ;  
My Memory doth evill best retaine.  
That little good I would, I cannot doe ;  
Those evils I detest, I fall into.  
The vapours which from earthly things arise,  
Too often veile heav'ns glories from mine eyes.*

N 2

*And*

*And I, who can sometimes by contemplation,  
Advance my soule above the common station,  
(The world contemning) doe sometimes agen,  
Lye groveling on the ground with other men:  
My Faith doth faile; my mounting wings are clipt;  
Of all my braveries I quite am stript;  
My hopes are hid; my fins doe me defile;  
And in my owne esteeme, my soule is vile.  
I will acknowledge all my aberrations,  
According to their utmost aggravations;  
And here confesse, that I deserve therefore  
The losse of Mercies love for evermore;  
Which were a greater plague, then to abide  
All torments here, and all hell plagues beside.*

*But, I repent my sinne: loe, I abhor it,  
And, with my heart, am truly sory for it.  
I feare thine anger, (but, to feare the love  
Of Mercy could be lost, would in me prove  
A greater horror) and no slavish dread,  
But loving feare, this griefe in me hath bred.  
It paines my soule, that I who have conceived  
Such pleasures in thy favours, and received  
Such tokens of thy love, from day to day,  
Should passe a moment of my time away  
In any vanity; or live to be  
One minutes space without a thought of thee.  
But, more I grieve, that I should more transgresse  
Then many doe, whom thou hast favour'd lesse.*

*Although I am a sinner, yet I vow,  
I doe not in my soule my sinnes allow;  
But, I detest them, and oft pray, and strive,  
That, I according to thy Law may live.  
(At least I thinke I doe) and hopefull am,  
My love to thee is true, though much to blame.*

*In*



*In me there howrely rise (against my will)  
Those lusts which I should mortifie and kill:  
And as I am enabled, I doe smite  
As well the fat, as leane Amalekite.*

*But, if I have a sin that is become  
My Agag; or as deare as Absolom,  
I wish a Samuel, or a Ioab may  
Destroy it e're my foule it shall betray.  
For, if my heart hath not it selfe deceived,  
It would, with willingnesse, be quite bereaved  
Of what it most affects (yea, sacrifice  
That which is dearer then my hands, or eyes)  
E're cherish, wittingly, within my brest,  
A thought, which thy uprightnesse doth detest.*

*Thou knowest, that I take no pleasures in  
That act which I doe feare to be a sin:  
Much lesse if I doe know it so: and, this  
Doth bitter make it, when I doe amisse:  
Though in my wayes my walkings, now and then,  
Appeare irregular to other men;  
(And other while may shows of evill make)  
Because from thence offences others take,  
Yet, thought I not, it lesse offended thee  
To use it, then unus'd to let it be,  
I would not tread once more in such a path,  
To save my life, and all the joy it hath.  
But, should it cost my life I cannot tell  
If (in some actions) I doe ill or well,  
For, many times, when I doe seeke to shun  
A plash, into a whirlepoole I doe run.  
The Wolfe I flye, and loe, a Lyon frights me;  
I shun the Lyon, and a Viper bites me.  
A scandall followes, if I take my course;  
If I divert it, there ensues a worse.*

N 3

I

*If I persist in that which I intend,  
 It giveth some occasion to offend :  
 If I forgoe it ; my owne knowledge sayes  
 I sin, and scandall give some other wayes.  
 I find not in my actions, or affections  
 That thing that is not full of imperfections.  
 I cannot doe a good or pious act  
 But there is somewhat evill in the fact,  
 Or in the manner ; and it either tends  
 To this mans dammage, or that man offends.  
 Whatever I resolve upon, I finde  
 It doth not fully satisfie my minde.  
 I am so straitned, that I know not whence  
 To finde the meanes of shunning an offence ;  
 And, if dear Mercy, thou assist me not,  
 My fairest act will prove my foulest blot.*

*The World, our Friends, our Passions, or our Feare,  
 Hath so intangled us, at unaware,  
 With manifold engagements ; and so drawes  
 And windes us, by degrees, into that Maze  
 Of endlesse Wandrings ; that it leads us to  
 That sin, sometimes, which we abhor to doe :  
 And, otherwhile so strangely giddifies  
 The Reason, and the soules best Faculties ;  
 That (as I said before) we doe not know  
 What in our selves to like, or disallow.  
 Yea, we such turnings and crosse wayes doe finde,  
 That oft, our Guides (as well as we) are blinde.*

*The Spirit and the Flesh have their delight,  
 In things, so diverse, and so opposite :  
 And, such a Law of Sinne doth still abide  
 Within our Members ; that, we swarve aside  
 Doe what we can : and, while we helpe the one,  
 To what seemes needfull, th'other is undone.*

*If*

*If by the Spirits motion, I proceed  
 To compasse what I thinke my Soule may need,  
 My Body wants the while ; and I am faine  
 To leave my course ; that her I may sustaine :  
 Lest my engagements, or necessities,  
 Might my well meant endeavor scandalize.  
 If I but feed my Body, that it may  
 Assist my Spirit in some lawfull way ;  
 It straight growes wanton : If I fast, it makes  
 My spirit faint in what she undertakes :  
 And, if I keepe a meane ; meane fruits are they,  
 ( And little worth ) which then produce I may.*

*If in a Christian love some hours I spend  
 To be a comfort to some female friend,  
 Who needs my counsell : I doe cause, the while,  
 Another with hot jealousies, to boyle :  
 Nor know I how my selfe excuse I may  
 Vnlesse anothers weaknesse I display.  
 Which if I doe not, or some lye invent,  
 They censure me unkinde, or impudent.*

*I can nor doe, nor speake, nor thinke that thing,  
 But, still, some inconvenience it will bring ;  
 Or, some occasion of an evill, be  
 To me, or others ; or to them, and me.  
 And from the body of this Death, by whom  
 But, by my Saviour, can I freed become ?*

*Oh ! therefore, sweet Redeemer, succor lend me,  
 And, from these bogs, and snares of sin, defend me ;  
 Deare God, assist in these perplexities,  
 Which from our fraile condition doe arise.  
 Set straight, I pray thee, Lord, the crookednesse  
 Of erring Nature ; and these faults redresse.  
 So out of frame, is ev'ry thing, in me,  
 That, I can hope for cure, from none, but thee.*

N 4

To

*To thee I therefore kneele ; to thee I pray ;  
To thee my soule complaineth ; ev'ry day :  
Doe thou but say, Be whole ; or be thou cleane ;  
And, I shall soone be pure, and sound, agen.*

*The Will thou gav'st me, to affect thy Will,  
Though it continue not so perfect still,  
As when thou first bestow'dst the same ; accept it,  
Ev'n such as my polluted Vessell kept in.  
For, though it wounded be, through many fights  
Continu'd with my carnall appetites :  
Yet, if my hearts desire to me be knowne,  
Thy Pleasure I preferre before mine owne.  
If I could chuse, I would not guilty be  
Of any act displeasing unto thee.  
In all my life, I would not speake a word,  
But, that which to thy liking might accord.  
I would not thinke a thought, but what might show,  
That from thy Spirit, all my musings flow.  
I would nor hate, nor Love, nor hope, nor feare,  
But, as unto thy praise it usefull were.  
I would not have a joy within my heart,  
Of which thou should'st not be the greater part.  
Nor would I live or dye, or happy be  
In life or death ; but (Lord) to honour thee.  
Oh ! let this Will (which is the precious feed  
Of thine owne Love) be taken for the deed.  
Assist thou me against the potent evill  
Of my great Foes, the World, the Flesh, the Devill.  
Renew my fainting pow'rs, my heart revive ;  
Refresh my spirits, and my soule relieve.  
Lord draw me, by the cords of thy affection,  
And I shall fall in love with thy perfection.  
Vnloose my chaines, and I shall then be free ;  
Convert me, and converted I shall be.*

*Yea,*

Publications of the Spenser Society.

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# Britain's Remembrancer.

BY

GEORGE WITHER.

*PART II.*

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

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1880.

# The Spenser Society.

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1880.



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*Yea, to my soule (oh God!) and to my senses  
 Display thy beauties and thy excellencies  
 So plaine, that I may have them still in sight;  
 And thou shalt ever be my sole delight.  
 The world though she should into pieces teare me  
 With troubles; from thy love should never scare me;  
 Nor able be to tempt me from one duty  
 To thee, with all her pleasures and her beauty.*

*Behold; I came to seeke thee, Lord; ev'n here,  
 Where, to attend thy presence most men feare.  
 Though here I saw the Pestilence withstand me,  
 I said to know what worke thou wouldst command me,  
 From all the pleasures of the world, and from  
 Her hopes of safety, I am hither come  
 Where thou art angry: and to see thy frowne  
 Am at thy feet, with terror, fallen downe.  
 Yet, hence I would not flye (although I might)  
 To gaine the chiefeft of this worlds delight,  
 Till I perceive thou bidd'st me goe away;  
 And, then, for twenty worlds, I would not stay.*

*I came as heartily as flesh and blood  
 Could come (that hath in it so little good)  
 To doe thee service: and, if dye I must,  
 Loe, here I am; and, I pronounce thee just.  
 Although thou slay me yet my soule well knowes  
 Thou lov'st me: And, fle trust in thee repose.  
 Though in my selfe I feele I am polluted;  
 I finde a better righteousnesse imputed  
 Then I have lost. Thy blessed Love doth fill me  
 With joys, that will revive me, though thou kill me.  
 My sins are great; but thy compassion's greater.  
 I have thy Quittance, though I am thy Debtor.  
 And, though my temp'rall hopes may be destroyed;  
 Yet, I have those, that never shall be void.*

N 5

Th

Thus, to the Lord, my foule I powred out,  
 When I with dangers was enclos'd about ;  
 And though I was a sinner, this appeased  
 His wrath in Christ, and my griev'd foule was eas'd.  
 He graciously accepted, in a good part,  
 This poore oblation of an humbled heart.  
 His *Mercy* seal'd my *pardon* ; and I shook  
 The *Pestilence* (which hold upon me tooke)  
 From off my shoulder, without sence of harme,  
 As *Paul* did shake the Viper from his arme.

That weeke, moreover, God began to slack  
 His *Bow*, and call his bloody *Angell* backe ;  
 VVho by degrees retyr'd, as he came on.  
 For, weeke by weeke, untill it fell to none,  
 The number which the *Pestilence* did kill,  
 VVas constantly, and much abated still.

VVhen we were floating on that *Inundation*,  
 At first we sent a carnall *Lamentation* ;  
 VVhich like the Raven (from *Noahs* Arke) did flye,  
 And found nor rest, nor hope of remedy.  
 Then sent we *Dove-like Mournings* : but their feet  
 A while could with no resting places meet.  
 Then forth againe we sent them, out from hence,  
 VVing'd with more Charity, and Penitence.  
 And then, they brought an *Olive-branch* of peace,  
 VVhich made us hopefull of this *Floods* decrease.  
 The Lord, did favour to this *Kingdome* daigne,  
 And, brought from thrall, his *Jacob* back againe.  
 His peoples crimes he freely did release ;  
 His ire abated ; his hot rage did cease.  
 His praise had in our Land a dwelling place ;  
 And *Mercy* there, with *Iustice* did embrace.

And 'twas a grace to be considered,  
 That a Disease, so generally spread,

(And

(And so contagious) in few weeks should from  
 So many thousands, to a *cypher* come.  
 That our infectious beds, and roomes, and stuffe,  
 (VVhich in all likelyhood had beene enough  
 To keepe the *Plague* among us, till it had  
 Our Cities, and our Townes unpeopled made,  
 Should from their noyfonnesse, so soone be freed,  
 Is out of doubt a matter worth our heed.  
 Yea, tis a *Mercy* (though most mind it not)  
 VVhich in this Land should never be forgot :  
 That from an enemy so dangerous,  
 So great a City and so populous  
 Should in three months be purified so,  
 That all men might with safety, come and goe.

For, e're the following *Winter* was expired,  
 The *Citizens* where to their homes retired :  
 The *Terme* from *Reading*, was recalled hither,  
 From ev'ry Quarter, *Clients* came together ;  
 New trading was begun ; another brood  
 Soone fild the houses which unpeopled stood ;  
 Our *Gentry*, tooke up their old randevow ;  
 And such a concourse through our streets did flow,  
 That ev'ry place was fill'd : and, of all those,  
 (Those many thousands) who their lives did lose  
 (But some few months before) no want was found,  
 The people ev'ry where did so abound.

To thee oh *Lord*, to thee oh *Lord* ! be praise :  
 For, thou dost wound and cure, strike down and raise  
 Thou kill'st, and mak'st alive : thou frown'st at night,  
 And, thou art pleased e're the morning light.  
 VVhen we offend thee, thou a while dost leave us ;  
 VVhen we repent, thou dost againe receive us.  
 To ruine thou deliver'st us ; and then,  
*Returne againe* (thou saist) *ye sonnes of men*,

For

For, in thy wisedome thou considered hast,  
 That man is like a bubble, or a blast :  
 A heape of *Dust*, a tuft of witherd'd *Grasse*,  
 A fading *Flowre*, that soone away doth passe :  
 A *Moment* fled, which never shall retire ;  
 Or smoaking *Flaxe*, that quickly loseth fire.  
 An idle *Dream*e, which nothing doth betoken ;  
 A bruised *Reed*, which may with ease be broken :  
 And therefore dost in *Iudgement*, *Mercy* minde,  
 Yea, in thy greatest anger thou art kinde.

As is the space twixt heav'n and earth, above,  
 So large, to those that feare thee, is thy love.  
 As far as doth from *East*, the *West* reside,  
 So far thou dost from us our sins divide.  
 Such as a father to his childe doth beare,  
 Such love is thine, to those who thee doe feare.  
 Thy *Iustice* thou from age to age declarest ;  
 But, such as love thee, thou for ever sparest.  
 If thou but turne away, from us, thy face,  
 Loe, we are breathlesse in a moments space.  
 Thy looke doth us with life againe endue,  
 And all our losses instantly renew.  
 As oft as we rebell, thou dost forgive us ;  
 And, though into distresse, sometime thou drive us ;  
 Yet, alwayes in our sorrowes we were eyed,  
 And thou didst please to heare us when we cried.

With thirst and hunger faint, some stray'd aside,  
 To seeke a place where safe they might abide.  
 With worse then bands of *iron*, they where chained ;  
 And, in the gloomy shades of *Death* detained.  
 With heat, and sicknesse, they dejected were ;  
 And to deliver them, no helpe was there.  
 Their wickednesse, when they were plagued for,  
 Their foules the sweetest morsels did abhor.

They

They for their follies, did afflicted lye,  
And, to the gates of Death approached nigh.  
'Their foules within them were nigh dead with feare ;  
Yea, they distracted, and amazed were.

But, when to thee they called, they were eased,  
And out of all their troubles quite releafed.  
Thou sent'st abroad thy Word, and they were healed ;  
Thy *Writ of Indignation* was repealed.  
Frō out of *Death's* black shades they were reprieved ;  
And in their sorrowes and their paines relieved.  
From East and West, from North & South, and from  
'Their sev'rall wandrings, thou didst call them home :  
In ev'ry quarter of the *Realme* thou soughtst them ;  
Yea to their *City* back againe thou broughtst them :  
And there (now) joyfull, and in health they be ;  
From all their feares, and all their dangers free.

Oh ! would that men this love would think upon,  
And tell their seed what wonders thou hast done :  
Would they, *Oblations*, of thanksgiving, bringing,  
Thy works would praise, and publish them in singing.  
Oh ! would they were so wise that they might learne  
Thine infinite compassion to discern ;  
And that they would assist me to declare,  
How great thy *Judgements* and thy *Mercies* are !

Though none can of thy favours make relation,  
Nor fully utter all thy commendation ;  
Yet, let us doe our best, that we may raise  
A thankfull *Trophee* to thy boundlesse praise.  
Let us, whom thou hast saved, thee confesse,  
And to our utmost pow'r thy goodnesse bleffe.  
Let us proclaime thy bounties, in the street,  
And, preach thee where thy *Congregations* meet.  
Let us in private, at noone, morne, and night,  
And in all places, in thy praise delight.

Let

Let *Prince*, and *Priest*, and *People*, old, and yong,  
 The rich, the poore, the feeble, and the strong,  
 Men, Angels, and all creatures that have name,  
 Vnite their pow'rs, to publish out thy fame.

But, howsoever, others may endeavor,  
 Let me oh! God, let me oh God! perfever  
 To magnifie thy glory. Let not day,  
 Nor any morne, or evening, passe away,  
 In which I shall not to remembrance bring  
 Thy *Iudgements*; and of thy great *Mercy*, sing.  
 Let, never whilst I live, my heart forget  
 Those *Dangers*, and that strong entangled *Net*,  
 In which my soule was hamper'd. Let me see  
 (When, in this world, I shall best pleased be)  
 My dangers such appearing as they were,  
 When me, they round about enclosed here:  
 Yea, when, o'rewhelm'd, with terrors, I did call,  
 Like *Jonas*, from the belly of the *Whale*,  
 And was deliver'd. *Lord*, remember thou,  
 That with unfainednesse, I beg thee, now,  
 To keepe me alwayes mindefull of thy love.  
 And, if hereafter, I forgetfull prove;  
 Let this *unfainednesse* which thou dost give,  
 An *Earnest* be, of what I shall receive  
 In time to come. Refresh my cooled *zeale*,  
 And let thy *Spirit*, thy *hid Love* reveale.

Let not the fawning *World*, nor cunning *Deuill*,  
 Nor wanton *Flesh*, incite my heart to evill.  
 Let not my wandring eyes, be tempted by  
 Those *Objects*, that allure to Vanity;  
 Nor let my eares be charmed by their tongues,  
 Who to betray me, chant out *Syren-songs*.

Let men nor taste a *Pleasure*, nor obtaine  
 That carnall *Rest*, whereof I am so faine,

Till

Till it shall make me plainly to perceive  
 Thy love ; and teach me, foolish paths, to leave.  
 Let me be still in want ; and ever striving  
 With some afflictions (whilst that I am living)  
 Till they for better *Fortunes*, better me :  
 And, then, let into *Rest*, my entrance be.  
 From yeare to yeare, (as thou hast yearly done)  
 New sorrowes, and new trials bring thou on  
 My stubborne heart, till thou hast softned it,  
 And, made it, for thy service, truly fit :  
 But, give me hopes, and daily comforts too,  
 To strengthen me, as thou hast us'd to doe.  
 And, that in *Iustice*, *Mercy* may appeare,  
 Inflict (Oh *Lord* !) no more then I can beare.

I feele (and tremble that I feele it thus)  
 My flesh hath frailties which are dangerous,  
 To mine owne safety : and as soone as thou  
 Shalt quite remove the feares that seize me now ;  
 My sense of thee, and those good thoughts (I doubt)  
 May faile within me, or be rooted out. (them,  
 Some *Lust* may quench them, or some *Care* may choke  
 Vaine *hopes* may vaile thē, or *new-thoughts* revoke thē ;  
 The wisdom of the world, or of the Devill,  
 Or, some suggestion, in my selfe, that's evill,  
 May urge, perhaps, that it is *melancholy*,  
 Which fills me now ; that superstitious folly  
 Begot this awfulness ; that this *Disease*  
 Did accidentally, our *City* seize ;  
 And, that 'tis vaine to make so much upon  
 Those times or troubles, that are past and gone.

Oh ! rather, then it should in me be so,  
 Some other house of *Sorrow* send me to ;  
 And keepe me, *Lord*, perpetuall pris'ner there,  
 Till all such dangers ove passed are.

Nor

Nor weale nor woe I crave, but part of either,  
 As with my temper best agrees together.  
 For, joy without thy grace, is griefes encreasing,  
 And wealth is poverty, without thy blessing.  
 But if by passing this lifes purging fires,  
 Thou shalt so purifie my hearts defires,  
 That without perill to my hopes of heav'n,  
 A temp'rall rest may at the last be giv'n;  
 Vouchsafe it *Lord*, ev'n for the good of them  
 Who my best resolutions, yet, condemne.  
 Let them discerne, thou blessings hast provided,  
 For that, which they unjustly have derided.  
 Thou heretofore didst heare thy *Servant* call,  
 And mad'st me free when I was clofe in thrall.  
 Oh! to those *mortalls* make me not a scorne,  
 Who to my *Shame* my *Glory* seeke to turne:  
 But let it in thy time to them appeare,  
 That thou didst me *elect*, and me wilt heare.  
 Let them perceive (though they my *Lott* disdaine)  
 The *promise of this Life* dost appertaine  
 To me as unto them. And for their sakes  
 Whose weaknesse, otherwhile, offences takes  
 At my perpetuall scandals; let their eye  
 Behold the turne of my *Captivity*;  
 And know that I have walked in a path,  
 Which, in this life time, some smoothe paces hath.  
*But, nought repine I, though this boone thou grant not.*  
*For, that which thou to me deny'st I want not.*  
*I know thy Wisedome knowes what best will fit me:*  
*I know thy Pow'r enough those things to get me:*  
*I know thy Love is large enough to me:*  
*I know thy Pleasure should my pleasure be:*  
*Thy will be done, and hallowed be thy Name,*  
*Although it be through my perpetuall shame.*

Whilst



Whilst on such *Meditations* I was feeding  
 My pleas'd soule (and Gods great goodnes heeding)  
 That I might fill her with contemplating  
 On him, from whom all happineſſe doth ſpring :  
 A ſuddaine *Rapture* did my *Muſe* prepare  
 For higher things then ſhe did lately dare.

Me thought, I ſaw Gods *Juſtice* and his *Love*  
 Installed on one *throne*, in heav'n above.  
 I had imperfect ſights, and glimmering *notions*,  
 Concerning ſome of their partic'lar motions,  
 About this *Orbe*. I much perceiv'd me thought,  
 Of thoſe their wondrous works w<sup>c</sup> they had wrought  
 In former dayes. And, as within a Glaſſe,  
 Some things I ſaw, which they will bring to paſſe  
 In future times. By helpe of Gods great *Booke*,  
 (Which for my *Ephimerides* I tooke)  
 I had procur'd a large intelligence  
 Of *Juſtice* and of *Mercies Influence*.  
 There, learned I the ſeverall *Aſpects*,  
 And, of thoſe *Starres* the ſeverall effects :  
 While in *Conjunction* thoſe two *Lights* I ſaw ;  
 The beſt *Aſtrogers* could never draw  
 From all the planetary *Conſtellations*  
 (Ev'n at their beſt) ſuch heav'nly *Conſolations*.  
 I could conjecture of their worke divine,  
 In *Sextile*, or in *Quadrine*, or in *Trine* ;  
 And what prodigious *Plagues* the world ſhould fright  
 If their *aſpect* were wholly *Oppoſite*.

Some things, by calculation I diſcerned,  
 Which this our *Britiſh* Latitude concerned ;  
 And moſt of them not much impertinent  
 For all *Meridians* through Earths *Continent*.  
 I ſaw of *Weale* and *Woe* the many ranges :  
 I ſaw the reſtleſſe *Whee*l of mortall changes :

I

I saw how *Cities, Common-wealths, and Men,*  
 Did rise and fall, and rise and fall agen.  
 I saw the reason, why all *Times and States,*  
 Have such vicissitudes, and various fates.  
 I saw what doth occasion *War, and Peace;*  
 What causeth *Dearth,* and what doth bring *Encrease.*  
 I saw what hardens, and what mollifies;  
 And whence all *Blessings,* and all *Plagues* arise.  
 I saw how sins are linked in together  
 As in a *Chaine*; how one doth cause another;  
 And how to ev'ry linke throughout the *Chaine,*  
 Are fixt those *Plagues* which to that *Crime* pertain.  
 I saw unfeal'd, that hellish *Mystery,*  
 Of carnall and meere worldly *Policy,*  
 Whereby the *Devill* fooles this generation,  
 And brings on *Christendome* such molestation.  
 I saw (as plaine, as ever I did see  
 The Sun at none) what damned *projects* be  
 Veild o're with *Piety,* and *Holy zeale*:  
 And how, a *Christian Ath'isme* now doth steale  
 Vpon this age. Forgive me that I saw  
 A *Christian Ath'isme*; for, ev'n to betray  
*Christ Iesus, Christ* and *Iesus,* those two *Names,*  
 Are oft usurped; and it us defames.

I saw, why some abuse their holy *Calling,*  
 And why so many *Stars* from heav'n are falling.  
 I had a *Licence* given me, to come  
 Where I might see the Devils *Tiring-roome,*  
 And, all the *Masks,* the *Vifards,* and *Disguises,*  
 Which he to murder, cheat, or rob, devises.  
 And weares himselfe, or lends false hearted brothers  
 Therewith to foole themselves, or cozen others.

Here lay a *Box* of zeale professing *Eyes,*  
 Which serve for acting for *Hypocrisies.*

Hard

Hard by, another, full of *Double-hearts*,  
 For those who play the *Ambodexters* parts.  
 There, stood a *Chest* of counterfeited *Graces* ;  
 Another, full of *honest-seeming Faces*.  
 Yonn, hung a fuit, which, had some *Traytor* got,  
 He might have passed for a *Patroit*.  
 Close by, were presse fuls of such fuits, as they  
 Doe weare (in ev'ry Kingdome at this day)  
 Who passe for *Statfmen* ; when, God knowes, they be  
 As far from that, as knaves from loving me.

There, hung those *masking-fuits*, in which the *Popes*,  
 And *Cardinals*, pursue their carnall hopes.  
 There, were those formall *Garbs*, wherein false friends  
 Disguise themselves, for some unfaithfull ends.  
 Faire counterfeits for *Bishops* saw I there,  
 So like their habits that are most sincere,  
 (And so befainted) that if they were set  
 Vpon the back of our *Arch counterfeit*,  
 He could not be distinguisht from the best  
 Of all those *Prelates*, that have *Christ* profest.

There view'd I all those juggling sleights with w<sup>ch</sup>  
 Men worke false miracles ; and, so, bewitch  
 Deluded foules. There, saw I all the tricks  
 And *Fantosmes* wherewithall our *Schismaticks*  
 Abuse themselves and others. There (with ruth)  
 I saw *selfe-Doctrines*, trimm'd about with *Truth* ;  
 Fac'd out, with *Fathers* ; peec'd, and neatly dearned,  
 With *Sentences*, and *Sayings*, of the *Learned*.  
 Yea, with God's holy Scriptures, interweaved,  
 So cunningly, as would have nigh deceived  
 Ev'n his *Elekt* : (and, many a one, alas,  
 Of these, for Christian *Verities* doth passe.)

I saw, moreover, with what *Robes of Light*,  
 The *King of Darknesse* doth his person dight,

To

To make it *Angel* like ; and how he scrues  
 Himselfe among our musings, to abuse  
 Our understandings ; how he layes his hooks,  
 And baits, at *Sermons*, and in *godly-books* ;  
 (Although the *Authors* had, in their invention,  
 A pious meaning, and a good intention)  
 I saw what *venome* he doth hurle into  
 Our heart'est prayers, and those works we doe  
 In purest charity : and how he strives  
 To poison us in our *preservatives*.

When all these *Maskings*, and a thousand moe,  
 My apprehensions eye had lookt into :  
 From thence my *Contemplation* rais'd my thought,  
 And, to a higher *Station* I was brought.  
 There, I beheld what ruine and confusion,  
 Was of these *Mummeries*, the sad conclusion.  
 There, saw I what *Catastrophes* attend  
 Those Vanities, wherein our times we spend :  
 How God still counterworks, and overthrowes  
 The projects of the *Devill*, and our Foes.  
 And, tell I could (but that it would be prated,  
 I some *Prophetick spirit* arrogated)  
 Strange newes to those mens eares, who have not  
 What may, by *Meditation*, be discerned. (learned

Yet, all that I conceive I cannot write :  
 Nor would I though I could : for, so I might  
 Throw *Pearles to Swine* ; of whom I may be torne,  
 Be trampled in the mire, and made a scorne.  
 Nay, tell my selfe I dare not, what I spy,  
 When I have thoughts of most transcendency ;  
 Left Pride possesse me, and should cast me downe,  
 As far below, as I on high have flowne :  
 For, when we nearest unto heav'n do soare,  
 (Till we are there) our perils are the more ;

Since

Since, there is *wickednesse* which we doe call  
*The wickednesse that is spirituall*  
*In heav'nly places.* And as we doe know  
 There is a *Lightning* which doth often goe  
 Quite through the body, to the vitall part,  
 And kill the very *spirits* at the heart,  
 Yet never harme the flesh ; because it may  
 Through ev'ry porous member make it way  
 Without impressiō : So, from our offences,  
 The *Devill* doth extract some *Quintessenses*,  
 Which we may rightly name, *the spirit of sin* ;  
 And, till our *thoughts* have sublimated bin,  
 They are too grosse for that to worke upon.  
 But, when such *Sublimations* are begun,  
 He doth infuse his *Chymicall* receipt,  
 And, either workes *precipitation*, straight,  
 Or makes those *Vertues*, which pure gold were thought  
 When they shall come to triall, worfe then nought.

I saw this danger (as my soule did flye  
 To God ward) and the Devills *Chymistry*,  
 I learned how to frustrate ; by assuming  
*Humility*, and shunning high presuming.  
 I, of those lovely *Graces*, got the view,  
 Which teach us how such perils to eschew.  
 I learned there, how they might be procured ;  
 How their continuance might be still secured ;  
 And, in my pow'r it is not to expresse,  
 How I was fill'd with hopes of happinesse.

My thoughts (yet) climbed higher, and perceived  
 A glimpse of things that cannot be conceived.  
 The *Love of God* ; the *joyes that are to come* ;  
 And many fights, that long were hidden from  
 My blinded Soule. This, set my heart on fire  
 To climbe a little, and a little higher ;

Till

Till I was up so high, that I did see  
 The *World*, but like an *Atome*, under me.  
 Me thought, it was not worth my looking on ;  
 Much lesse, the setting of my love upon.  
 My soule did strive to mixe her selfe among  
 The *Cherubins*, and in their *Angell-song*  
 To beare a part ; and, *secrets* to unskreene,  
 That cannot by our mortall eyes be seene.  
 And, I would gladly thither have ascended,  
 Where joyes are perfect, and all woes are ended.  
 As thus I mounted ; by degrees, I felt  
 My *strength* to faile me, and my *wings* to melt :  
 My *flesh* waxt faint ; my *objects* grew too pure,  
 For my grosse understanding to endure.  
 A kind of shuddring did my heart surprise,  
 Like that which comes when sudden thoughts arise.  
 I far'd like him, who sleeping, dreams of store,  
 And waking, finds himselfe exceeding poore.  
 A *pow'r* unseene, did hold upon me take,  
 And, to my soule, to this effect it spake.  
 " I say it was *Gods Spirit* ; if you doubt  
 " I arrogate, come heare the matter out :  
 " For, who the *Speaker* is, that will disclose :  
 " And, if 'twere he, his *Flocke*, his language knows.  
 Despaire not *Soule*, (it said) though thou art faine  
 To sinke from these, to common thoughts againe.  
 Nor murmur thou, that yet thou must not rise  
 To thy wisht *height*. God's favour will suffice  
 For that which wants ; and these high thoughts are  
 In earnest of that part of thine in heav'n, (giv'n  
 Which by thy Royall *Master* is prepared ;  
 And, in thy time allotted, shall be shared.  
 Strive to attend ; but straine not over long,  
 Thy climbing *spirits*, lest thou doe them wrong.

The

The *Flesh* is heavy, though the *Soule* be light ;  
And, *Heav'n* is seldome reached at one flight.  
Mount high ; but, mount not higher then thy *bound* ;  
Left thou be lost, and all that thou hast found.  
Search deepe ; but fearch no deeper then thy pow'r ;  
Left some infernall *Depth* may thee devour.  
Observe thy *Makers* glory by reflection ;  
But, gaze not overmuch at his perfection ;  
Left that great lustre blinde thee. Take thou heed,  
Left while thou thinkst thou homeward dost proceed,  
Thou quite be lost : For, though these *flights* do raise  
Thy Soule with pleasure, they are dangerous wayes.  
When higher then the vulgar pitch't she towres  
She meets with *Principalities*, and *Pow'rs*,  
Who wrestle with her that she may not rise ;  
Or tempt her on, by *Curiosities*,  
To lead the mind astray, untill it wanders  
Among the windings of unsafe *Meanders*.  
Then doth it whirl about, to see things hidden ;  
Pryes after *Secrecies* that are forbidden ;  
And by a *path*, which tends to *Heav'n*, in show,  
Ariveth, unaware, at *Hell* below.

Take heed of this ; the way to heav'n is steep ;  
Yet, e're thou climbe it, thou must often creep.  
The worke appointed thee, is yet unended,  
And, Gods good pleasure must be still attended  
Ev'n in this world, untill he call thee thence.  
His *Kingdome* must be got by violence.  
Thou must with many frailties, yet, contend,  
Before thy Christian *warfare* hath an end.  
The World is brewing yet another *Cup*  
*Of Bitternesse*, for thee to swallow up.  
Thou hast from *Heav'n* an *Arrand* yet to doe,  
Which (if God hinder not) will call thee to

More

More troubles, and more hatred bring upon thee,  
 Then all thy former *Messages* have won thee.  
 And be thou sure, the Devill will devise  
 All flanders, and all wicked infamies  
 That many disparage thee ; or fruitlesse make,  
 That usefull worke which thou dost undertake.

Thou must prepare thine eares to heare the noise  
 Of causlesse *threatnings*, or the foolish voice  
 Of ignorant *Reprovers* ; and expect  
 The secret *Censures* of each giddy *Set*.  
 Thou must provide thy selfe, to heare great *Lords*  
 Talke, without reason, big impetuous words.  
 Thou must contented be to make repaire  
 (If need require) before the *Scorners* Chaire,  
 To heere them jeere, and flout, and take in hand  
 To scoffe at what they doe not understand.  
 Or say, perhaps, that of thy selfe thou mak'st  
 Some goodly thing ; or that thou undertak'st  
 Above thy *Calling* ; or unwarranted :  
 Not heeding from whose mouth it hath bin fed,  
 " Gods *Wisdom*e oft elects, what men despise ;  
 " And foolish things, to foile the worldly wife.

But feare thou not. For, he that in all places,  
 And from all dangers, wants, and all disgraces,  
 Hath hitherto preserv'd thee ; will secure  
 Thy safety now. That hand which did procure  
 Release from thy close *Thralldomes*, and maintained  
 Thy heart content, while thou wert so restrained ;  
 Will be the same for ever : and, like stubble,  
 Consume ; or, like the weakest water-bubble,  
 Dissolve the force of ev'ry machination,  
 Whereby the world shall seek thy molestation.

Though thou in knowledge art a *Child*, as yet ;  
 And, seemest not by outward *Calling* fit

For



For such a taske : yet, doe not thou disable  
 What God shall please to say is warrantable.  
 His Word, remaineth still in date, which sayes,  
 That, *On the children of the later dayes,*  
*He would poure out a measure of his Spirit ;*  
 And, thou thereof a portion shall inherit.  
 Though thou despised art ; yet God by thee  
 Shall bring to passe a worke which strange will be  
 To most beholders ; and, no doubt, it shall  
 Occasion some to stand, and some to fall.

For, men to ruine doom'd, will misconceive it ;  
 And, they that shall have safety, will receive it.

Thy God hath toucht thy *Tongue*, and tipt thy Pen ;  
 And, therefore, feare not thou the face of men,  
 Lest he destroy thee. For, this day to stand  
 'Gainst *Princes*, *Priests*, and *People* of this *Land*,  
 Thou art appointed : and they shall in vaine  
 Contend. For thou the conquest shalt obtaine.

Although that viperous *Brood* upon thee lights,  
 Whose pois'ned tongue with killing *slander* smites ;  
 And, though the barbarous *People* of this *Ile*,  
 Doe thereupon adjudge thee, for a while,  
 A man so wicked, that (although thou hast  
 The *Sea* of Troubles, without shipwrack, past)  
 Gods *Vengeance* will not suffer thee to live  
 The life of honest *Fame* : Let that not grieve  
 Thy heart a whit. For, though their eyes doe see  
*Reproaches*, which like *Vipers*, hanging be,  
 Vpon their flesh ; they shall perceive e're long,  
 That thou (unharm'd) them away hast flung.  
 And they who did expect to see thee fall,  
 For thy firme standing, praise Gods mercy shall.

Against oppression, he will safe maintaine thee,  
 Ev'n God, who oft did his protection daigne thee ;

O

And

And tooke thy part against all those, that fought  
 How they thy *Muse*, to silence, might have brought.  
 He, that preserv'd thee from this *plague*, will save thee;  
 For, he thy life ev'n of meere mercy, gave thee,  
 To serve him with. Thou knowst thou art a *Brand*,  
 Snatcht from the flaming fire, by Gods owne hand;  
 And that to him thou owest, all thou art,  
 And all thy *Faculties*, in ev'ry part.

Take heed, therefore, that nothing thou refuse  
 To utter, which he prompts unto thy *Muse*.  
 Be constant: and, *Elihu*-like, beware  
 That thou accept not persons; nor declare  
 With glozing *titles*, that which thou shalt say;  
 Lest God may take thee suddenly away:  
 But, publish that which he of thee requires,  
 In termes, and words, as he the same inspires.

For, to this *Realme* and *City* thou art sent,  
 To warne, that of their follies they repent;  
 To shew for what omiffions, and offences,  
 God sendeth *Famines*, *Wars*, and *Pestilences*;  
 And to pronounce what other plagues will come,  
 If their Transgressions they depart not from.

Indeed, of *Priests* and *Prophets*, store have they,  
 And, some of them are like enough to say;  
*When came the Spirit of the Lord to thee,*  
*From us, who no such danger can foresee*  
*As thou pretendest?* These are they that share  
 The pleasures of the time, with such as are  
 The *Lands* perdition. These are they which tye  
 Soft pillowes to mens elbowes; and still cry  
*Peace, peace*; ev'n when perdition, hanging over  
 The peoples heads, they plainly may discover.  
 But, they that are true *Priests* of God among them,  
 And his true *Prophets*, think not, he doth wrong the,  
 If

If he doe chuse a *Heardman* : nor will such  
 Envy the fame (or at the blessing grutch)  
 If all were *Prophets*, and God pleased were  
 To make that *Gift* to ev'ry man appeare.

Though Gods own prefence, had made *Moses* wife ;  
 Yet, *Jethro's* counsell would he not despise.  
 He, whom the *Angell* fed, did alfo eat  
 Ev'n when the *Ravens* came to bring him meat :  
 And, all that of their *spirit* partners be,  
 Will heare what's good, though published by thee.

Behold ; this thanklesse People (from whose *Land*  
 God hath but newly tooke his heavy hand)  
 Forget already what his mercy hath  
 Vouchsafed ; and his late enflamed wrath.  
 See, how they flock together, to pursue  
 New mischiefes, and old follies to renew.  
 Their evill courfes, they afresh begin ;  
 And, ev'n thofe very purpofes of fin,  
 Whofe profecution this great *Plague* hath ftaid,  
 To finifh now they are no whit afraid.  
 Thofe *Discords* which they, many times, pretended,  
 Amid their feares, fhould chritianly be ended,  
 (If God would fpare them) are againe revived ;  
 And divers new malicious plots contrived.  
 Thofe *Luffs* of which they feemed much afhamed :  
 Thofe *Vanities*, for which themfelves they blamed ;  
 Thofe Bargains, which their confcience did perfwade  
 Were wicked ; & of God abhorred make them ; (thē,  
 That Pride ; that Sloth ; that Envy ; that Exceffe ;  
 That Cruelty ; that Irreligioufneffe ;  
 Yea, all that wickedneffe perfude before,  
 (And which they fain'd fo truly to deplore)  
 Returnes with intereft ; and they contemne  
 Good things ; as if the *Plague* had hardened them.

Like *Phar'oh*, they repented while the Rod  
Was laid upon them. But, as soone as God  
Removed it ; their mindes they changed too ;  
And would not let their evill *customes* goe.

Goe therefore instantly, goe draw the *Map*  
Of that great *Plague* from which they did escape :  
Set thou before their eyes, as in a glasse,  
How great Gods *Mercy*, and their danger was.  
Lay open their grosse crimes, that they may see  
How hatefull, and how infinite they be.  
Declare what mischiefes their enormities  
Have caused ; and will daily cause to rise.  
Pronounce those *Iudgements* which Gods holy *Word*  
Doth for the *Wages* of their Crimes record.  
And (as the blessed *Spirit* shall enable,  
Thy *Muse* ; and, shew thee what is warrantable)  
Tell boldly, what will on their wayes attend,  
Vnlesse their lives and courses they amend.

Delay it not ; and let no worke of thine ;  
No goodly-seeming hope, or faire designe,  
(How promising soever) draw thee from  
This *Taske*, untill unto an end it come.  
For, no affaire of thine shall finde successe,  
Till thou hast finisht this great *Busnesse*.

If any man that is thy friend, or foe,  
Shall this deride ; and say it is not so ;  
But, that thy *Fancy* onely eggeth on  
Thy *Muse* : or, that to doe, or leave undone  
This worke, were much alike. If any say  
Thou maist proceed herein, with such delay,  
As, vulgarly, *discretion* thinketh fit :  
Or, as thy common *Busnesse* will permit.

Nay, if thou meet, as thou maist meet with some,  
Who like a *Prophet*, unto thee will come ;

And

And (as the *Man of God* seduced was,  
 Who told in *Bethel* what should come to passe  
 Concerning *Ieroboams* Altar there)  
 Perfwading thee, those thoughts delusions are :  
 That, selfe-conceit, or pride, hath made thee dreame  
 That thou art bound to prosecute this *Theame* :  
 Beleeve them not. For, if that *Man of God*  
 Here mentioned, did feele so sharpe a rod,  
 When his delay was but to eate and drinke ;  
 (Perchance through hunger) and when he did think  
 A *Prophet* sent by God, had licenc'd him :  
 Take heed thou doe not this advice contemne.  
 For, since this *motion* urgeth nought that's ill,  
 Nor contradiçteth Gods revealed will ;  
 But rather helpes effect it : since he moves it  
 So nat'rally, that thine owne soule approves it  
 To be his act ; beware how thou suspect it,  
 Or how thou shalt be carelesse to effect it.

Let not a worldly wisedome, (nor the scoffe  
 Of any) from this motive drive thee off.  
 Take heed the feare of dangers, nor the losse  
 Of carnall hopes, thy purpose, herein, crosse.  
 Take heed that *Ionas*-like, thou be not bent  
 To *Tharfus*, when thou knowst that thou art sent  
 To *Niniveh*. For all thy doubts, and feare,  
 Will be as causelesse, as his doubtings were :  
 And be thou sure, that wheresoe're thou be,  
 A *Tempest* and a *Whale* shall follow thee.

My heart receiv'd this *Message* ; did allow  
 It came from God ; and made a solemne *Vow*,  
 It would not entertaine a serious thought  
 Of any worldly thing, till that were brought  
 To full perfection : no, although it might  
 Endanger losing my best fortune quite.

O 3

But,

But, oh! how fraile is Man? and how unable  
 In any goodnesse to continue stable?  
 How subtile is the *Devill*? and what baits,  
 And undermining policies and sleights,  
 Hath he to coozen us? My soule was raifed  
 So high, e'rewhile, that I admir'd and praifed  
 My blest estate: And, thought, with *David*, then,  
*My heart shall never be remov'd agen.*

But, see, how soone, if God withdraw his eye,  
 We fall to hell, that up to heav'n did flye.  
 I would have sworne (when in my *Contemplation*,  
 I was ascended to that lofty *Station*,  
 So lately mention'd) that I should have scorn'd  
 The goodlest prize the *Devill* could have suborn'd  
 To tempt me by. I thought, if God had said,  
*Doe this*; that (though the *World* had all beene laid  
 - To be my wages, if I should delay  
 The doing of the same, but halfe a day)  
 I should have rather chose to have forsaken  
 My life; then so to have beene overtaken.

Yet, loe; so craftily a bait was laid;  
 Such shoves of *Goodnesse*, thereinto convaied,  
 Such meanes of helpe to *Piety*, pretended;  
 To me so seem'd it, to be recommended  
 By God himselfe; and, such necessity  
 Appear'd of taking opportunity  
 As then it offred was, that I suspected  
 I had done ill, the same to have neglected.  
 Nay, to my Vnderstanding, true Discretion,  
 And, all the Wisdome of this Generation,  
 Did so concur together to betray  
 My heart; that I did foolishly delay  
 The Task enjoyn'd. Yea, what I had begun,  
 (Proceeded in) and purpos'd should be done

Before

Before my best affaires ; ev'n that I threw  
 Aside ; and other hopes I did pursue.  
 I brake my *Vow*, and I was led awry  
 For that which was more light then Vanity ;  
 And so my hopes my judgement did beguile,  
 That, I suppos'd all was well the while.  
 Most, also, thought me wisely to have done,  
 And, such a fortune to have lighted on ;  
 That others, of my happinesse, began  
 To talke ; and reckon me a prosperous man.

But, many scandals, passions, and vexations,  
 Much hinderance, and a world of perturbations,  
 Pursued me ; to let me understand,  
 That I had taken some wrong act in hand.  
 For, though like *Jonas*, I resolv'd not quite  
 From Gods commands to make a stubborne flight ;  
 Yet went I to his *Worke* the furthest way :  
 And, travell'd, as my owne occasions lay.  
 Which he perceiving, sent a *Storme* that crost me ;  
 Made shipwracke of my hopes ; my labour lost me ;  
 Befool'd my wisdom ; of much joy bereft me ;  
 Within the *Sea* of many troubles left me ;  
 And, what with speed and ease I might have done  
 At first ; hath long with paine bene lingred on.

Yea, when the *Harvest* of my great repute  
 Was looked for (and most expected fruit)  
 It proved chaffe ; and plainly I perceived,  
 That God had suffred me to be deceived ;  
 To warne me, that hereafter, I should never  
 Omit, for any reason whatsoever,  
 His *motions* ; nor with holy *vowes* dispense :  
 But worke his pleasure, with all diligence.  
 Which after I had heeded, I descry'd  
 By what, and whither, I was drawne aside.

I plainly saw, that what I then had sought  
 With hope of comfort, would my woe have wrought.  
 I found that likely to have beene to me  
 A *Curse*, which promised my *Blisse* to be.  
 I praised God, as for a favour done,  
 That he did lose me, what I might have won :  
 And what the world did think me haplesse in,  
 I found a gracious blessing to have bin.  
 I saw my fault ; I saw, in vaine I sought  
 To worke my *will*, till I Gods will had wrought.  
 I saw that while the furthest way I went,  
 Gods *Mercy* did my foolishnesse prevent :  
 Yea, made it (by his providence divine)  
 A great advantage to his owne *Designe*.  
 And, for my negligence when I had mourned,  
 To my proposed Labour, I returned.

I begg'd of God that he would give me grace,  
 To be more constant in a godly race.  
 I did beseech him to bestow againe  
 Those *Apprehensions*, which my *hopes in vaine*  
 Had made me lose : and that for my demerit,  
 He would not quench in me his holy Spirit :  
 But, grant me pow'r to prosecute my story,  
 And utter forth his *Message*, to his glory.

My sute was heard : I got what I desired :  
 My soule, with matter, was anew inspired.  
 My eyes were clear'd ; my heart was new enlarged :  
 Bold *Resolutions* had all Feares discharged :  
 And, that which was disclosed unto me,  
 Doth appertaine, *Great Britaine*, unto thee.  
 Come heare me therefore ; for, howe're thou take it,  
 My Conscience bids me, and I meane to speake it.  
 Within thy pow'r thou hast me ; and what e're  
 Shall good and right in thine owne eyes appeare,  
 Thou



Thou maist inflict upon me : But, this know,  
 That what I shall declare God bids me show ;  
 And that, if I for this, have harme, or shame ;  
 My God shall at thy hands require the fame.  
 Oh ! let not my requests in vaine be made ;  
 Nor to thy former sinnes, another adde.

And, my sweet *Country*, and deare *Countrimen*,  
 Let not these overflowings of my pen  
 Distastfull be ; as if their spring had beene  
 But either from the Gall, or from the Spleene.  
 Let not this ages false *Interpreter*,  
 (Which makes both *Judgement* and *Affection* erre)  
 Corrupt my *Text*, by their false *Commentary*,  
 To make your good opinions to miscary.  
 For, though in me (as in all flesh and blood)  
 Much error hinders from that perfect good  
 Which I affect : yet I his meed may claime,  
 Who makes God's glory, and your weale his ayme ;  
 And, begs but of his words a patient hearing ;  
 And, from your follies a discreet forbearing.

If there be *Truth*, and Reason, in the *Message*,  
 Let not my person hinder my *Ambassage*.  
 If God shall in his *Mercy* pleased be,  
 To make a *Factor* for his praise of me ;  
 Let none the poorenesse of my gifts deride,  
 Since he to no externall meanes is ty'd.  
 Despise not what I speake, for what I am ;  
 Vnlesse you finde the matter be to blame.  
 For, God by Babes and Sucklings, oft, reveales,  
 What from the wisest worldlings he conceales.

Both *Heav'n* and *Earth*, to witnesse here I call,  
 I dar'd not speake what now I utter shall,  
 Vnlesse I thought, that God did me inspire ;  
 And would this duty at my hands require.

O 5

Nor

Nor dar'd I to be silent, though I knew  
 That ev'ry man had vow'd to pursue  
 My Soule to *Death*; because my Conscience takes  
 Acknowledgement, that God within me speakes.

I doe not this, for that I fenselesse am,  
 (*Oh! England*) of thy infamy or shame:  
 For, thy dishonor doth concerne me nearly;  
 And thee my heart affecteth far more dearly,  
 Then cowards doe their lives. I would distill  
 My blood (as inke is drained from my quill)  
 Ev'n drop by drop; or else, at once, let all  
 Gush forth, to save thy *honor* from a fall.

I aime not at a vaine or fruitlesse glory,  
 By daring: for, I know the mortall story  
 Of all the glorioust actions, that are under  
 The heav'ns large curtain, are but nine daies wöder.  
 And that the most deserving workes we doe,  
 May ruine us, and helpe disgrace us too.

I doe it not, that I may wealthy grow:  
 For, I the worlds rewards already know  
 In such attempts. Experience I have gained,  
 What poore preferments this way are obtained:  
 My former *Straines* (which did but way prepare  
 For that, which I hereafter should declare)  
 Received evermore the worst reward,  
 As they grew better worthy of regard.  
 And (if God let not) as these are my best,  
 My troubles, will for them, exceed the rest.

Tis odds, but that the wilfull *Generation*,  
 For whom I write this large *Anticipation*,  
 (To stay their censure) will scarce reade so far,  
 As hitherto, where these *Preventions* are:  
 But, here, and there, picke out some tart relations,  
 Without observing of those moderations

That

That follow or precede them. Else, perchance  
Their brazen and *Herculean Ignorance*  
Will strongly keepe that *Vnderstanding* from them,  
Whereby the pow'r of *Reason* might o'recome them.  
Some also, peradventure, will forget,  
How, when I formerly was round beset  
With many troubles, I did still despise  
The raging fury of mine enemies.

Yea some, no doubt, will have a minde to see  
What kinde of pow'r, there is in them, or me ;  
And whilst such men there are, he thinks amisse,  
Who thinkes to thrive by such a course as this.

'Tis not from envy of their *Lott*, who grow  
Great men, or wealthy, whence these lines doe flow.  
For, I rejoyce in each mans happinesse,  
That to Gods praise, good fortunes doth possesse :  
And they that know my person, witnesse can,  
My lookes assure, I am no envious man.

It is not malice that hath wrought upon  
My *Passions* : for, I vow, I malice none.  
No *line* or *word* of this which now I write,  
Proceeds from rancor, or unchristian spight.  
When I have wrong received, if I say  
Wherein ; what harme doe I in that I pray ?  
'Twere much, if when we injury sustaine,  
We neither may have helpe, nor yet complaine :  
'Twere hard, if knowing I had many foes,  
I might not say so, lest some should suppose  
What *Names* they bear. To no man this wil show the,  
But, unto such as doe already know them.  
Nor, when I mention wrongs, doe I intend  
Their shame who doe them ; but some better end.  
For, they that yet are enemies of mine,  
May prove Gods friends, and to my good encline.

I

I wish them well, what e're they wish to me ;  
 And of their harme would no procurer be.  
 In gen'rall termes, I point out those that erre ;  
 With none I meddle in particular :  
 For, knaves and honest men are so alike,  
 In many things, that I amisse may strike.  
 I finde the faults ; let others finde the men.  
 I no man judge ; let no man judge me then.

My *Muse* hath not usurped this *Commision* :  
 Nor arrogateth to mine owne condition,  
 More excellence then others : But, I share  
 A part in those reprooves that others beare.  
 I doe not thinke mine owne a spotlesse eye,  
 Because it faults in others can espye.  
 I never thought it was enough for me,  
 A *Criticke* in my neighbours faults to be,  
 Vnlesse I markt mine owne : which heere I doe,  
 And check the worlds, and mine owne errors too.

I meane to winke at none ; at none I ayme ;  
 To heed or friends or foes, I doe disclaime.  
 My Bow is bent, and I must shoot a flight  
 Of shafts, that will in divers places light.  
 Perhaps some of them my best friends may wound :  
 Vpon my selfe, some others may rebound.  
 Some (shot aloft) may scar the Kites that flye  
 Above the Clouds, themselves to Eagliffe.  
 Some pierce their sides, who thoght they had bin got  
 Beyond the reaching of my winged shot.  
 And, some who thought they had concealed beene,  
 May feele my arrowes, where they lurke unseene.  
*Light where they will, the care's already tooke :*  
*Since none but he that's guilty, can be strooke.*

Hast thou forgot, oh ! *Britaine*, (and so foone)  
 Thy lates afflictions, and Gods gracious boone ?

As soone as e're thy necke unflacked feelles  
 The curbing Reine, dost thou let flye thy heeles?  
 Shall not Gods *Injustice*, nor his matchlesse *Love*,  
 Thy flinty nature to repentance move?  
 But wilt thou still in crooked paths perfever,  
 And of thy Vanities repent thee never?

Oh! looke about thee; yea, looke backe, and see  
 What wondrous things thy God hath done for thee.  
 Thou wert in future times, an uncouth place,  
 That had of *wildnesse* the deformed face.  
 Thou wert long time the seat of *Desolation*,  
 And when thou hadst but slender reputation,  
 God lookt upon thee, with the first of all  
 Those *Gentiles*, whom in mercy he did call.  
 Of his beloved *Vineyards*, thou wert one;  
 And situate like that, once plac'd upon  
 The fruitfullst *Hill* God, for thy *Fence* prepared  
 A naturall wall, by his owne hand upreared.  
 He tooke away that stony heartednesse,  
 Which did thy heathnisch children first possesse;  
 And hath beene pleased, many times, since then,  
 To gather out those flinty hearted men,  
 Who by a bloody persecuting hand,  
 Did harme thy tender *Saplings* in thy Land.  
 He plucked out of thee the stinking *weeds*  
 Of *Sin* and *Superstition*; that the *seeds*  
 Of *Truth* and *Holineesse* might here be sowne,  
 Where wickednesse the foule had overgrowne.

The choicest *Plants* (of that *Vine-mysticall*,  
 His *only-Sonne*) he planted thee withall.  
 The stately *Watch towre* of his *Providence*  
 Compleatly furnished for thy defence,  
 In thee was builded up; and did appeare  
 To many other Kingdomes, far and neare:

And

And on the lofty Turrets of the same  
 He set his *Flags*, and *Ensignes* of his *Name*,  
 Whose beautilous Colours being wide displaid,  
 Did make thy adverfaries all afraid.

Within thy *Borders*, hath his *Love divine*  
 The *Wine-pretse*, of a *Christian discipline*  
 Erected; and in ev'ry season given  
 (To make thee fruitful) dewes & showrs from heav'n.  
 Yea thou hast had, since food of life grew scanty,  
 Not barely seven, but seventy yeares of plenty.  
 What grace soever might repeated be  
 That God for *Isr'el* did, he did for thee.

He from a *thrall-dome*, worfe then they sustained,  
 While in th'*Ægyptian* bondage they remained,  
 Did bring thy Children thorough *Baptismes* Flood,  
 And drowne thy Foes, within a *Sea of Blood*.  
 Thy Coast unto a large extent he stretcheth,  
 For, ev'n from Sea to Sea it compasse fetcheth.  
 Thy Land with Milke and Hony over-flowses.  
 In thee all pleasure, and all plenty growes.  
 God kept thee as the apple of an eye;  
 And, as when *Eglets* are first taught to flye,  
 Their *Dam* about them hovers; so, thy God,  
 Doth over thee, display his wings abroad.

A Land of Hills and Dales thou wert created;  
 And in a Clime, so profitable, seated,  
 That whereas many other Lands are faine  
 To water all their feeds, and plants, with paine,  
 Thou sav'st that labour: for, the Dewes yeeld matter  
 To cheere thy Gardens, and the Clouds bring water.  
 Faire Woods & Groves, do yet adorn thy Mountains;  
 Thou art a Land of Rivers, and of Fountaines:  
 Springs hot and cold, and fresh, and salt, there be;  
 And, some that cure diseased folk in thee.

Thee,

Thee, both in Towne and Field, the *Lord* hath blest ;  
Thy People and thy Cattell are encreast.  
Blest wert thou in thy going forth to war ;  
And blessings also thy returnings were.  
He blest thee in thy store, and in thy basket :  
Thine owne request he gave, when thou didst ask it :  
He evermore hath timely fauours done thee :  
Throughout the yeare his eye hath beene upon thee :  
He carefull was, what perills might betide thee ;  
And heedfull all things needfull to provide thee :  
In Grasse, and Corne, and Fruits, thou dost excell :  
Thy Horse are strong, thine Oxen labour well :  
The udders of thy Kine grow large with milke :  
Thy Sheep yeeld fleeces, like the *Persian* filk :  
Thy Stones are *Iron*, and thy Hills are big  
With *Minerals*, which from their wombs we dig :  
Thy Soile is neither over moist, nor dry ;  
The Sun nor keeps too far, nor comes too nigh :  
Thy Ayre doth few contagious vapours breed :  
Nor doth it, oft, in heat, or cold exceed.  
Still, for thy sins, thou hadst thy due corrections ;  
And, foundst compassion in thy great afflictions.  
His *Prophets* and his *Preachers* God hath sent  
In ev'ry age, to move thee to repent ;  
And, them thou smot'st, and murderd'st, now & the ;  
Yet, gave he not to other Husbandmen  
His wronged *Vineyard* : but, doth yet attend,  
In expectation, when thou wilt amend.

He, over all thy Foes, the conquest gave thee :  
He did from wrōg, by neighb'ring *Nations*, save thee :  
And, they to feare and honor thee were moved,  
Because they saw thee, of thy God, beloved.  
Thou hadst a *Deborah* bestow'd upon thee,  
Who freed thee from thy Foes, and glory won thee,

In

In spight of *Sifera*: For, God did please  
 To make the Stars, the Clouds, the Winds, and Seas,  
 To fight thy battels. When her turne was gone.  
 He raised up another *Solomon*,  
 Within thy Borders to establish peace,  
 Who to thy glories added an increase.

Thou wert as often warn'd, and punished;  
 As much befought; as largely promised,  
 As *Judah* was. Thy *Church* that lately seemed  
 Like barren *Hannah* (and was disesteemed  
 Of proud *Peninnah*) in a spirituall breed,  
 Doth most of *Syons* Daughters, now exceed:  
 And thou hast viewed many of thy sonnes,  
 To fit and governe, on earths glorious *Thrones*.

The Iewish *Commonwealth* was never daigned  
 More great *Deliverances* then thou hast gained.  
 Nor was their helpe vouchsaf'd in better season;  
 As *Eighty eight*, and our great *Powder-treason*,  
 Can witnesse well. For, then thy preservation  
 Was wrought by God (to all mens admiration)  
 Ev'n when *Hels* lawes, on thee, were like to close;  
 And when, for humane aide to interpose, (done  
 There scarce was meanes, or time. All which was  
 That thou Gods love mightst think the more upon.

Moreover, that no meanes might passe untride,  
 Which God did for the *Iewes* of old provide;  
 To thee he also sends his *onely Sonne*:  
 Not, as to them, a poore contemned one,  
 (That, *seeing* him, they might not him *perceive*,  
 And, hearing him, no knowledge of him have)  
 Not as a weakling, or illiterate:  
 Or meane, or in a persecuted state:  
 Or one whose person, beauty, and complexion,  
 In them, had nothing stirring up affection;

Nor



Nor as a man that worthy seem'd of scorne,  
 Of mocks, of whips, and of a crowne of thorne :  
 He came not so to thee : for, thou hadst then  
 Despis'd and crucified him agen,  
 As well as they : yea, thou perchance, hadst more  
 Despighted him, then others heretofore.

But, in a glorious wife to thee he came :  
 With pow'r, with approbation, and with fame.  
 His *Fishermen* (that heretofore did seeme  
 To *Jewes* and *Gentiles*, of so meane esteeme)  
 Had won whole Countries from Idolatry,  
 And made them to confesse his sov'raignty.  
 He comes to thee with honor, like a *King* :  
 He did into (the *Church*) his *Kingdome*, bring  
 A fetled Government. He had affwaged  
 That *Jewish* and that *Ethnick* spight, which rag'd  
 At his first comming. *Emperours* became  
 His *Viceroyes* ; and did governe in his *Name*.  
 Thou sawst fulfilled, many things (of old)  
 Both by his *Prophets* and *Himselfe*, foretold ;  
 Which did confirme him, that *Messiah*, whom  
 Thou shouldst receive. His *Doctrines* well become  
 His purity : and, witnessed is he  
 By *Martyrs* and *Confessors*, him to be (made  
 Whom thou shouldst heare. And (this hath greater  
 Thy *Favours*, then that *Grace* the *Jewes* have had)  
 Their threats, their punishments, their ignorances,  
 Their pertinacy, and deliverances,  
 Their fallings, risings, and relapses, are  
 Recorded, that by them thou mightst beware.  
 Thou knowst what *Desolation* they are in,  
 In recompence of their despightfull sin,  
 The murder of their *Brother* : yea, like *Cain*,  
 Thou seest, that, yet, they vagabonds remaine.

Thou

Thou hear'st, their fruitfull *Land* hath ever since,  
 Beene curst with barrenesse, for their offence :  
 That, without *King, Priest, Prophet*, or good order,  
 They through the world have wandred for their mur-  
 Nigh fixteene hundred yeares : and that, altho (ther  
 They be abhorred, wherefoe're they goe,  
 They have upon them, still, the marke of *Caine*,  
 Which will prevent their being wholly slaine ;  
 Lest (as the blessed *Psalmist* hath foretold)  
 The people of the *Lord*, forget it should.

Yet, nor their good *Examples*, nor their *Fall*,  
 Nor all their *Blessings*, nor their *Sorrows* all,  
 Have better'd thee : but, thou continu'st in  
 Their obstinacies, and in all their sin.

Like them thou murmur'st, if God, but to try thee,  
 Some blessing, for a little time deny thee.  
 So, thou dost wanton it, as soone as e're,  
 In any suffering, he thy voice doth heare.  
 So, thou Gods wholsome counsell dost despise,  
 To follow thine owne foolish *Policies*.  
 So, thou dost mixe thy selfe with other Nations,  
 And, learne to practise their abominations.  
 So, on those broken Reeds thou dost rely,  
 Which will deceive, in thy necessity.  
 So, thou dost stop thine eares (to thine owne harme)  
 Although the *Charmer* ne're so wifely charme.  
 That which thy *Prophets* teach, and well advise ;  
 Iust so, thou dost neglect ; just so, despise :  
 Yea, though from time to time, thou seest the path  
 Which thou dost follow, ill successes hath :  
 Though thou hast found, that they who did foretell  
 Thy course was foolish, did forewarne thee well :  
 Though thou dost finde, no rest, nor peace, in that,  
 Which thou art yet unwisely ayming at :

And,

And, though thy trueſt *Lovers*, ev'ry day,  
Doe counſell thee, and for thy ſafety pray ;  
Thou runneſt headlong, ſtill, thy wilfull courſe,  
And waxeſt ev'ry moment, worſe and worſe.

Thy eyes are blinded, and thou canſt not ſee ;  
Thy heart is hard, and will not ſoftned be.  
To thy beſt Friends thou ſhewſt thy ſelfe a Foe,  
As if, thou rip'ned wert, for overthrow :  
And, till God pleaſe to turne thy heart againe,  
All, that ſpeake truth to thee, ſhall ſpeake in vaine.

Whence doe thy troubles, and thy loſſes come,  
But, from thy carnall *policies*, and from  
Thine owne vaine *projects*, which thou doſt purſue,  
By *courſes*, that will ſtill thy cares renew ?  
What gaine thy children, by their oft alliance  
With *Babels* iſſue, or by their affiance,  
But mungrell off-ſprings ; which will ready be,  
To ſtir up everlaſting ſtrifes in thee ?  
Though thou haſt heard, the *Midianites* doe give  
Their daughters to no end, but to deceive ;  
And that the people who to *Molock* pray,  
Will for their *Idoll*, caſt their ſonnes away :  
Though thou haſt heard what plagues enſu'd upon  
The wivings of the wiſe King *Solomon* ;  
And knoweſt that, by God, forbid it was,  
A *Bullocke* ſhould be yoaked with an *Aſſe* :  
Though thou haſt ſeene that their affinities  
Are ev'n, among themſelves, poore ſlender ties ;  
And ſuch as they doe nought at all reſpect,  
Vnleſſe they ſerve their projects to effect :  
Yet, in their courſe, thy Children doe proceed,  
And ſow Gods *Garden* with a mixed ſeed :  
Of which, unleſſe they truly doe repent,  
And ſeeke, by carefull tillage to prevent,

What

What may ensue thereon (as yet they may)

Thy Land will suffer for't, another day.

Thy Guiltineffe (oh! *Britaine*) makes thee feare,

And often troubled where no terrors are.

Thy faith hath fail'd thee, and thou didst not see

Those armies, which have round enclosed thee

For thy protection. For, had they beene heeded,

Thou no *Egyptian* succours shouldst have needed.

If thou could'st walke within a constant path,

This *Island* should not feare *Iberia's* wrath.

It should be needlesse for thee, to procure

*Alliances*, that cannot long endure.

Thou shouldst not care (but, as they *Christians* be)

What *Kings* on earth, were friends, or foes to thee.

No pow'r abroad, should make thy children tremble ;

Nor home-bred faction cause thee to dissemble :

But, being safe in God, thou should'st contemne

The greatest dangers, and get praise by them.

Oh! call to minde, the times now past away,

Those, which our *Fathers*, yet, remember may ;

And let thine *Elders* tell thee (for they know)

How strong in Gods protection thou didst grow.

What wantedst thou, when thou wert all alone ?

When thou hadst nothing to rely upon,

But Gods meere mercy? and such grace bestowne,

That thou couldst use those pow'rs that were thine

When blest *Eliza* wore but half thy *Crown*, (owne?

And, almost all the world, on her did frowne ;

When *Romes* proud *Bishop* ; and, of *Christendome*

The pow'rfulst *Monarck*, did her foes become.

When she had no Alliance, to make strong

Her party : but, was hatefull growne, among

The neighb'ring *Princes* ; for her casting by

The yoke of *Babylonish* tyranny.

When

When she within her Kingdome had a swarme  
Of *Hornets*, which did howly threaten harme  
Both to her State and person. VVhen their pow'r  
And fury, was more likely to deuoure,  
Then at this present it appeares to be.  
VVhen her owne Court from traytors was not free,  
VVhen she had *Irish* Rebels to correct;  
Oppressed *Netherlanders* to protect;  
And *France* to umpire in: ev'n when all these,  
And other troubles did her *State* diseafe.  
VVhat glory, wealth, and safety hast thou got,  
That she, amid those dangers, purchast not?  
Religion in her dayes did still encrease:  
At home she had both *plentiousnesse* and *peace*;  
Abroad, she was renown'd: she did not pause  
In executing other wholefome Lawes,  
Through feare of any Malecontents at home;  
Or any threatnings from the Sea of *Rome*.  
She triple *Gerions* forces, did contemne;  
Her neighbours fought her ayd; she fought not thē.  
She aw'd the *West*: she from the *Spanish* Coast  
Did rend their *golden-fleeces*; and she crost  
Their hopefull'st aimes. They could not undermine  
Her Counsells; nor by any slye designe,  
Defeat her Forces: *France* was prudent then,  
And would not stir the wrath of *Englistmen*:  
For, they preserv'd their honor, by preserving  
Their trust in God; and constant paths observing.

Then, to affront us, did no *Dutchman* dare,  
Nor, in our *Voyages* presume to share,  
But, with our favour. VVe had fame by land;  
Our pow'rfull *Navies* did the Seas command.  
To ours, the strongest Fleets did strike their sailes;  
They, that now bark, then, dar'd not wag their tailles:  
Yea,

Yea, though our *Lions* not so many were,  
Our strongest Foes, to rouse them, stood in feare.

No sonne of thine presumed, then, to be  
So traitorous unto thy God, and thee,  
As to allow a popish Liberty :  
Much lesse to move, for that impiety,  
In publick hearing. No man fought to sell,  
For any summe, the peace of *Israell* :  
No not within our *Irish* confines ; tho  
It somewhat urgent seem'd to have it so :  
Because that peacefull pow'r thou hadst not got,  
Which now thou hast : nor then the neighb'ring *Scot*  
So firme unto thy State ; nor so engaged  
To tame that *Nation*, if a war it waged.

Thy *Patriots* perceiv'd, that to begin  
With *Ireland*, would become the meanes to win  
Great *Britaine* to the *Romish* yoke anew ;  
And, give the *Spaniard* courage, to pursue  
His great designe upon the *British* nations.  
They saw what civill broyles their *Tolerations*  
Have bred in *France*. For, if within her wombe,  
*Rebecca* could not but diseas'd become,  
(Whilst she, at once, two sons did nourish there,  
Which Fathers of unlike *Religions* were)  
They thought, that if one *Kingdome* should admit  
Two such *Conceptions*, to grow ripe in it,  
They would, by daily struggling with each other,  
Afflict the body of their nat'rall Mother ;  
And, cause an endlesse *Warfare*, untill one  
Were settled in possession, all alone.

Thou didst not then, within thy *Bounds* afford  
An Altar both to *Baal*, and to the *Lord*.  
What thou resolv'dst, was put in execution ;  
Thy zeale was chill'd with no irresolution.

No

No haltings were apparant. No difunion  
 Did hazard (though it troubled) thy *Communion* :  
 And, though thy many follies brought afflictions,  
 (Which, of those errors, were the due corrections)  
 Yet, was thy faith in God, lesse violated :  
 Apparant evils not so palliated :  
 Prophanenesse, not so patroniz'd, as now :  
 Nor didst thou such impieties allow.

But, thou art changed from what once thou wert ;  
 Thy worfe hath overcome thy better part.  
 Vpon thine owne distempers thou art tost :  
 Thy confidence in God is almost lost.  
 And, thence it comes, that though thou dost abound  
 In many blessings ; thou art needy found.  
 This makes *Transgressions* to encrease upon thee ;  
 They bring new troubles, and new dangers on thee ;  
 These make thee feare ; thy terror causes thee  
 Impatient of thy feared harmes to be :  
 Impatience makes thee so unfit to stay  
 Gods leasure ; that, thou runn'st another way,  
 And seek'st for helpe in thine owne *Fantasies*,  
 In fleshly *Leagues*, and humane *Policies*.

Those courses overwhelm thee with new sins :  
 From them another brood of *Plagues* begins,  
 Which doth not mollifie, but more obdure  
 Thy flinty brest : and will at last procure  
 Thy totall overthrow ; unlesse thou climbe  
 The hill of hearty *Penitence*, in time.

Growne fat with ease, & wealth, thou hast forfook  
 Thy God ; and many crooked courses tooke.  
 God, who did thee so love, and so esteeme ;  
 Who did create thee, and thy life redeeme ;  
 Thou hast forgotten : yea, rejected him,  
 And, fought those gods, thy Father did contemne.

His

His Counfells, and his law, thou haft despised ;  
 Nay, unto Devills, thou haft sacrificed ;  
 And, them and thine owne lusts, preferred before  
 His honour, whom thou shouldst have prized more.

The corne, and oile, & wine which thou enjoyedst  
 As tokens of his love, thou mis-employedst.  
 The jewels he vouchsafed to adorne thee,  
 (For his own pleasure) thou on those that scorne thee  
 Bestowst againe. The beautie which he gave,  
 That he the more delight in thee might have,  
 Thou basely prostitutest unto those  
 That are thy lustfull wooers, and his foes.  
 Thy *Vines* like those of *Sodom* are become,  
 Ev'n like those plants, that are derived from  
*Gommorrah's* Vineyard ; and their Clusters all  
 Are fowre ; or else, more bitter, far, then gall.  
 Thy Wine is *Dragons* poison : yea, thou hast  
 In all thy pleasant things, a lothsome tast.

But, thus in grosse, why should I longer spend  
 My time, thy wickednesse to reprehend ?  
 Since thou art impudent, and hast the face,  
 To make of these upbraidings my disgrace ?  
 In my next *Canto's* therefore, Ile prefer  
 Of thy *Transgressions* a *P E R T I C V L E R*,  
 So duly urg'd ; that none shall justly say  
 I utter what I should not open lay :  
 Or that my *Verses* doth brand thee with a crime,  
 Whereof their lives not witnesse all this time.  
 Observe it ; and if ought I mention here,  
 Not fitly spoken to the publike eare ;  
 Or if, but in a word, I wrong thee shall ;  
 Me to the most impartiall censure call :  
 Let my good purposes be punished more,  
 And pittied, also lesse then heretofore.

Lct



Let me of all thy children be reviled ;  
 From thy most pleasant *Borders* live exiled :  
 And never be recall'd. But, if I tell  
 What thy best Lovers shall approve of well.  
 If *Truth* I utter ; and such Truth as is  
 To be disclof'd : then marke what's found amisse.  
 Amend thine errors. Let thy folly cease.  
 Love him, that loves unfainedly thy peace.  
 At least, despight him not. But, if thou doe,  
 Yet he will serve thee still, and love thee too :  
 Thy welfare rather then his owne prefer :  
 And, leave this *Booke* for thy REMEMBRANCER.

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### The sixth *Canto*.

*The Poet (weighing well his Warrant)*  
*Goes on with his enjoyned Arrant.*  
*Impartially be doth relate*  
*This Ilands good and bad estate.*  
*What sev'rall finnes in her have place ;*  
*How grosse they are ; how they encrease,*  
*He also tels : and, then he shewes*  
*That nor the Gentiles, nor the Iewes,*  
*Were check'd, or plagu'd for any Crimes,*  
*Which are not reigning in these times.*  
*Next that, he boldly doth reprove*  
*The course in which our Nobles move ;*  
*Derides their folly, blames their sin,*  
*And warnes what dangers we are in.*  
*Our Gentry then he reprehends ;*  
*Their foolish humours discommends ;*  
*And (having brought them to their fights)*

P

Vpon

*Vpon the guilty Clergy lights;  
On Lawyers that abuse the Lawes,  
On Officers, and on the Cause  
Of most Corruptions: Last of all  
On some enormities doth fall  
Which are in Court and City found;  
And runs this Canto, there, aground.*

**B**Vt, am I well advis'd? and doe I know  
From whence, & from what *Spirit* this doth flow?  
Doe I remember what, and who I am,  
That I this famous *Monarchy* should blame?  
Am I assur'd no ill-suggesting *Spirit*  
(In hatred of thine honourable merit)  
Seduceth me (oh *Britiane*) that I might  
Become an instrument of his despight?  
Have I considered of what esteeme  
Thou art? How great thy Piety doth seeme?  
What glorious titles, and transcendent stiles  
Thou hast obtain'd above all other *Isles*?  
What attributes unto thy selfe thou givest?  
What of thine owne perfections thou beleevest?  
And what thy flattring *Priests* and *Prophets* say  
Of thy admired happinesse this day?

Yes, yes; all this I ponder'd, and I know  
What good or evill from this act may flow.  
I am not ignorant, that thou hast beene  
Among the neighb'ring Countries as a *Queene*,  
Among her Ladies. Formes of Government,  
Or Lawes, or Customes, through Earths Continent,  
Are none received that more-pious be,  
Or more upright then those that are in thee.

Among faire *Sions* Daughters, none doth sit  
More free from blemishes (then thou art yet)

In

In points of Christian Doctrine (though there are  
 Some, who in that simpleness begin to marre)  
 No people doth retaine a *Discipline*  
 More *Apostolicall*, then some of thine.  
 No *Church* that's visible, hath kept more pure  
 The grounds of *Faith*, nor countenanced fewer  
 Of *Romes* innumerable *Superstitions*;  
 Of uselesse, or of burdensome *Traditions*,  
 Then thou hast lately done. I feele thou hast  
 Some warmth yet left. As yet, so brazen-fac'd  
 Thou art not growne, but that thou dost despise  
 Notorious Crimes, and open *Heresies*;  
 Because the hidden *Leaven* of thy sin  
 To sowre the Lumpe, is (yet) but new put in.

I'll doe thee right, and give thee all thy due,  
 Before thy follies further I pursue.  
 I know that thou with *patience* heretofore  
 (Ev'n like the Church at *Ephesus*) hast bore  
 Thy Christian Labours; that, thou hast been moved  
 Against offenders; that, thou such hast proved,  
 Who falsely did affirme themselves to be  
*Apostles*; and, strong Faith was found in thee.  
 Yea, thou didst long those heresies resist,  
 Which God abhorreth; and didst them detest.

I know, that like the *Smyrnian* Congregation  
 Thou hast through poverty and tribulation,  
 Got heav'nly Riches: neither didst thou feare,  
 When they, who of the Church of *Satan* were,  
 Blasphem'd the Truth, and did themselves professe  
 True *Isra'elites*, when they were nothing lesse.

I know, that when thy Lott it was to dwell  
 Like *Pergamus*, ev'n where the throne of *Hell*  
 Erected was (and in their bloody Raigne,  
 By whom so many *Martyrs* here were slaine)

P 2

Thou

Thou didst not then the faith of *Christ* deny,  
Nor from professing of his *Gospel* flye.

I know, that *Thyatira*-like thy love,  
And thy devotion did unfained prove ;  
And that thy piety, and righteoufnesse  
Did (for a season) more and more encrease.

I know, thy goodnesse is not quite bereft,  
But that (like *Sardis*) thou some *Names* hast left  
That walke with *Christ*, from all pollution free,  
In those white Garments that unpotted be.

I know that like the Church of *Philadelph*,  
Thou hast a little strength within thy selfe :  
Gods word, and holy Sacraments yet are  
(As pledges of his love) preserved here.  
And I doe know, that, since thou heretofore  
Didst love the Truth ; God will his grace restore,  
On thy repentance ; and in all temptation  
Become thy sole sufficient preservation ;  
Yea make all them, who now false boasters be  
Of true Religion, to subscribe to thee ;  
Confesse he loves thee ; and to thee hath given  
That *Cities* title, that came downe from heaven.

But, much is, yet amisse ; and (to prevent  
Thy Ruine) I advise thee to repent.  
Remember (oh ! remember thou) from whence  
Thou fallen art ; and seeke by penitence  
To rise againe. Thy former works renew ;  
Thy lately practis'd wickednesse eschew ;  
What thou hast lost, endeavor to regaine ;  
Hold fast that *Faith* which yet thou dost retaine ;  
Awake, and use thine utmost pow'rs, to cherish  
Those Graces, which in thee are like to perish.  
Oh ! doe it speedily, whilst he doth knock  
That opes the doore, which no man can unlock,

And

And shuts, where none doth open : yea (lest he  
Come suddenly, and take away from thee  
Thy pretious *Candlesticke*) renew thy zeale ;  
And unto him thy sinne, betimes, reveale.

Marke, to the Churches, what the *Spirit* saith ;  
And purchase thou of *Christ* (by lively faith)  
To make thee rich, gold tryed in the fire,  
To hide thy filthy nakednesse, desire  
The pure white rayments of his Righteousnesse.  
Thy former sight, that thou maist repoesse,  
His *eye-salve* take : The conquest strive to get,  
That of the hidden *Manna* thou maist eate ;  
And gaine the *Stone*, inscribed with a *Name*,  
Which none can know, but he that weares the same.

For, I must tell thee, thou art run astray,  
And (like a whorish wife) hast cast away  
Thy old affection : thy first-love is gone,  
And other friends thy heart hath doted on.  
Thou hast not halfe that zeale, which thou hast bore  
To thy *Redeemers* honor heretofore ;  
That simplenesse, thou hast not in thy workes ;  
But, base dissembling in thine actions lurkes.  
Some Doctrines also are in thee profest,  
Without reproofe, which God doth much detest.  
Thou dost let goe unpunished in thee,  
Those persons that notorious sinners be,  
And impudently wicked : thou mak'st light  
Of their misdeeds, in vertuous mens despight.  
Thou hast conniv'd at those, who in the Land  
Have with an high, and an imperious hand  
(Like *Iezabel*) oppressed and bereav'n  
The poore mans portion in contempt of Heav'n.  
Thou hast blasphemers, who doe falsely say,  
That they are *Catholiques*, (and none but they)

P 3

Yet

Yet, if they heeded what their words imply,  
Their owne *Distinction* gives themselves the Lye.

The *Babylonish* Strumpet thou (as yet)  
Within thy territories dost permit :  
Who doth seduce Gods people, and thy Nations ;  
And make them drunken with her *Fornications*.  
'Thou hast those *Hypocrites* that make a show  
Of zealous hearts, when they are nothing so.  
'Thou hast those *Baalamites*, that in the way  
Of weake Professors, stumbling blocks doe lay :  
And practise cunning sleights of policy,  
To bring thee backe unto *Idolatry*.

To trouble and distract thee, they invent  
Strange questions, doubtfull, and impertinent.  
By needlesse provings, by their vaine confutings,  
By over nice distinctions, and disputings,  
And by their multitudes of windy notions,  
They have so interrupted thy devotions,  
So over-whelm'd thy Faith ; so tired out  
Thy knowledge, (with still running round about)  
That there is left but little care in thee,  
How much decayed thy *good manners* be.

Indeed, of thy lost Vertues, there's a *Fame*  
Remaining still ; and thou hast yet a *Name*  
To be alive ; but, some doe greatly feare  
That thou art either dead, or very neare.  
Though *Laodicea* like thou proudly vauntest,  
That rich thou art, and that thou nothing wantest :  
Though thou art happy in thine owne esteeme,  
And dost to thine owne selfe quick-sighted seeme :  
Yet, were thy *Iudgement* cleared, thou wouldst finde  
That thou art wretched, naked, poore, and blinde.  
Thou dost almost that lukewarme temper hold,  
Which neither can be termed hot, nor cold.

Thy

Thy wickednesse is (well neere) growne as ripe,  
As hers, that served for thy Prototype.

Nay, Gods great *Volume* mentions not a sin,  
Wherewith or place, or person, taxt hath bin,  
But thou hast practis'd it ; and of thine owne  
Hast added others, to those times unknowne.

With our first *Parents*, there are some in thee,  
Who strive to eate of Gods forbidden tree ;  
And have upon them such an itch to know  
Those things which he vouchsafeth not to show :  
That, from their eyes true wisdome it hath hid,  
And more endanger'd them, then *Adam* did.

Thou hast a brood of *Cainites*, that envies  
Their brethrens better pleasing sacrifice ;  
And persecutes, and flanders, (what it may)  
All those that walke not in their wicked way :  
And thirst with greedinesse to shed their blood,  
Who seeke their safeties, and effect their good.

There be, among thee, some just like that Race,  
Who (being made the *Sonnes of God*, by Grace)  
Did with mans female issue fall in love ;  
And these beget a mongrell brood, that prove  
The *Giants* of their times ; and, those, that will  
The measure of the worlds misdeeds fulfill.

They (as those carelesse people did, on whom  
An univerfall *Deluge* once did come)  
Eate, drinke, and take their pleasure, without care,  
How many or how great their follies are.  
And, though a Iudgement on their head is pour'd,  
They will not heed it, till they are devour'd.

As soone as any *Plague* from us is gone,  
We build and plant, and in our sins run on :  
Or when (with *Noah*) blessings we have had,  
(Instead of being in Gods favour glad)

P 4

We

We doe in some vaine mirth bewray our folly ;  
 In drunken feastings, or in games unholy.

Since out of beastly *Sodom* they were got,  
 Thy Children have among themselves (like *Lot*)  
 Committed much uncleanness ; whence proceeds  
 A Race, which discord in thy borders breeds.

Like *Laban*, many wickedly detain  
 The workmans hire ; and make unlawfull gaine  
 From their owne Children. Some (with *Ismael*)  
 Are bitter mockers ; some (with *Esfau*) fell  
 Their heav'nly Birth-rights ; & for what d'ye thinke ?  
 For worse then porridge ; ev'n for smoake and stinke.

We have as mighty *Hunters* (now adayes)  
 As *Nimrod*, and as willfull in their wayes.  
 Some, of their brethren merchandizes make,  
 Like *Jacobs Sonnes*, and money for them take.

With *Simeon*, and with *Levi* ; some, pretend  
*Religious* cause ; when for some other end  
 They doe project ; and, maskes of holy zeale  
 Doe often bloody cruelties conceale.

For wives, for wealth, and for our vaine delights,  
 We change *Religion*, like the *Sichemites*.  
 We have those Iudges, who will (*Judah*-like)  
 Their brother, for his fault severely strike ;  
 Deride, taunt, censure, and without compassion,  
 To death condemne him, for the same transgression  
 Which they are far more guilty of then he :  
 And those the *Plague-fores* of this *Iland* be.

We have in either sex, of those that are  
 As wicked as the wife of *Potiphar*.  
 Ev'n those, who so wil slander, and accuse ;  
 If any to obey their lust refuse.

Like *Er* and *Onan*, we have wicked heires,  
 Who rather would consume themselves, and theirs,

In



In fruitlesse vanities, then part from ought  
By which their brothers welfare might be wrought.

With *Phar'oh*, we Gods judgements do contemn,  
And grow the bolder, and the worse by them.  
When he most plagued us, we most presumed ;  
And sinned most, when we were most consumed.

Nor blood, nor frogs, nor loathsome lice, nor flies,  
Nor murraines, biles, nor botches can suffice  
To make our Nations their bad lives reforme ;  
Nor Locusts, nor the leafe devouring worme ;  
Nor horrid darknesse, liable to sense,  
Nor Haile, nor Thunders, nor the Pestilence ;  
Nor bringing us to springs that bitter are ;  
Nor sweetning those things that unfav'ry were ;  
Nor strange deliv'rances by sea and land ;  
Nor Gods protecting us with his owne hand ;  
Nor Quailles, nor *Manna*, (blessings which be rare)  
Nor favours which more ordinary are :  
No, nor Gods dreadfull Anger, nor his Love,  
Can our hard hearts unto repentance move ;  
But, we (like *Ægypt*) in rebellion be,  
And, full as faithlesse as the *Iewes*, are we.

Among us, we have wealthy men, who may  
Whole Groves dispend ; yet on the *Sabbath* day  
They'll gather sticks. Ev'n to the Devill, some  
With no lesse worthy sacrifices come,  
Then sons and daughters. For, what lesse do they  
Who them in wedlocke wickedly betray  
To open *Hereticks* ? Or, they that make  
Their mar'ages, for wealth, and honors sake,  
Without affection ? And (I pray) what lesse  
Doe they, who force their children to professe  
Vnlawfull trades ? There be among us, living  
Too many, that, ev'n whilst the *Law* is giving,

P 5

Doe

Doe fet up golden calves. Such men are they,  
Who in the *Church*, or on Gods *Holiday*,  
Are plodding on the world; whilst they should bend  
Their eares to God, and on his will attend.

We have (our best proceedings to withstand)  
A *Iannes*, and a *Iambres* in the Land,  
Who (by their forceries) continue shall  
Some people of this Monarchy in thrall:  
Vntill a Plague (like *Ægypt's* lowfinesse)  
Shall make them God Almightyes pow'r confesse.

Young *Nadabs* and *Abihues*, we have some,  
That with strange fires unto Gods altar come:  
Their dull devotions kindled are with sticks,  
And wither'd leaves of humane Rhetoricks;  
They offer up to God, their vaine *Orations*,  
Compos'd of *Clinchings*, and *Adnoninations*;  
Which he abhorres; with all that frothy stuffe,  
Of which this age hath more then thrice enough.

Our brethren by extortion we oppresse:  
The stranger, (nay, our kin) are harbourlesse;  
And those offences we have *Patron* for,  
Which many Heathen people did abhor.

With *Miriam* and with *Aaron*, we have such,  
Who at their brethrens due preferment grutch;  
Hot spirits, troublefome to civill states;  
Like *Corah* and his rude confederates.  
These argue much for pop'lar parities,  
And raile upon all civill dignities;  
But when they can attaine them, none speake louder  
In their defence; nor are there any prouder.

We Gailants have more impudent, then e're,  
Yong *Zimri*, and his *Cozhi* did appeare:  
And doubtlesse we have *Achans* who have hidden  
Some *Babylonish* things which are forbidden.

For

For all the Land much troubled we may see ;  
And many thinke, it shall not quiet be,  
Till they be found. *Reveale thou their transgressions,*  
*O Lord ! and be thou prais'd in their confessions.*

We have, this day, amongst us, many a *Bramble*,  
That, like *Abimelech*, knowes how to scramble  
Above their owne deservings : and (though base  
Vnworthy shrubs) durst arrogate a place  
More eminent, then dares the noblest Plant,  
Whereof the Mountaine *Libanus* doth vaunt.  
By others vertues these ascend on high,  
And raise themselves to such authority,  
That our most noble *Cedars* are o're-topt ;  
Our pleasant *Figtrees*, are bescratcht and dropt ;  
Our *Vines* are shadow'd, and unfruitfull made ;  
Our *Olives* robbed of that oile they had ;  
Yea, all our Forrest and our garden trees,  
By their ambition, fruit, or honour, leese.

Thou nourisht hast, and fondly doted on  
Those cunning *Dalilahs*, who having won  
Thy good respect, doe practise how to spye  
Wherein the chiefest of our strength doth lye ;  
That (having by their flatt'ries lull'd asleepe  
Those watchmē eyes that should our fortresses keep)  
They may (unheeded) steale our pow'r away,  
And to our greatest Foes our lives betray.

Here want not such as *Michah*, who with ease  
Can make a new *Religion* when they please ;  
Coine formes of worship proper to their *Self* ;  
A private Church among themselves erect ;  
Make *Priests* at their owne pleasure ; furnish them  
Ev'n with their owne new-fangled *Teraphim* ;  
And preach abroad for good divinity,  
The tumours of their windy fantasie :

Nay, some of them far stranger things can doe ;  
For, they can make their *gods*, and eate them too.

There be of us, as wilfull Favourites  
Of wicked men as were the *Benjamites* ;  
And, rather then we will deliver them  
To feele the stroke of Iustice, who contemne  
The wayes of goodnesse ; we will hazardize  
Our peace, our fame, and our posterities.

We have those Prophets who (with *Balam*) know  
Gods pleasure, and what way they ought to goe :  
And, yet, will for preferment doe their best,  
That they his plaine revealed *Will* may wrest.  
And though they are, perhaps, asham'd to say  
Their mindes in publike, closely they'll betray  
The Lords inheritance ; and Scripture proove  
Inferre for all things to their owne behoofe.

If of the pop'lar faction these become,  
And thinke some gaine may be atchieved from  
That side ; Gods word they will produce for those  
That would disloyally their *King* oppose :  
If by the *Prince* advantage may be had,  
Then, God himfelse an instrument is made  
To warrantize their claimes ; and, Tyranny,  
Shall proved be a lawfull *Monarchy*.

As rash as *Iephtha*, in our vowes are we ;  
As *Ehuds* gift, such oft our presents be.  
In entertainments some like *Iael* are ;  
And, in their complements may well compare  
With bloody *Jeab* : for, they make their table  
Become a snare : and (when most serviceable  
They doe appeare) unheeded, they unsheath  
Some fatall instrument, that wounds to death.

Like old indulgent *Eli*, some connive  
At all the sins, in which their children live :

Nay,

Nay, glory in their lewdnesse ; and maintaine  
 In them those follies, which they should reſtraine ;  
 Till their owne ſhame, and their undoing followes,  
 And their wilde brood be tamed at the Gallowes.  
 Nor were the ſonnes of *Eli*, heretofore  
 More wanton at the *Tabernacle* doore,  
 Then ſome young Priests of ours ; whom to correct,  
 The *Fathers* of our Church ſo much neglect,  
 That if they long connive as they have done,  
 The glory of our *Iſi'el* will be gone.

Like thoſe *Philiftians*, whoſe advice it was  
 To fixe *God's* Arke, and *Dagon*, in one place,  
 We have too many ; and, they cannot ſee,  
 Why *God* and *Baal*, in one, ſhould not agree.  
 But, when they raiſe their *Idol* in theſe Lands,  
*Lord*, let it fall, and loſe both head and hands.

We are as curious as the *Bethſhemites*,  
 And long as much to ſee forbidden fights :  
 Like thoſe of *Ekron*, we profeſſe to know  
 The trueſt God, and whence our troubles grow :  
 Yet, are ſo ſtupid, that we ſleight his Grace,  
 And, ſend him from us, to another place.  
 Yea, like the *Gadarens*, we for our Swine,  
 Would baniſh *Chriſt*, and ſleight his love divine :

With *Saul*, we doe neglect what ſhould be done ;  
 And ſacrifice, when God requireth none.  
 Fat Sheepe and Oxen we prefer before  
 Obedience to the Lord ; and follow more  
 Our will then his. When God ſaith *kill*, we ſpare,  
 And where he bids, *be kinde*, we cruell are.  
 No love, no kindneſſe, no ſincerity,  
 No tokens of unfained piety  
 Can ſlay our furies, or divert our mind,  
 When we are once maliciously enclin'd.

*Goliath*

*Goliath* like, Gods army some contemne ;  
 With *Rabshakeh*, some others doe blaspheme ;  
 Some curse (with *Shimei*) Gods best beloved ;  
 As causelesly, to grieve them they are moved,  
 And are of gaine as greedy. For, if they  
 Have but an uselesse *Groome* escap'd away,  
 (Or lost a beast) for such a petty prise,  
 They would not stick their lives to hazardize.

VVe have those *Michols*, which will scoffe & flout  
 At such as are most zealously devout.  
 We have those dog-like *Doegs* in our Courts,  
 That gladly heare and utter all reports,  
 To disadvantage them, whose wayes are pure,  
 And cannot their impieties endure.

VVe have those *Nabals*, upon whom all cost,  
 All curtesies, and kindneses are lost.  
 We have (like *Vzzah*) those that dare to touch  
 Gods holy Arke. Nay, we have worfe then such,  
 Ev'n those that rob it ; and themselves adorne  
 With Iewels, from the *Sanctuary* torne.

With *David*, some have thought their sins to hide ;  
 And, their *Adulteries*, in *Murther* dy'd.  
 Officious knaves (like *Ziba*) we have some,  
 VVho by their *Masters* falls, to greatnesse come ;  
 And (though they did men innocent betray)  
 VVithout reproving, they doe passe away.

VVe have those wicked *Ammons*, who defile  
 Their sisters. And, to lay a cunning wile  
 For helping their companions to a drab,  
 VVe have more subtil Bauds then *Ionadab*.

Those disobedient *Abfoloms* there be  
 Among us here, that wish to seeke and see  
 Their Parents death ; like him, they can concale  
 Their ends, till they (by faire dissembling) steale

Mens

Mens hearts away ; and then abuse them fo,  
That all seemes juſt, and honeſt which they doe.

VVe have *Achitophels*, that are as wiſe  
Againſt Gods honor, projects to deviſe,  
As if the *Delphian* Oracle were fought :  
But, ſtill in their owne pit-fals they are caught.  
For, he that honeſt purpoſes doth bleſſe,  
Converts their wiſedome into fooliſhneſſe.

VVe have with *Solomon* (though none ſo wiſe)  
Men wonne by women to Idolatries.  
VVith *Ieroboam*, we have thoſe who ſtrive  
A ſettled temp'rall fortune to contrive  
By ruining *Religion* ; and to win  
An outward peace, by tolerating ſin :  
Not heeding that a greatneſſe ſo procur'd,  
Hath ſeldome to a third deſcent endur'd.  
To ſerve an Idoll we like him proceed.  
Although Gods Meſſengers reprove the deed.  
And though our arme be wither'd, for our ſin,  
Our obſtinacies we continue in.

VVe want not *Rehoboams* Counſellors,  
VVhoſe unexperienc'd *Policy* prefers  
Harſh courſes, rather then a calme proceeding ;  
VVhen times are troubleſome, & dangers breeding.

VVe have (with *Ahab*) thoſe who covet ſo  
Their neighbours Vineyard, that they fullen grow,  
And can nor eate, nor ſleepe, till they may plot,  
How their ungodly longings may be got :  
And we have *Iezabels* enough, to further  
Their claimes by flanders, perjury, and murder.  
Nor want ſuch *Elders*, and ſuch *Nobles* here,  
As thoſe that Citizens with *Naboth* were.  
For ſhould (as God forbid) our faithfull *King*,  
Deſire to compaſſe any lawleſſe thing,

Or

Or seeke his loyall *Subjects* to bereave  
 Of what their *Ancestors* to them did leave :  
 We have of those (I doubt) that would effect it  
 According to their pow'r : nay, project it,  
 And urge him, and perswade him, that (of right)  
 He overthrow their lawfull freedoms might.

We have of those (I feare) that would command  
 A Fast (like *Iezabels*) throughout the Land,  
 And underneath a maske of Piety,  
 Proceede to practise any Villany,  
 Which might advance their greatnesse : and, I doubt  
 Some *Priests*, would helpe to set the project out.

Yea, we those *Iudges*, and those *Elders* have,  
 That if a man his neighbours Vineyard crave,  
 He need not, for his purpose, name the King.  
 Or Letters from the royall *Signet* bring  
 To move the same : Nor were it necessary  
 That (to corrupt them) he Epistles cary  
 From some great Lords. For if he can but make  
 The tongues of golden Angels for him speake ;  
 Or get some one, on his behalfe to write,  
 That is but servant to a *Favourite* ;  
 The deed is done : and they will feele no sence  
 Of others griefes, or of their owne offence.

We have such Prophets as *Zidkiah* was,  
 Who are no whit asham'd, in publique place,  
 To speake false messages ; and those to smite,  
 That in Gods name have spoken what is right.

We have *Gehozies* ; fellowes that will take  
 Vnlawfull bribes ; ev'n those who sale doe make  
 Of what their *Masters* shou'd have, gratis, done ;  
 And force out fees, where they can challenge none.  
*Gehozies* did I call this crew ? I feare  
 I wrong the Leper : for his brib'ries were

But



But petty pillages, to those rich preyes,  
 On which some one of these his fingers layes.  
 He askt and had a willing gratulation,  
 From one both rich, and of another Nation :  
 But, these extort, compel, and slyly scrue  
 Vnjust demandings, as a lawfull due.  
 From friends, from strangers, from both poore & rich  
 Their fingers to be scraping have an itch.  
 For making their poore suitor, wait and pray,  
 (When they might have dispatcht him) he must pay.  
 For surly speeches, and for proud neglect,  
 They must be humoured with all respect.  
 When to their *Client*, they a wrong have done,  
 He must not seeme to know or think thereon ;  
 But, faine all noble thoughts of them to have,  
 Or, in some other persons, call them knave.  
 And bribe them still, in hope they may be won,  
 Yet, at the last, be cheated and undone.  
 We have among us, men as very fooles  
 As *Na'man* was ; who thinke *Damascus* pooles  
 As good as *Jordan* : and (like him) at home  
 Some serve one God ; and when to *Court* they come,  
 Professe another. We have those that be  
 As trustlesse of Gods promises, as he,  
 Who in *Samarita's* gate was trodden on :  
 These may behold the favours which are done  
 To faithfull men ; but, till they can beleewe,  
 They shall not taste what blessings those receive.  
 Here be like *Haz'el*, those who seeme to hate  
 All tyrannizing, in their low estate ;  
 Yet, being once promoted, throw aside  
 All pity ; and all piety deride.  
 Yea, that which formerly they did contemne,  
 (As vilifying, and debasing them,

Below

Below a Dogs condition) they allow,  
 VWhen to their height of greatnesse once they grow.

(If none yet live) we had in former time,  
 Ev'n those that guilty were of *Zimries* crime.  
 Most *Officers*, like *Iehu*, doe begin  
 Good reformation, at first entring in ;  
 Their violent *Zeale* doth seeme to say, *Come see,*  
*How just in our proceedings we will be.*  
 But, oft they prove meere *Hypocrites*, who having  
 Acquired meanes to colour their deceiving,  
 Surpasse the worst : and by degrees proceed,  
 Till they appeare the men they were indeed.

Like wicked *Haman* ; some, unlesse they may  
 Insult and trample on poore *Mordecai*,  
 Are so distemper'd by their haughty minde,  
 That they nor pleasure, nor contentment finde,  
 In honours, riches, or in any blessing,  
 VWhich they already have in their possessing :  
 But, will pursue, and ruine, if they can,  
 VWhole Kingdomes, for their malice to one Man.

As proud are we as *Nebuchadnezar* :  
 In feastings, as profuse as *Balthazar*,  
 And as prophane as he. VVe sometime seeke  
 The god of *Ekron*, *Ahaziah* like.  
 Like *Amaziah* (an informing Priest  
 Of *Bethel*) we have those that will resist  
 Gods *Messengers* ; and would not heare them bring  
 Into the *Court* or *Chappell* of the King,  
 The sound of that reproofe or punishment,  
 VWhich to pronounce among us they were sent :  
 And, these, perhaps, when they my Arrand see,  
 Vill prove as busie as that *Priest* with me.  
 But, if they doe (as *Amos* said to him)  
*Although I be no Prophet, nor of them*

*That*

*That are the founnes of Prophets ; God doth know  
He called me to this (which now I doe)  
From viler actions, then from gathering fruit,  
Or foll'wing herds : And I will make pursuit  
Of what he bids me ; though oppos'd I stand,  
By all the Priests and Prelates in the Land.  
And if they contradict, what well is done  
Their heads, at last, the shame shall light upon.*

Some Courtiers now, like *Daniels* foes, there are,  
That will object as things piacular,  
The truest *Piety* ; and seeke to bring  
Ev'n those to be suspected of the King,  
Who strive most loyally, to keepe his *Name*  
In honour ; and his *Kingdome* without blame.

As *Judah* had (in *Zephaniahs* times)  
Her Priests of *Baal* ; the name of *Chemarims* ;  
Those, who the heav'nly army did adore ;  
Those, also, who by *God*, and *Malchom*, swore ;  
And multitudes among them, who did weare  
Fantastick *Habits* : So, we harbor here  
Some *Shavelings* yet ; some *Romish superstitions* ;  
To *Saints* we offer up some vaine petitions ;  
Equivocating *Oathes* we often take ;  
And, we our selves, in our apparell, make  
Deformed, by a skittish imitation  
Of ev'ry new-found guise in ev'ry Nation.  
I doe not think (nor have I ever thought)  
That in it selfe it is materiall ought,  
What shaped Robes I weare : nor do I hold  
That any *Fashion*, whether new or old,  
Doth so much handsome or disfigure any,  
As it may seeme to do, perchance, to many.  
It is the *Time*, or else their mindes, that weare  
Such clothes, which make them good or bad appear.  
Those

Those fooles who bring new fashions first ; and they  
 That haſt to follow them (and thinke it gay  
 And generous) are thoſe unworthy ones,  
 That bring ſuch folly, ſhame, and coſt upon's.  
 But, when thoſe *Garbes* grow generall ; then, we  
 That firſt abhorred them, compelled be  
 To take them up : leſt our old clothes be thought  
 New fashions from ſome forrain kingdomes brought :  
 Or, leſt we ſhould by ſome be thought to erre,  
 In being over nice, and ſingular.

Moſt other people, both at home, and here,  
 Doe in their habits, like themſelves appeare :  
 But, whereſoe're we come, we change our ſhapes,  
 And, in our geſtures, are all Nations Apes.  
 True gravity, we ſo are fallen from,  
 And, ſo abſurdly blockiſh are become ;  
 That, ſtrangers jeere us, to behold how ſoone  
 We get the garbe of ev'ry fond *Baboon*.  
 Yea, they are proud, to ſee that we condemne  
 Our owne attires, by imitating them.  
 And I doe bluſh to thinke, that our whole Nation  
 Should of it ſelfe admit a transformation,  
 So ſuddenly (as oftentimes we ſee)  
 To imitate the guiſe of two or three.

But, ſo it is : And at this preſent tide,  
 Our female Gentry is ſo frenchifi'd ;  
 That we have ſcarce a Gentlewoman now,  
 In clothes, more handſome bodied then a Cow.  
 Thoſe women who e'rewhile were goodly creatures,  
 Proportion having, and (me thought) ſweet features ;  
 Doe looke as triple-bodi'd *Gerion* did,  
 When they in their miſ-shapen gownes are hid :  
 For, either arme, in ſuch a mould is caſt,  
 As makes it full as fullſome as their waſte.

Their

Their necks stand sneaking out, before those ruffles,  
Which lie behind their backs with wide mouth'd puffs  
As doth a peeled Ewes, whose fleece unshorne,  
Was from about her neck with brambles torne.  
Their flaring curls about their shag-thorne browes,  
Doe, of the fairest Lady, make a bloufe.  
Those demy-skarfes, they wreathe about their chaps,  
(Which may be comely to some eyes, perhaps)  
Doe make them seeme as Antick-like to me,  
As *Hags*, that sent to fright yong children be.  
And I am fory, that a foolish pride  
Should make our *Beauties* their perfections hide  
In such a masking fuit. And that a few  
Fantastick women, so great numbers drew  
To follow their new-fangles; and befot  
Their judgements, by that fashion newly got.  
For, not meane wits alone; but, of the wisest;  
(Nay, of the most religious, and precisest)  
There are great multitudes befool'd in this:  
And, *She*, that of that *Guise* their *Patterne* is,  
(Perhaps) derides their ficklenesse. For she  
Is from their minde, and from their folly free.  
Nought, but her country fashion, she hath worne:  
And, that which them deforms, doth her adorne.  
Yea, they have either misst of her dresse:  
Or else she gives it much more loveliness,  
For to my eye there is some excellence  
Which puts t'wixt her and them much difference.  
And this opinion is not mine alone:  
For, so much hath beene said by many a one.  
Oh! show the sweetnesse of your disposition,  
In hearing me, and granting my petition.  
Lay off your strange attires, that we may know  
If you be Englishwomen, yea or no.

Your

Your monstrous habit, each true *Britaine* lothes ;  
 And, were your bodies formed like your clothes,  
 (Which God in *Iustice*, may effect, perchance)  
 You might go seek your fortunes out in *France*,  
 From whence your new proportion hither came :  
 For, we shall never truly love the same.  
 Because, if other men have thoughts like mine,  
 It would appeare to be some fatall signe,  
 To see our women leave their native fashion,  
 And, turne themselves into another *Nation*.

But, let these *Females* goe. I hope that she  
 Who shall be mine (if any such there be)  
 What ever accident or change befalls,  
 Will still retaine her *English* naturals.  
 More blame then this might in this kind be laid  
 On women : but, unwillingly I said  
 What here is uttered. And, if they had bin  
 In those attires that I have seen them in,  
 I had not on this over-sight reflected ;  
 But, left them to be counsell'd and directed  
 By their neare Friends or Husbands. Yet, alas !  
 We have of them, whose levity doth pass  
 The fickleneffe of these : and, they alone  
 Are oft the cause, that these have so misgone.  
 Nor ever did this folly more appeare,  
 Then now it doth ; ev'n in this very yeare,  
 Wherein the *Pestilence* devoured so :  
 And, as that *Plague* decreased, this doth grow.

But, in *Transgressions*, how we parallell  
 The times before, I will proceed to tell.  
*High-priests* have we, who send out spies to watch  
 The Preachers of Gods word ; and pick, and catch  
 Advantages against them. Some of us  
 Are like the *Silver-smiths* at *Ephesus*,

And

And, for their private lucre will contend  
Against the Truth, and Heresies defend.  
We, *Demas* like, have those Apostataes,  
Who, for the world, forsake the Christian cause.  
And, some there be, that with *Diotrophes*,  
Affect preheminance in these our dayes.

Some, like the *Scribes* and *Pharises* do rinse  
The Cup without ; but, have no care to clense  
The loathsome infide. Some, have arrogated  
Such *Holineffe*, that they are separated  
From others, as a spotlesse *Congregation*,  
That is without all blame, or prophanation.

Some, like to those, their brethren disrespect  
And, lordly titles over-much affect,  
As did the *Jewish Rabbies*. Some, as they  
On others backs uneasie burthens lay :  
VVhich they themselves, to cary do refuse.  
The *Orphane*, and the *Widow*, some abuse,  
By shewes of piety. And, we have some,  
In tything Anniseed, and Mint, become  
Exceeding zealous : yet, have neither care  
Nor conscience, in those things that waighty are.

VVe have our sev'ral *Brotherhoods* of those,  
VVho seriously do Sea and Land enclose,  
(And practise, by a multitude of sleights)  
To win unto their *Sects* new *proselites* :  
Not out of love to Truth, or Charity,  
But rather to advance their Heresie.

VVho ever all their crotchets doth embrace,  
Is instantly become the child of *Grace*,  
(In their opinions) whatsoever he  
In other points, or in his manners be.  
But whosoe're he be that shall despise,  
One branch of any toy, which they devise,

Is

Is judg'd a *Reprobate*. Yea, though in all  
 The grounds of *Faith*, and in his works he shall  
 Appeare unblemish'd; they will contemne  
 His judgement; and traduce and censure him.  
 Yea, some of those there be who have descride  
 A trick to know who are unanctified;  
 Though they have all the markes of holinesse.  
 Nay, some are not ashamed to confesse,  
 'To know what persons those hid marks do beare,  
 Which knowne to no men but their wearers are.

Like *Ananias*, and *Saphira*, here  
 Are they that holy *Brethren* doe appeare,  
 Yet want sincerity. And, I could tell ye  
 Of *multitudes*, who meerly for their belly,  
 Doe follow *Christ*. With *Herod*, we have such  
 Who heare men gladly, till those Crimes they touch  
 Which are their *Darlings*: But, then mad they grow,  
 And what they truly are, they truly show.

Like *Dives*, we have those that ev'ry day,  
 Are fed with dainties; cloth'd with rich aray,  
 And, full as mercilesse unto the poore,  
 That lye uncloth'd, and hungry at the doore.

We have a rattle-brain'd and wilfull *Crew*,  
 That with a purblinde zeale the *Truth* pursue:  
 And would be found, were not their pow'r so small,  
 More bloody, and more violent then *Paul*,  
 Before his name was changed: for, they teare  
 That Robe, whereof they doe professe a care.

We have those *Nobles*, who with *Felix*, can  
 Confesse the innocency of a man  
 Accus'd before them; and, yet leave him bound,  
 If ought to their advantage may redound.

We have of those that *parcell Christians* be,  
 As King *Agrippa*. Otherfome have we

That



That walke for company, they care not whither ;  
 And, some that sleight Religion altogether.  
 Nor want we those, that while they Christ professe,  
 Convert his *Graces* into wantonneffe.

We are almost as wicked as old *Rome* :  
 Of Heresies we are as full become,  
 As *Amsterdam*. Nay, many men have we,  
 That can of three or foure professions be,  
 (Ev'n all at once) although that ev'ry *Seet*  
 Each other doth directly contradiet.

We have an *Elimas*, who doth apply  
 His cunning to pervert the *Deputy* :  
 Like *Simon Magus*, we have *Merchants* here,  
 That were baptized ; and yet without feare,  
 Dare buy and sell those things that holy be ;  
 And which, by Gods donation, should be free.  
 Nay, in the gall of bitterneffe they lye,  
 More deepe then he, from whom their *Symony*  
 Deriveth name, for, he, in show, repenting,  
 Did crave the *Churches* prayers for preventing  
 Of his deserving : whereas, these devise  
 Quaint arguments, their sin to patronize ;  
 Or make it lesse. Else, by *equivocation*,  
 Or, by their trickes of *mentall reservation*,  
 They hide their fault : and (that the sin they doe  
 May grow compleate) themselves they perjure too.

There be, that *Mammon*, for their God, adore :  
 That make *Christs* members, members of a whore :  
 And stained be with those offences all,  
 Whereof the *Gentiles* were accus'd, by *Paul*.  
 We all are guilty of much fraud, debate,  
 Impiety, uncleanneffe, envy, hate,  
 Backbiting, stealing, pride, maliciousneffe,  
 Dissembling, murther, lying, spightfulneffe,

Q

Truce-

Truce breaking, disobedience, ignorance,  
 Implacability, bold arrogance,  
 Want of affections naturall, excesse,  
 Inhumane cruelty, ungratefulnesse :  
 Blaspheming, swearing ; and innumerable  
 Transgressions more, of that ungodly rable :  
 And, some (when God Almighty poured hath  
 Vpon their heads the *Viols* of his wrath)  
 Instead of penitence, encrease the score  
 Of their offences ; and, blaspheme the more.  
 Nay, that we may be partners of their guilt,  
 That have the blood of Gods *Anointed* spilt,  
 With *Pilate* and the *Jewes*, we have, againe,  
 The *Lord of Life*, both crucif'd, and slaine.

Thou hast, Oh *Britaine*, ev'ry thing misdone,  
 That *Ashur*, *Moab*, *Ammon*, *Babylon*,  
 Or any Kingdome hath transgressed in,  
 Which unto Piety a foe hath bin.  
 Of whatsoever *Ish'el* was detected,  
 For whatsoever *Judah* was corrected,  
 Thou maist be taxed ; for, among thy Nations  
 Are daily practis'd their abominations.  
 Their tricks thou hast, to hinder and oppresse,  
 Those men who tell thee of thy wickednesse.  
 Right so thou dost debate ; so slander them :  
 Right so, their just reproofes thou dost contemne :  
 And, though their words are daily verifide,  
 Yet, thou dost alwayes wilfully deride  
 Their admonitions ; and, passe all things by,  
 As falling on thee but by casualty.

I doe beleewe, and know, that, yet, in thee  
 Some *Obadiahs*, and some *Ezraes* be.  
 Some Courtiers, and some Nobles yet remaine,  
 Which doe their true Nobility retaine :

But,

But, most of them their dignity have lost ;  
And can of nought but painted Scuchions boast.

As did of theirs, the Iewish *Prophet* say,  
Thy *Princes* doe procrastinate the day  
Of thy Calamity ; and will not heare,  
Of that affliction which approacheth neare :  
But of *Iniquity* they climbe the feat ;  
And, by extortion make their houfes great.

Their *Palaces*, they feele and trim with gold,  
Gods *Temples* being ruinously old.  
On beds (more pretious then of Ivory)  
They stretch themselves, and live luxuriously.  
The pasture Lambes, and wainlings of the stall,  
Suffice not them ; but they make prey of all,  
Which liveth in the wood, or in the field ;  
Or which the land, the sea, or ayre doth yeeld.  
Their lushious wines in pretious bowls they quaffe ;  
While *Ioseph* is afflicted they doe laugh ;  
And sing unto the Violl, wanton straines,  
While *Syon* in captivity remaines.  
They have but little care of Gods commands ;  
They breake his yoake, and cast away his bands.  
Thy men in honour, without knowledge be,  
Like beasts that perish ; and, dishonour thee.  
Some have aspired to their present heights  
Of wealth and greatnesse, by ignoble sleights :  
Of others houfes, they have got possession,  
And, furnished their chambers, by oppression.  
Their wives and children, waste in brave attire,  
The poore mans portion, and the workmans hire.  
Their credits they have pawned, to maintaine  
Their luxury, their pride, or gaming vaine.  
And, by their *Honors* have so falsly sworne,  
That men their Idoll, and their oath do scorne.

Q 2

Some,

Some, have so blushlesse and so shamlesse beene,  
 To let their Coach, and foot-cloth horfe, be seene  
 At common Strumpets doores: their Favorites,  
 (And they, in whom their Nobleneffe delights)  
 Are gamesters, roarkers, persons dissolute,  
 And such; for unto them such best do sute.  
 To bold-fac'd Rimers, Iesters, or to those  
 Who make their Lordships laugh with foolish prose,  
 To Fencers, Fiddlers, Tumblers, and to such,  
 Who any way their sensuall humours touch,  
 Their hands are prodigall; and these obtaine  
 Rich favours to requite their idle paine.  
 Their tongues, to speake on their behalfe are free;  
 When question'd for the foulest crimes they be.  
 (Ev'n felonies and murders) but are mutes  
 In vertuous causes, and in honest suits.  
 When wise and painful men, have spent their wealth,  
 Their strength consumed, or impair'd their health,  
 In profitable works; and to reveale  
 Such things as might advance the publike weale;  
 Their labours (for the most) are over-past  
 Without encouragement; sometimes, disgrac'd  
 By arrogant impostors; who arise  
 To greatnesse, by discrediting the wise;  
 Or broaching such good projects for their owne,  
 Which were by those mens industry made knowne,  
 Whom they have ruined. For, what were some  
 (That now to places eminent are come)  
 Before they got aloft on others wings,  
 But, poore unworthy, and ignoble things?  
 Nay, what (as yet) appeare they (unto those  
 Whose good experience their true value knowes)  
 But gilded ignorance? who having got  
 The shadowes of the substance they have not,

Doc

Doe passe for men of worth, in their esteeming,  
Whom they have cheated, by a cunning seeming.

Admit but some of these into such place,  
VVhich may afford them priviledge, or grace,  
To speake before their Prince; and you shall heare  
Their tongues to run, as if their knowledge were  
As great as *Solomons*; and that of all  
The plants ev'n from the *Hyssope* of the wall,  
Vnto the *Cedar*, they could tell the nature;  
And knew the qualities of ev'ry creature.  
They, *Protēus* like, will anything appeare;  
A *Sea-man*, *Ship-wright*, or an *Engineere*,  
Or whatsoe're they list: and having bought  
Of some poore Artifts; or (some worse way) wrought  
Their *projects* from them, that they may be showne,  
As if the quaint invention were their owne:  
(And, having gotten also termes of *Art*,  
To help them in the acting of their part)  
To such opinion of themselves they rise,  
That men of soundest knowledge they despise;  
Deride experience; and, ev'n to their face,  
The skill of most approved men disgrace.

Make these men *Counsellors*, and though till then  
They knew not halfe so much as common men,  
Nor had the meanes of knowing any thing,  
But how to ride a horse, or take the Ring,  
Or hunt, or hawk, or caper: yet (behold  
A wonder) in a moment they grow old  
In State affaires; and nothing doth concerne  
Or peace or war, which they have need to learne.

If any question be, before these, made,  
Of Merchandise; the skilfull'st in the trade  
Are fooles to them; and tis an arrogance  
To offer to instruct their ignorance.

Q 3

If

If armes be treated of, there's no man knowes  
 By practife, that which these men can disclofe  
 By contemplation. And though they have seene  
 No other warres but those at *Mile end greene*,  
 Or *Tuttle-fields*; great *Mars* himfelfe, of these  
 May learne to be a *Souldier*<sup>2</sup>, if he please.

If any thing concerning<sup>2</sup> *Navigation*,  
 Be tendred to a grave confideration,  
 These either dare affirme, or to deny  
 What all the *Masters of the Trinity*  
 Oppose them in; and *Novices* would make  
 Of *Hawkings*, *Frobisher*, and famous *Drake*,  
 Were they now living. And, yet such as they,  
 The wreathes of *Honor* sooneft beare away.

With empty *Names*, and *Titles*, being blowne  
 Above themselves, they are unweildy growne;  
 And greater in their pride, and in their traine,  
 Then their consumed fortunes will maintaine.  
 Which doth compell them, by unworthy wayes,  
 To seeke the patching up of their decayes:  
 And, still in their profusenesse they proceed,  
 As if their prodigality should breed  
 New fortunes; and, were like those wells that fill,  
 And grow the purer, by exhausting still.

In feasts, apparell, furniture, and things  
 Of such like nature, many Christian *Kings*,  
 To equall them shall finde it much to doe:  
 But, them they cannot very far outgoe,  
 Vnlesse they meane to draine their fountaines dry,  
 With Fooles, in prodigality, to vye.

Hence comes it, that the Rents and Royalties  
 Of *Kings* and *Princes*, which did well suffice  
 In former times, to keep in comely port  
 An honour'd, and an hospitable *Court*,

(Yea,

(Yea, and an Army if occasion were)  
 Can hardly now the charge of household beare.  
 For, they must either in their large expence,  
 Come short of that profuse magnificence  
 Among their *Vassals* : or else waste away  
 The price of many *Lordships*, to defray  
 The cost of one vaine supper ; and, from this,  
 With other such like things, growes all amisse.  
 For, one excesse another still produces ;  
 One Foole out-vies his fellow Fooles abuses ;  
 Vntill their wealth, and hopes, and reputation,  
 Be wasted in a witnesse emulation :  
 Not heeding what is taught them in the *Fable*,  
 That when a *Toad* hath sweld while he is able,  
 An *Oxe* is bigger, and with ease can smite  
 His pride to nothing, when it is at height.

This over large profusenesse, they are faine  
 By many evill courtes to maintaine :  
 By bribery, by griping, by the sale  
 Of *Iustice*, yea of *Conscience*, and of all  
 That may be sold for money. From hence springs  
 Deceiving and mis-leading of good *Kings*.  
 This, makes their *Treasuries* to ebbe so low ;  
 This, makes their *Subjects* discontented grow ;  
 This, makes the Merchant, and the Tradesmen, break ;  
 This, makes the arme of *Iustice* grow so weake ;  
 By this, are *States* unjointed, by degrees ;  
 By this, their honour and their love they leese ;  
 And, that confusion in upon them steales,  
 Which ruines *Nations*, *Kings*, and *Commonweales*.

From hence are all those rascall Suits derived,  
 By which the common dammage is contrived ;  
 Hence, they (who by the publike desolation  
 Would raise themselves) pretend the reformation

Q 4

They

They purpose not : and, by their faire pretences  
To cure old *grievances*, breed new *offences*.  
Hence comes it, that to keep themselves on hie,  
They sell their country, and posterity  
To slavery and bondage ; caring nought,  
So they have rest, how dearly it be bought.  
This, makes the *Grants* of Kings become so tickle,  
And *Orders*, and *Decrees* of State, so fickle,  
That no man knows when he hath ought procured,  
How he, of what he hath may be assured ;  
For, in a righteous cause, though he proceed,  
And have it ratified and decreed,  
By all Authority, that may be gained ;  
A sleight suggestion (without reason fained)  
May frustrate make the *Royall-Confirmation*,  
Or keep him in an endlesse expectation,  
Till he be quite undone. And, if his foes  
Have wealth, (though no good reasons to oppose  
His rightfull cause) he may be wheel'd about,  
With *Orders*, that will fetch him in and out,  
Till he be tyr'd : and, neither side is sure  
Of conquest, till the other can procure  
No bribe to give. VVhich is more wicked, far,  
Then those injustices which practis'd are  
In heathen Kingdomes : since, when any there,  
For, *Iustice*, or *Injustice* bribed are ;  
A man shall have his bargaine. And in this  
More just they be then many a Christian is.  
For, when some here are forced for their owne  
To give great fines, they afterward are throwne  
From their possessions, if another come  
To buy *Injustice* with a larger sum.  
Oh ! what a madnesse is it, for one day  
On earth, to foole *Eternity* away ?

To



To sell both foule and body for meere toyes ;  
 And reall comforts, for deceiving joyes ?  
 To build their house with morter, which will burne  
 The timber, and the structure overturne ?  
 Perchance before the finishing be done,  
 But (doubtlesse) e're the third descent be gone ?

What folly is it for a man to waste  
 At one vaine triumph (which an houre doth last)  
 More then the portion, ten and ten times told  
 Which all his predecessors leave him could ;  
 That, to his prejudice it may be knowne,  
 How hastily a rich man he is growne ?

What meaneth he, who doth consume upon  
 One banquet, what a towne of Garison  
 Might live a yeare withall ; to heare it spoken,  
 That so much cost was but a certaine token  
 Of his corruption ? And that all the store  
 He wasts, was got by making others poore ?  
 Or that the greatnesse of his new gain'd glory,  
 Is of the common wrongs a reall story ?

Who praiseth him for this ? or who doth call  
 Him honorable, wife, or liberall,  
 For, those expences ; but the rascall rable  
 Of Coxcombs, and of Gulls, that haunt his table ?

What honour is it ? or what can it please,  
 To be the Lord of many Palaces ?  
 To have their Cambers, and their Galleries  
 Adorned with most precious rarities ?  
 To feed, and cloath, and patronize a number  
 Of *Parasites*, and of *Buffoones*, to cumber  
 Their walks and lodgings ? To have ev'ry day  
 Their servants following them in rich aray ?  
 Rich stufes, with rich embroyderies to bury,  
 To ride on princely charets ? or to hurry

Q 5

In

In gilt Caroches? or on pampered Steeds,  
 (From *Turky* fetcht, or from the *Barbary* breeds)  
 To prounce about the streets to show their pride?  
 Or with vaine titles to be magnifi'd?  
 What pleasure is all this, when they shall heare,  
 How loud the clamour sounds in ev'ry eare,  
 Of their oppreffions, frauds, and cruelties?  
 And how the people curse their tyrannies?  
 Their state, and their ambition to maintaine;  
 How many, oh! how many to complaine  
 Constrained are? Alas! how many a one  
 Have their proud followers tyranniz'd upon?  
 And of their servants, what great numbers too,  
 Doe these by their ambitiousse undo?  
 The faces of the poorer sort they grinde;  
 The bread of *Orphanes* (who the while are pinde)  
 They feed upon. The people they have sold  
 For old-worne shooes: on Altars they lay hold;  
 And, of each holy thing they make their prey,  
 Whereon their sacrilegious hands they lay.

The portion of their brethren they devoure;  
 And, by usurping an unlawfull pow'r,  
 They save each other harmlesse from the lawes;  
 And overthrow the poore complainants cause.  
 Their neighbours, often, and their nearest friends,  
 (To whom they daigne respect but for their ends)  
 Are so engaged to uphold their pride,  
 That they their foolish heads are faine to hide.

Some *Tradesmen*, for their vaine credulity,  
 (Intrusting to their *Honors*) now doe lye  
 Imprison'd for their aptnesse to beleieve:  
 And, what they suffer, or how much they grieve,  
 Their *Lordships* care not: For (except their owne)  
 Of all mens troubles they are senselesse growne.

Their

Their houses, and their lodgings, ev'ry day,  
 Are full of *Suitors*, who as humbly pray  
 For what's their owne, as if that they were some  
 Who to entreat for charity were come :  
 And oft are answer'd with such harsh replies,  
 For their compelled importunities,  
 As if it were an impudence or wrong,  
 To ask the debt which had beene due so long.

The *Baker* and the *Butcher*, sometime serve  
 Great men with bread and flesh untill they starve  
 Themselves almost : and, if they doubt they shall  
 Be quite undone before it so befall ;  
 They oft are glad to lose the summe that's due,  
 Through feare that for their own if they should sue,  
 (In stead of recompence) receive they might  
 Some evill turne, their boldnesse to requite.  
 For, some are growne so base, that now and than  
 Their *Costermonger*, yea their *Butterman*,  
 And *Herbwife* is halfe begger'd and undone,  
 By suffering them upon their scores to run.

Oh ! with what faces can these Tyrants ride  
 Along the streets, in such a height of pride,  
 As oft they doe, when they are lookt upon  
 By those poore Tradesmen whom they have undone ?  
 What joy have they to see, or to be seene  
 In those gay feathers, which have plucked beene  
 From others wings ; whose nakednesse appears  
 To cry aloud for Iustice, in Gods eares ?

And what a *Plague* is fallen on that Land  
 Where such as these have places of *command* ?  
 Where these are chose for *Statesmen*, what protection  
 Is *Virtue* like to finde ? what due correction  
 Hath *Vice* where such controule ? or what is he  
 Can looke for Iustice, where such *Judges* be ?

Would

Would I could say, oh! *Britaine*, thou hast none  
Of these. Or else might name thee such a one,  
As lawfully, as I might boldly do it,  
For thy advantage, were I called to it.  
But, that authority which I have got,  
Checks faults alone, with persons meddles not.

Thy ancient Vertues, are not wholly lost,  
In all thy families. Yet, for the most,  
As are thy *Princes*, now, thy *Gentry* be ;  
According to the height of their degree.  
They spend their youth in lust and idleness ;  
In impudent prophaneness, and excess ;  
In foolish complements ; in thriftless games ;  
And in *oblivion* do interre their *Names* :  
Through want of knowledge, and that reall worth  
Which sets the lustre of true *Gentry* forth.

The *markes* of *Gentle-blood*, and that which praise  
Did thereunto acquire, in former dayes,  
Were Iustice, Temp'rance, Courage, Prudency,  
True Courtly, Meekness, Liberality,  
And such as these. Their *Exercises* were  
Those which the mind or body might prepare  
For vertuous practices : as leaping, running,  
To handle Armes, to shoot, to shew their cunning  
In managing great Horse ; in studiouseness  
Of piety, and of the *Sciences*,  
Which we terme liberall. But now, alas !  
Thy *Gentry*, *Britaine*, is not as it was.  
To be a *Gentleman*, is now, to weare  
Fantaſtick habits ; horrid oaths to sweare ;  
To whiffe Tobacco ; to be drunk, and game ;  
To do a villany, and boast the fame.  
To dare the Pox ; to talk with impudence,  
How oft they had it, without grieve or sense,

Of

Of their misdoings ; nothing to professe  
Or practise, but to live in idlenesse ;  
To quarrell ; to be insolent, and proud ;  
To cheat, and brag, and lye, and speak aloud  
In stead of speaking reason : to perfume  
Above his worth ; unwisely to consume  
His patrimony ; fast and loose to play ;  
To borrow, without purposing to pay ;  
To spend their time in fruitlesse visitations,  
In beastly and prophane communications ;  
In telling and in listning after newes ;  
In viewing idle fights, or haunting Stewes ;  
With such like exercises : as if they  
Were made to flutter all their time away  
Like *Butterflies* ; and lived, puposely,  
For nothing, but to eate, and drink, and dye.

Their noblest mark, is dieting a brace  
Of handsome Nags, to run a squirting *Race*,  
Or keeping of a cast of *Norway* Kites,  
To shew them yearly halfe a dozen flights ;  
Or else, the feeding of a stinking pack  
Of yelping Hounds ; that when discourse they lack,  
They may whole dayes together, prate a story,  
In which some Dogs, or Hauks, or Horses glory  
Is magnifi'd ; and him they count a Clowne,  
That in their folly is no partner growne.

Oh ! would these lines had po'wr to make thē see,  
How foolish and absurd their courses be :  
And that my *Muses* now could reach the straine,  
Might win them nobler thoughts to entertaine.

But, mine will hardly prove such *Charmes*, I feare ;  
For, at the very root we rotten are ;  
And, where our *Maladies* their cure should have,  
The dangeroust infections we receive.

Our

Our Nurseries of *Arts* are not so pure,  
 But that in them our bane we may procure.  
 Our *Innes of Court* have lost their good repute,  
 By harboring of persons dissolute.  
 The Schooles of *Law* are *Sanctuaries* made  
 For *Out-lawes*; and where once our *Gentry* had  
 That nurture which enobled them; now, there  
 By lewd examples, which too frequent are,  
 Or, by too great a liberty, we gaine  
 A habit in all courses that are vaine.  
 And most of those, of whom the world beleeves  
 Most good (among them) are but civill theeves.

For, *Lawyers*, and some *Officers*, in thee,  
 (Which Ministers of *Iustice* seeme to be)  
 Have made the *Courts* and *Offices*, whereby  
 We should of wrongs receive a remedy;  
 To prove to us things more uneasie, far,  
 Then those, for which their just complainings are.  
 So costly be their wilde interpretations  
 Of *Lawes* and *Customes*; and such variations  
 Are found in their opinions, that few know  
 When they uprightly, or in safety goe.

If any *Common Barreter* will please  
 By suits unjust his neighbors to disease;  
 The *Plea* may be maintained, though that all  
 His allegations prove untrue they shall:  
 Or manifest, by doubtlesse demonstration,  
 He purpos'd nought, but wilfull molestation.  
 For, *Lawyers* will defend and plead the Cause,  
 Which to their knowledge doth oppose both *Lawes*  
 And *Conscience* too; as if they did contemne  
 His threatnings that pronounced woe to them,  
 Who justifie the wicked in their sin;  
 Or him gainfay which hath not faulty bin.

Ev'n

Ev'n in our *Court of Conscience*, some things are  
 Unconscionable. For, if any there  
 Be causlessly complain'd on ; well is he  
 If uncondemned in the suit he be.  
 For, this *Defendant* hath small remedy,  
 Save that, and patience, for his injury.  
 His causlesse troubles, and his large expence,  
 Hath no requittall save his innocence.  
 For, if all they that are unjustly grieved,  
 By having costs of suits should be relieved ;  
 Or if the *Plaintiffe* should his *Bill* averre  
 Vpon his oath, as ev'ry *Answerer*  
 Confirms his Answer ; many a brawling *Knave*  
 Would then be quiet, and that *Court* would have  
 Far lesse employment : yea, and were it not  
 Their *Traverses* did knit againe the *knot*,  
 Which *Answers upon Oath*, almost unty,  
 Suits would not halfe so long unended lye.

This, many *Officers* doe feeme to feare ;  
 And therefore (as if *Courts* erected were  
 To make them rich, by nourishing contention ;  
 Much rather then to compasse the prevention  
 Of wrongs and discord) they continue still,  
 That course which brings most grists unto their mil.

If I would make a *Libell*, it should be  
 By way of *Suit* : for, I did never see  
 A scurrilous *Rime* or *Phamphlet*, so compact  
 Of slanders (nor so cunningly detract)  
 As doe their shamelesse *Bils*, and their *Replies*,  
 Who seeke, that way, mens names to scandalize.

They dare pretend (as if with warranty)  
 Those things of which no probability  
 Was ever seene. For, though they prove it not,  
 They know the very mention of a blot

Doth

Doth leave a stain ; and, that aspersions laid  
 Supposedly, are often so convoid,  
 And so dispers'd ; and in dispersing, will  
 Such new additions gather to them still ;  
 That, at the last (although most false they were)  
 For truths, they told and heard, of many are.

But, their *Intergatories* have a trick  
 Beyond all other *Libellings*, to stick  
 An infamy on any : for, in those,  
 Of all which they will causelessly suppose  
 Within their *Bills* ; they may the question move,  
 To whomsoever they pretend shall prove  
 What they object. And, though no proove be broght,  
 Nay, though it never came within his thought,  
 That is complain'd against ; to doe or say  
 Those things which they object against him may :  
 Yet, he that is examined, or he  
 That reads what matters question'd of him be ;  
 Suspects, perhaps, (although he nothing knew  
 Concerning them) that ev'ry thing is true  
 Which their *Intergatories* doe imply.  
 For, why thinks he (that meaneth honestly)  
 Should *Propositions* of these things be made,  
 If they no likelihood of being had ?  
 Or who (supposeth he) hath so abhord  
 A mind, as to suggest, and on record  
 To leave aspersions (of deserving blame)  
 On him, that no way merited the same ?

Yet, this is frequent : and this libelling  
 Much profit to their *Common wealth* doth bring,  
 Who gaine by others losses. And, there's none  
 On whom this mischief may not fall upon.

For one example of such grosse abuse,  
 My selfe I can, and justly may, produce.

For,



For, sitting lately in a roome alone,  
 My owne occasions meditating on :  
 Two men, who talking at the doore had bin,  
 (And, as appeared, knowing me within)  
 Made entrance and besought me both to heare,  
 (And witnesse) what they had agreed on there.  
 I heard them ; and, I purposed to do  
 As they required, being call'd thereto.

But, mark what follow'd. Twelve months after that  
 The one of these (not well content with what  
 His bargaine was ; and knowing, I alone  
 Could testifie what they agreed upon)  
 Did in this knavish cunning wife project  
 To make my *witnesse* take the lesse effect.

Forsooth, he makes me party in the cause ;  
 A pitifull *complaining Bill* he drawes ;  
 Wherein his *learned Counsell* did devise  
 Such *Combinations*, and *Conspiracies*,  
 Such *Plots*, such *Practices*, and such large tales,  
 Of *Premises*, of *Bargainings*, of *Sales*,  
 And such like *Heathnisch stufte* : and his pretence,  
 Was worded out with so much impudence ;  
 That, surely, whosoever came to see  
 That peece of *Chauncery*, supposed me  
 A very cheating rascal : or, that I  
 (At least) was privy to some knavery ;  
 Whereas he knew, who then did so abuse me,  
 I blamelesse was of what he did accuse me.  
 Yea, then so farre was I from any plot,  
 Or purpos'd wrong ; that I had quite forgot  
 Both *man* and *matter* : and, but for his *Bill*,  
 Had beene (I thinke) unmindfull of them still.

A wrong like this, if any please, he may  
 Inflict upon me ev'ry other day,

With

With safe impunity. For, such as he,  
 Intituled *Amici Curie* be :  
 And, many thousand fees would quite be lost,  
 Were they, in such like suits to beare the cost.  
 If I should here disclose what I have seene,  
 The practice of some *Lawyers* to have beene ;  
 What cunning in *conveyances* they use,  
 How strangely their Profession they abuse :  
 And what a glory to themselves they take,  
 When they an evill cause to thrive can make :  
 Or, should I here character their *Delays*,  
 Their *Errors*, their *Demurs*, their many wayes  
 Of hindring *Iustice* ; their impertinent  
 And costly tedious *Formes* ; their impudent  
 Extorting from their Clients double fees ;  
 For *Motions*, which they willingly doe leese :  
 How they doe move by halves ; how they mistake  
 (Of purpose) for themselves, new work to make ;  
 How oft their *Orders* have by procreation  
 Made up, almost, the hundredth generation ;  
 What double-tongu'd *Reports*, for double fees ;  
 Are gotten by corrupted *Referees* ;  
 (Who when the truth is plaine, can coin a doubt  
 To bring againe the falsest *Cause* about)  
 How senselesse of mens losses, griefes, or paine,  
 They are in all things which concerne their gaine ;  
 To what expences they their *Clients* bring ;  
 How they doe ride them in an endlesse Ring,  
 And prey upon them : or, if here I should  
 Disclose as evidently as I could,  
 How full of wicked bribes, their closets be ;  
 What brutish cruelties mine eyes did see ;  
 How many honest *Causes* I have knowne,  
 For want of prosecution, overthrowne ;

Because

Because our tedious *formes* of triall, stretch  
Much further then the Clients purse can reach.  
How many miles poore men are forc'd to come,  
For trifling suits, which might have end at home ;  
But that our higher *Courts* more seek encrease  
Of their base profits, then of blessed *peace*.

Should I relate with what strange tyrannies  
Some *Officers* their places exercise ;  
What partiality they shew ; what pride :  
How they insult on men ; how they deride ;  
How big they speak ; how scurrilous they be,  
In taunting and reviling men more free  
From vice, then they themselves : Or, should I tell  
How little tenderneſſe doth seeme to dwell  
VVithin their bosomes, when they do oppresse  
The needy widow, and the fatherlesse :  
If all these things I should insist upon,  
And so describe them, as they might be done ;  
The world would know that all those injuries,  
For which the Law appointeth remedies,  
Are oft lesse grievous to the Common weale,  
Then most, who most pretend her sores to heale :  
And that as little help from them she sees,  
As when she sets her Cats to keep her Cheefe.  
For, some of them are trusty in their kind,  
And so, some trusty *Lawyers* she may find :  
Yea, those there be, that in these evill dayes,  
Like *Rubies* mixt with pebles, send forth rayes  
Of Christian pieties ; which do declare,  
That some remaine who yet an honor are  
To that profession ; and, all those are free  
From being taxt, or blamed here by me.  
The rest shall beare their shame ; for, they were born  
To be our plague ; and they shall be my scorne :  
Their

Their torments do afflict both night and day,  
 And there are few such torturers as they.  
 For, of those wrongs which we by them sustaine,  
 We scarcely are permitted to complaine.  
 Nor will this *Iland* better dayes behold,  
 So long as *Offices* are bought and sold.  
 Nor shall I ever think that any one,  
 Much cares, what right or injury be done,  
 That buyes or fels an *Office*; chiefly he,  
 Who chaffers that where seats of *Iudgement* be.

For order sake, to these my knee I bend;  
 Or, I to give them titles can descend,  
 And ev'ry outward reverence; that so  
 The place they beare, condemned may not grow:  
 Yet nobler far he seemeth in mine eyes,  
 Who, by a due election, doth arise  
 To be but *Heardman* in some Country Borrough,  
 Then all those *Lordlings* who have passed thorough  
 The greatest *Offices*, by giving pay;  
 Or by some other unapproved way:

When mē were fought, that *Office* they might bear  
 And had it gratis; they such persons were,  
 Whose worth, whose vertues, and whose nobleneffe,  
 Brought honor to the seats they did possesse.  
 With faithfulnessse, their duties they discharged;  
 No ancient fee unjustly was enlarged;  
 Or new extorted; neither did they take  
 The poore mans money, when he mone did make:  
 For, by an easie entrance they were able  
 (When need required) to be charitable:  
 Their just expences, also, to provide;  
 And to sustaine a comely port beside.

But, since men fought out *Offices*; and thought  
 Of their owne merits, better then they ought,

(Intru-

(Intruding, without modesty, to sit  
 Vpon that Seat, for which they were unfit)  
 Since men experienced (by serving long  
 In some inferior places) had such wrong,  
 That ignorant Impostors got possession  
 Of what pertaines to them, by due succession :  
 Yea, since to sacred *Callings* men are chose  
 By them, that should not of such things dispose ;  
 What can e're long expected be, unlesse  
 It be an overflow of Barbarousnesse ?

Since each base fellow (who, perhaps, by stealth,  
 By fraud, or by extortion, scrapes up wealth)  
 May purchase, by his evill gotten pelfe,  
 A place of honor, to ensconce himselfe,  
 And fortifie his wickednesse withall ;  
 What hope of good proceedings follow shall ?

Since needy, worthlesse, base, & shameles grooms,  
 May scrue their persons into noble rooms,  
 By meanes ignoble ; no man must expect  
 From such a *Cause*, to draw a good *Effect* ;  
 Or, that he honor gets, who in such times  
 To any honorable title climbs.

He's but a theefe, that in at window comes ;  
 The buyer sells, and sells for greater fums ;  
 By bribery, he bribery defends,  
 Of unjust *Mammon* he doth make him friends,  
 To nourish Pride ; or else to make up that,  
 Whereby possession of his place he gat ;  
 Without compassion, he doth grieve, oppress,  
 And rack the widow, and the fatherlesse :  
 All places, and all things that appertaine  
 To ev'ry place he puts to sale, for gaine :  
 Yea, most men of each other, now, make sale :  
 Of their owne liberties, of lives, and all.

Great

Great *Officers* pretending to the gift  
 Of some inferiour places, make a shift  
 To save the giving, and, so dearly sell  
 That their poore underlings they oft compell  
 To serve without allowance ; or to raise  
 Their maintenance, by some unlawfull wayes :  
 VVhich they must countenance ; or else contrive  
 That others at such doings may connive.  
 VVhereby those places held disgracefull be,  
 VVhich, otherwise, from scandall, had bin free.  
 VVhy then reproach we such with odious names,  
 Since they that are the authors of their shames,  
 (And those to whom base termes do appertaine)  
 Are their great *Masters*, who make wicked gaine  
 Of what should freely be bestow'd on those  
 To whom they ought such places to dispose ?  
 From them, and their corruption, doth arise  
 The multitudes of base enormities  
 That swarme among our petty *Officers*.  
 It is a sum of mony that prefers  
 To ev'ry place ; and that makes knaves, and sharks,  
 Of *Sergeants*, *Waiters*, and of *Vnder-clarks*.  
 This maketh *Registers*, in ev'ry Court,  
 And other *Ministers*, so much extort :  
 This makes them seek out knots, demurs, delays,  
 And practise many unapproved wayes,  
 To make up that which foolishly they paid :  
 Yet, in the grave, their heads, perhaps, are laid  
 Ere halfe recover'd be : and oft their wives,  
 (VVhose portion bought those places for their lives)  
 Are left, with many children, to a lot  
 VVnpitied ; as they others pitied not.  
 For, many a one of these, although you see  
 Their wives and children in apparell be

A

As costlly as a Lords (that yearly may  
 Dispend as great a sum, as these did pay  
 For their new Offices) engaged are  
 To Vfurers, for twice the better share  
 Of their large Fines : and, sometime they undoe  
 Themselues, their kindred, and their neighbours too.

Hence comes it, that *Receivers, Bailifes, Reeves,*  
 And other such, are worfe then common theeves ;  
 And rack and pilf so boldly ; and from hence  
 It flowes, that few suppress their insolence :  
 Ev'n from their base corruption, who do thrive  
 By such mens losse ; and not alone connive  
 At their misdoings ; but, oft patronize them,  
 And from just censures an escape devise them.  
 For they that else would Furze and Brambles burne,  
 Will cherish them, where they may save their corne.

Thus, *Britaine*, most of them have used thee,  
 Whose *Offices*, by purchase, gotten be.  
 These, and a multitude of other crimes,  
 They cause, and act, and suffer in these times :  
 And are so insolent in what they doe,  
 That they dare practise, and defend it too,  
 Without remorse of mind, or seeming sense  
 Of being guilty of the least offence.

Nor come thy *Priests* or *Prophets* much behind  
 The worst of these : but, passe them in their kind,  
 For, though a learned *Clergy* thou possessest,  
 And ev'ry day in knowledge much increasest :  
 Although I do beleewe thou hast in thee  
 Those *Guides* whose wayes are from reproofes as free  
 As are the best on earth : yet, thou hast more  
 That are perverted, now, then, heretofore.

Of late, thou heaps of *Teachers* gotten hast,  
 Resembling empty vapours, or a blast

That

That breathes no comfort. What God never ment  
They publish forth ; and come e're they are sent.

Thy peoples hurts, they cure with sugred speech ;  
When there's no peace at all, of peace they preach ;  
Thou purblind *Watchmen* hast, and some that see,  
As blindly walke, as they that blindest be.  
Dumb Dogs thou hast, who spend their time in sleep ;  
And, some who barke, but to affright the sheepe.  
Like hungry Curses, some alwayes gurmandize ;  
Yet nothing can their greedinesse suffice.  
They follow their owne wills, and their owne waies  
They hunt for their owne profit, their owne praise.  
They tread the paths where common sinners walke ;  
Among themselves they most prophanely talk ;  
And, at the Tavernes meet, and sit and swill  
Strong drinke, and wine, untill their guts they fill.

In taking Gifts, and compassing Promotion,  
They shew more zeale, and practice more Devotion  
Then in their holy *Callings*. They delight  
In Flatteries ; and the fawningst *Parasite*  
In all the Courts of *Europe*, cannot prate  
More Heathnishly, nor more insinuate  
Then some of them. The blessed Sacraments  
And holy Word, are us'd as instruments  
To compasse that, for them, which they projected ;  
And, oft polluted are, and oft neglected.  
Their sacred *Orders*, are abus'd and made  
To serve them for an *Office*, or a Trade,  
To be enriched by ; and to that end  
The preaching of the *Gospel*, they intend.  
They come not by the doore into the fold ;  
Things holy, they have often bought and sold ;  
Conspiracies they make in matters fowle ;  
They prey vpon the body and the foule ;

And



And, fat and rich, and mighty to become,  
 They daub and plaister with untemper'd lome.  
 With lies, and faire pretences they beguile;  
 And violate the Law of God, the while.  
 His Altars they prophane; they starve his flocke;  
 They make *Religion* but a mocking-stocke;  
 And, by examples horrible and vile,  
 Cause other men, Gods *Temples* to defile.

There is no avarice which theirs exceeds;  
 No malice which a mischief sooner breeds:  
 No pride so furly as their *Clergy-pride*,  
 Except among the Beggars, when they ride. (broke  
 They, who but few yeares past, would halfe have  
 Their kindreds, to have purchas'd them a cloake;  
 And in poore threed bare Cassocks fought to preach  
 Beneath an *Vnder-Curate*; or to teach  
 The children of some *Farmers*, for their meat:  
 And seem'd scarce worthy so much grace to get,  
 Vntill by counterfeit humility,  
 (By fawning mixt with importunity,  
 And gilt with fained zeale) they wrought on some,  
 To bring their wandring feet into their home.  
 Ev'n some of these, so well have acted out  
 Their parts, of seeming honest, and devout;  
 That (either like to *Michahs* Priest, by leaving  
 Their *Patrons*; and their hopefull trust deceiving:  
 Or, some such likely wayes) they have acquired  
 A higher station, then they first desired.  
 They have so quaintly humour'd, and so pleas'd  
 The present times; that, they have proudly seized  
 Supreme places: and, now, over-peere  
 Their heads, by whom, they first advanced were.  
 And very profitable, sure it is,  
 To heed them, since their *metamorphosis*.

R

For,

For, if thou mark, how stately now they beare  
 Their lofty heads ; how insolent they are ;  
 How pitilesse to futers they become ;  
 With what contempt poore men be rated from  
 Their angry prefence ; what imperious *Lords*  
 Their *Doflorships* are grown ; what haughty words  
 They thunder forth ; what *Antichristian* state  
 They take upon them ; how extreame ingrate  
 And inhumane they prove (ev'n unto those  
 By whom, they from the dunghill first arose)  
 Wer't well observ'd how strangely they contemne  
 Their ancient friends ; and twixt themselves, & them,  
 What distances they set ; or, to their kin  
 How harsh and evill natur'd they have bin ;  
 (Except to those, that having meanes to rise  
 As well as they, their folly do despise.)

Wer't knowne, what seife opinion they have got  
 Of their owne worths ; how they themselves besot  
 With arrogance ; how peevish, and unquiet  
 They be in their attendance, and their diet ;  
 In small or trifling matters how severe ;  
 In those which of the greatest moment are,  
 How carelesse grown : how envious of the grace  
 Or gifts bestow'd on those, in meaner place.

Were notice also taken, with what straine  
 Of pride and loftinesse, they entertaine  
 Their brethren of the *Clergy*, when they are  
 By any summons called to appeare  
 Before their *Lordships* ; with what *Pope* like phraze  
 They seek to terrifie, and to amaze  
 Their humble *Suppliants* ; with what balde conceits  
 They vent their humors, that the crew which waits  
 To claw and footh such follies, may begin  
 (In stead of some applause) to fleere, and grin.

How

How tartly they can chide, and raile, and play,  
 And jest on those, who but the other day  
 Did equall them in tempr'all dignities ;  
 And are more worthy, though less high they rise.

Were these things heeded, and some passages  
 Which name I could, as worthy note as these ;  
 A man would hardly think, that these had beene  
 Those *Priests*, who but a while before were seene  
 So beggerly, and so expos'd to scorne ;  
 But, that, they had (at least) beene *Prelates* borne.  
 None could have thought that these mē had bin they  
 Who lately did so bitterly inveigh  
 Against the pride Episcopall ; and plained,  
 To see themselves so sleighted, and disdain'd  
 Of their superiors : no man would have thought  
 These had bin poore mens children, who had nought  
 To give them nurture ; or, that they, bereft  
 Of all their friends, were to the parish left.  
 None would beleewe, almost, that any such  
 Should from so little, rise to have so much  
 In such a *Calling* ; and so worthlesse be  
 In their condition : for, it seemes to me,  
 They little conscience make of that *Profession*,  
 Whereby they have those glories in possession :  
 Since then (me thinks) so far they would not swerve  
 From his pure word, whom they pretend to serve.

Oh ! pray that God would make those *watchmen* see  
 What blots and errors in their courses be.  
 And that, by good example they may teach,  
 What they by word, unto the people preach :  
 For, by their actions, many overthrow  
 The growth of that, which they themselves did sow.  
 Or by their failing, or their falling from  
 A Christian zeale ; make others cold become.

R2

And,

And, some of these are those, of whom *Christ* sayes,  
*We should embrace their words, but not their wayes.*

But, many a one will neither say nor doe,  
 What we may follow, or give heed vnto.  
 Yea, we have now among us many a one,  
 (That could have spoken well) whose voice is gone,  
 By growing over fat with double Cures :  
 And pampring up themselves like *Epicures*.

How many Doctors have we, who before  
 They were advanced, from conditions poore,  
 Were glad and willing twice each Sabbath day,  
 To preach, and all the publike pray'rs to say ?  
 Yea, without any shew of being weary,  
 The Sacraments to give ; to wed, to bury,  
 And, often in the week, those works to do,  
 Which by their Calling they were bound unto ?  
 Of those how many in these dayes are seene,  
 That having to promotion raised beene,  
 Are well nigh silenc'd, now performing neither  
 Of all those duties, for whole months together ?

Of these, how many lately have I knowne,  
 So proud, (or else perhaps so lazy growne)  
 To cast upon their hirelings all that care,  
 And al that pains, which they themselves should bear ?  
 Vouchsafing not so much as once a day,  
 (Though they are present) *publike pray'rs* to say ;  
 Or preach ; or, of the duties to be done,  
 To ease their *Curate*, in performing one ?  
 But (sitting as meere strangers, or as he  
 Who thought such works, for him too meane to be)  
 Take ease and state upon them ; more I wis,  
 Then either needfull or befeeming is.

Indeed (when they are any way engaged  
 By publike studies, weak, or sick, or aged)

Some-

Sometime to ease themselves, deserves no blame :  
But having no excuse, it is their shame.

How unbeseeming is it, to behold  
Our *Doctors*, who nor crazy are, nor old,  
Nor any way disabled, save through sloth, [both]  
Or through their pride (or else perchance through  
To leave that charge to some inferior one,  
Which is too worthy, to be undergone  
By him that's worth'est, in respect of all  
Those dignities, the world afford them shall ?  
Why should the adding of a new *Degree*,  
Or larger *meanes* (which no additions be  
To their essentiall worth) make wise men seeme  
So highly praised, in their owne esteeme,  
As to debase that worke, for whose meere sake,  
God's mercy them so eminent did make ?

For, if it were not so, why do they more  
Neglect those duties now, then heretofore ?  
Why, in performing them, respect they so  
The *times*, and *persons*, as we see they do ?  
At solemne feasts, or in those places where  
Most honorable personages are,  
Why do they preach more often ? why baptize,  
And wed, and bury, where their living lies,  
The richer sort, and let the poore alone ;  
If what they do for conscience sake be done ?

Alas ! preferment, and the being rich,  
Doth choak up vertues, and the mind bewitch.  
The daughter sleights the mother. For *Devotion*  
Brought forth by painfull travell, faire *Promotion* ;  
And lo, no sooner is *Preferment* borne,  
But, proud she growes, and doth her *Mother* scorne.  
They who did much for little ; now possessing  
A great abundance, do require the blessing

R 3

With

With doing lesse in stead of doing more ;  
And marre with pride, what paine did plant before.

The greater favours we from God receive,  
The greater thankfulness we should conceive.  
Yea, when that he advanceth us most high,  
We should expresse the more humility;  
And think, that ev'n the meanest circumstances  
Belonging to his holy *Ordinances*,  
Could not with reverence enough be done,  
When we have all our worthinesse put on.

And, doubtlesse, when to God most high we raise  
Our hands, in offering up his publike praise,  
The man (in my opinion) fitteth best  
That work ; who seemes more worthy then the rest.  
And whosoever should that act eschew,  
(Except just cause within himselfe he knew)  
I know (how high soe're his place hath bin)  
His *calling* is dishonored therein :  
Or, if to be assistant he doth shun,  
When any priestly work is to be done,  
Where he hath *cure* : for into others roomes,  
To make intrusion, no man it becomes.

God grant those men humility, and care,  
Who otherwise, in this, affected are ;  
And show our *clergie* what uncomlinessse  
Appeares in this. For, some herein transgresse  
By other mens examples ; and indeed,  
Some other men, by want of taking heed  
Of what they doe ; who having weigh'd the fact,  
Will never put the same again in act.  
*Lord* waken these ; and, humble those, I pray,  
Whom pride, or vanity, have led astray.  
And oh ! ye house of *Levi*, warning take ye ;  
Lest God, for times to come, examples make ye.

As

As he that *Clergie*, your example made,  
 Whose monstrous pride, the age before you, had  
 So great a fall. Oh! minde it, and be more  
 Regardfull of your Charge then heretofore :  
 Lest they that spight the *Churches* dignities,  
 (And of her *Dowry* seek to make a prize)  
 For your ambitious pride, occasion take,  
 On *Gods Inheritance*, their prey to make.  
 So will our *Clergie*, which is yet respected,  
 Be scorn'd, become as poore, and as neglected,  
 As in those *Countries*, where their former pride  
 Hath made their Calling to be vilifide.

Oh! leave, oh! leave your haughtineffe betimes,  
 Your avarice, your envy, and those crimes,  
 That are observ'd among you ; lest for them  
 God shake the wall of our *Ierusalem*.  
 For, heav'n and earth for me shall testifie,  
 That this my *Muse* in nothing doth belye  
 Your manners ; but that you are more then stain'd,  
 With ev'ry fault whereof I have complain'd.  
 And as it was their *Priests* and *Prophets* sin  
 That brought the Deluge of those troubles in,  
 Which overwhelm'd the *Iewish Commonweale* :  
 So, if with us the Lord severely deale,  
 Your sinnes and errors will enlarge the rent,  
 Through which the mortall arrow shall be sent,  
 That deepest wounds. Oh ! God defend us from  
 Such judgements ; or, if thou be pleas'd they come,  
 Vpon our sinfull bodies strike the blow ;  
 And keepe us from a spirituall overthrow.

Excuse me worthy Prelats ; and all you  
 Whom God with large preferments doth endue,  
 And raise to honor, out of low degrees,  
 Because ingrafted in your hearts he sees

R 4

Such

Such inward vertues, and such outward graces,  
 As doe become your high and holy places;  
 Excuse me if in ought deliver'd here,  
 Injurious to your worths I may appeare:  
 For, not a Line of these reproving straines,  
 To you or any one of you pertaines;  
 Nor need you care, if any shall apply,  
 These tart reproofes, to blur your *Callings* by:  
 Because you know, that none are this way harmed,  
 Who are by true and reall vertues armed.  
 Because you also know, that some have shamed  
 Your places by such crimes as I have named.  
 I know you will not frowne, though I did say,  
 That some of *Christs disciples* would betray  
 Their *Master* to his foes. Since this no more  
 Redounds to your disgrace, then heretofore  
 It did to his *Apostles*, that he said  
 How he by one of them should be betraid.

None taxe you shall, by meanes of this, but heady  
 And hairebrain'd fooles, that are your foes already;  
 Nor would I for the world unloose my tongue,  
 To do the Vertuous, or your Calling wrong.

Let no man gather hence, my *Muse* envies  
 The *Clergie*, or the reverend *Dignities*  
 To them pertaining; or dislike to see  
 Great *Prelates* raised up from low degree:  
 For, them I honor most, who from a race  
 Of meane esteeme, have gain'd an honor'd place,  
 By true desert. And (might I be as able  
 As willing) I would make more honorable  
 Their holy *Callings*: and for ever close  
 Their greedy mouths, and bind the hands of those  
 Who speak, or act, what might infringe their due,  
 Who in those places good examples shew.

I



I know, among our *Bishops*, there are some,  
 Who make their outward honors to become  
 A meanes to keep *Religion*, and their *Calling*,  
 From being vilified, and from falling  
 Into contempt : of *Stiles* account they make not,  
 For their owne glory : to themselves they take not  
 Their *Lordly Attributes* ; but to adorne  
 Their *Office* ; and to keep the same from scorne.  
 Some such there are : and for the sakes of such  
 It is, that yet our *Clergie* hath so much  
 Of that esteeme which our forefathers left them ;  
 And that these greedy times have not bereft them  
 Of those endowments, which were granted here  
 When *Kings* the *Churches* nursing Fathers were.  
 From these reproofes, let such therefore be free ;  
 And fall the blame on those that faulty be.

But, as the *Shepherds* have deserv'd the strokes  
 Of Gods displeasure ; so their wanton *Flocks*  
 The same have merited ; and, blame there lyes  
 On all conditions, and fraternities.

I would not speake what might offend the Throne  
 Of *Justice* ; or the *King* that sits thereon.  
 From all taxation let him scape as free  
 As he is innocent ; yea let him be  
 Vntouched : and, let ev'ry vertuous *Peere*,  
 Be free from all, that shall be spoken here :  
 For, I will ayme at none, but whom it shall  
 Become an honest *Muse* to chide withall.  
 In this, beleeve me *Readers*. For, I pray  
 Forgive my bluntnesse. And I dare to say  
 The *Court* is fraught with bribery, with hate,  
 With envie, lust, ambition, and debate ;  
 With fawnings, with fantasticke imitation,  
 With shamefull sloth, and base dissimulation.

R 5

True

True *Vertue's* almost quite exiled thence,  
 And vice with vice, for chiefe preheminnce  
 Maintaineth wars. The most profuse Excesse,  
 And Avarice, one bosome oft possesse :  
 The greater part are of a Mushroome breed,  
 Spring up upon a sudden, without seed,  
 Or plant, or graft; and, often, in one day,  
 (Yea sometimes in a moment) swept away.  
 With lyes, they seeke their *Souveraigne* to delight ;  
 And act their impudences in his sight.  
 They slay the people, and their flesh they teare  
 Ev'n from the bones ; as doth a greedy Beare.  
 They cannot brook the mention of their error ;  
 They drive out of their mindes the day of terror.  
 Deep pits, to hide their mischiefes in, they make ;  
 And think that God no heed of them will take.  
 They live upon the *Commons* ; and yet grow  
 More fat, then others in enclosures do  
 And, that which followes their encreasing pow'r,  
 Is but to be devoured, or devoure.

Their wealth consists of *Projects* : their esteeme  
 Is that which they to one another seeme.  
 Their *Honors* are bare *Titles* ; and, that state  
 Which they themselves do fancy and create.  
 Their *Zeale* is wilfulnesse. Their *Faith* is such  
 As *Reason* breeds ; and most times, not so much.  
 Their *Hope* is something, but I know not what.  
 Their *Charity* is nothing ; or else that  
 Which I should call *Self-love*. Their *Strength* is in  
 Opinion, and in ablenesse to sin.  
 Their *Wisdome*, and their *Policy*, (if we  
 May guesse at things that undiscerned be)  
 Is to resolve on nothing : so the *Foe*  
 Shall never compasse their designses to know.

Their

Their *Courtesie* (if men will be content  
 To think it may consist in *Complement*)  
 Is wondrous great. Their *Valour* is in oaths.  
 Their greatest *Glory* doth depend on cloaths;  
 In which they are so vaine, that ev'ry morne  
 (Almost) a new attire by some is worne,  
 Of sev'ral stufes or fashions: and they dresse  
 Their bodies, with such tedious curiousefneffe,  
 And, such a multitude of hands there are  
 To trim them (and their trappings to prepare)  
 That halfe so many, of good workmen, may  
 Erect a house, ere they themselves aray.

Of *Honesty* they scarce the name afford:  
 For, should I terme one, there, an honest *Lord*;  
 It might be thought as clownish, so to do,  
 As it were false, perhaps, to call him so.

Gods holy *Sabbaths*, most among them, there,  
 Observe not much; except it be to weare  
 Their finest clothes. The *Bus'nesses*, that may,  
 And should be done upon some other *Day*,  
 Are then debated on, as frequently,  
 As those affaires which by necessity  
 Are urg'd upon them. And, all sorts of men  
 (When they should serve their God) are forced then  
 To wait upon the world; to whom God gave  
 Sixe dayes; for ev'ry one which he should have.

Nor, thereby, many other mens unrests  
 Occasion they alone; but, ev'n their beasts  
 Are then disquieted; and cannot have  
 That right, which both Gods *Lawes*, & *Natures*, gave.  
 Sometime, they to remove, that *Day*, prepare;  
 Yea, then begun, sometimes, *Removalls* are;  
 And in the *Court*, more *Carters*, we may see  
 Employ'd that day, then through the Kingdome be.

On

On *Sundayes* far more Coaches rumble thither,  
 Then doe in some three other dayes together :  
 And, seldome have they leifure for a *Play*,  
 Or *Maske*, except upon Gods *Holy-day*.  
 I doe not think we are obliged to  
 A *Iewish Sabbath*, as great numbers do :  
 But fure I am, from *Piety* we swarve,  
 Vnlesse a *Christian one* we do observe.  
 And, though to them no fault it may appeare,  
 Who on fuch *Evenings* do but only heare  
 Or (for their honest recreation) view  
 The action of some *Enterlude*, or *Shew* ;  
 Yet, needs it muft be knowne, to some of thefe,  
 That to prepare for fuch *Performances*,  
 To many perfons muft occasions be  
 Of Sabbath-breaking in a high degree.

In whom this fault moft lyes, as yet, my *Mufe*  
 Defcrieth not : but, fure I may excufe  
 The *King* : and if but halfe fo forward were  
 Thofe *Clergy men* that have his royall care,  
 To caufe him fuch enormities to fee ;  
 As they are thought in other things to be  
 Which leffe concerne them ; he would foone forbid  
 Thofe cuftomes ; and as *Nehemiah* did,  
 More hallow'd make the *Sabbath*. Nay if none  
 Of them whose wifdome he dependeth on,  
 In this have mifinform'd him ; he will prove  
 Our *Nehemiah*, and this fault remove,  
 When he hath warm'd his *Throne* : for we have hope  
 That all our *Breaches* he e're long fhall ftop.  
 But leaving him, I'll finifh the report  
 Which fits the greater number in the *Court*.

*Religion* they have fome, but many care not  
 If there the ufe or mention of it were not :

Some

Some others have divided it betweene  
Our gracious *Sou'raigne*, and his royall *Queene* ;  
And, till in one *Religion* they agree,  
They stand resolv'd, that they will *Neuters* be.  
*Oh ! make betwixt them, Lord, a blessed Vnion,*  
*And, us partakers of thy blest Communion.*

Our *Cities* are as wicked as the *Court* ;  
Of her transgressions they come nothing short :  
But, rather passe them ; if a man might say  
That *Infinites* admit exceeding may.  
And, *London*, thou thy Sisters all hast passed,  
In all the faults, whereby they have transgressed :  
To thee alone, my speech I therefore bend,  
And will in thine their follies reprehend.

I know that thou hast many foules in thee  
Who truly zealous of God's glory be :  
Yea, thousands that by prayers and repenting,  
Doe seeke thy peace, and labour the preventing  
Of thy perdition ; and, though they indure  
Scoffs, taunts, and injuries, from thy impure  
And faithlesse Children ; yea, though such as are  
Thy shame, and markt God's heaue wrathe to beare,  
Contemne and malice those, and use their pow'r  
Those innocents to ruine and devoure :  
Yet, they are those who keep away God's wrath ;  
And for whose sakes he so long spar'd thee hath.  
They make that pleasing *Number*, who restraine  
Those flames of Sulphure, that consum'd the plaine  
Which now the Lake *Asphaltis* overflowes.  
And when (from out of thee) God calls for those,  
Thou feele it shalt ; and, not unlike become  
Those *Asian Churches*, which departed from  
Their ancient love ; and are the loathsome den  
Of *Satyrs*, *Faries*, and *Beasts* uncleane.

A

A place for *Zim*, and *Tim*; a nest for Owles,  
 Night Ravens, Vultures, and ill-boding Fowles.  
 And, then, in ev'ry house (as heretofore,  
 When popish darknesse spread this Kingdome o're)  
 Men shall be frighted with strange dreadful noises;  
 Deformed visions, and hobgoblin voices.

I know, *Good-works* in thee are to be found;  
 And that, above the rest, thou dost abound  
 In publike Charities. I know thou hast  
 All *Cities*, in this *Kingdome*, over-past  
 In plentifully preaching of God's word;  
 And that thou bountifully dost afford  
 Large voluntary pensions to that end.  
 (Yea, somewhat else in thee I might commend.)  
 But if thou take a note of thy transgressions;  
 If thou at thy *Affises*, at thy *Sessions*,  
 Or, at thy other *Courts*, observe, or heare,  
 How many horrid crimes detected are;  
 How many filthy and abhorred things,  
 God there discloses, and to Iudgement brings;  
 And if thou think, withall, how many moe  
 Committed are, which few do come to know.  
 Or heede'st thou how few, and worthlesse, all  
 Those works appeare which thou dost *Vertues* call:  
 What would they seeme, compared to thy sin?  
 Or to those favours, which have heaped bin,  
 By God upon thee? Doth he owe thee ought,  
 Or hast thou done him services for nought?

Oh! *L O N D O N*, hath he not advanced thee  
 The *Mistress* and the *Soveraigne* to be  
 Of all the *Townes*, and *Cities* of this *Ile*?  
 Hath he not rais'd thee many a goodly pile?  
 Art not thou plac'd above, and they below?  
 Continuing blessings doth he not bewow?

And

And many priviledges, yet, deny'd  
To all the *Burroughs* of the Land beside?  
Behold, thou hast the principallest *Trade*,  
And all their *Merchants* are thy *Chapmen* made :  
Thou art the Royall *Chamber* of the King ;  
Whose residence doth wealth and honor bring  
To magnifie thy greatnesse : Kept in thee  
His *Parliaments*, and *Courts of Iustice* be.  
Among the famousst *Cities* under heaven,  
God hath to few a situation given  
For pleasure, health, and profit, well united,  
To thee compar'd. Yea, God did seeme delighted  
In thee to make his Dwelling (ev'n among  
Thy Temples) by maintaining here so long  
His *Harbingers*, and *Ledgers*, to provide  
Fit mansions, for his Graces to reside.

Thy God, to be thy *Husband*, thou hast had ;  
And, wer't by him a fruitfull *Mother* made,  
So plentifull in Children ; that, they play  
Like swarmes of Bees, about their hives in *May*.

No place in *Europe*, hath been so supply'd  
With foule and bodies food ; or, fortifi'd  
By Garrisons, Forts, Bulwarks, and munition,  
As thou art hitherto (by Gods tuition)  
Without such charge or trouble. And the day  
Will come, wherein, if any man shall say  
What peace thou hadst ; and, in what plenty here  
Thy Children lived (without want or feare)  
It will not be beleaved, that a *Nation*  
So blest, could suffer such an alteration.  
For, as (by Seas) from ev'ry other part  
Of Earths vast circuit, thou enclosed art :  
So, from the sudden comming of invasions,  
And from the many troubles and occasions

Of

Of Wars and wants, which in the world, we see ;  
Divided, also, these doe seeme to be.

Such is thy blest condition ; and, although  
Thou hast, about thee, of all things enough,  
That may thy pleasure, or thy need suffice ;  
Yet, all the dainties and the rarities,  
The World affords, are yearely hither sent,  
From ev'ry quarter, of Earth's *Continent*.

Oyles, wines, and fruits, that good & pleasant are,  
Swimme hither through the Straights of *Gibraltar*.  
Cold *Norway*, (or the parts adjoyning) greets  
Thy *River* with materialls for thy *Fleets*.

*America* doth oft renew thy store  
With Suger, drugs, with gold and silver *Ore* ;  
With *Ambergreece*, with woods that sweetly smell ;  
And other things, that please thy fancy well.

*Ormus*, with Pearle thy beauties doth adorne,  
The Silkes of *Persia*, in thy streets are worne.  
From divers parts of *Africa*, (and from  
*Cham's* linage there) white *Ivorie* doth come ;  
And Apes and Feathers. *China*, where they printed,  
And used Guns, ere we those Arts invented,  
(If Fryers be not lyers) doth impart  
The fruits of their Inventions, and their Art,  
To thy Inhabitants. Rare stones of price,  
Sweet smelling gummies, and odoriferous spice,  
Are brought unto thee many thousand miles ;  
Ev'n from the Easterne *Indies*, and their *Iles*.

This shewes Gods bounty : and of his compassion  
Thou lately hadst, (ev'n by thy preservation,  
In thy great *Plagues* remove ; and by his pitty  
Vouchsafed otherwaies, unto thy *City*)  
Such evidence : that all men may confesse  
He did respect thee, with much tenderneffe,

What



What should I mention more, since, to recount  
 Gods benefits would doubtlesly amount  
 To many Volumes? and sure none is able  
 To number that which is innumerable?  
 This may suffice (for this time) to expresse  
 His bounty, and thy great unthankfulnesse.

For, what hast thou returned him, for these,  
 And all those blessings, which his Love doth please  
 To shewre upon thee? What hast thou repay'd  
 For all the Charges which he hath defraid,  
 (In fencing, planting, and manuring thee)  
 That worthy, such a *Husbandman* may be?  
 Thou hast faire-seeming *Grapes*, I must confesse,  
 But, they are sowre, and full of rottenesse.  
 Thou mak'st great shew of charitable works;  
 But, that hypocrisie within them lurks,  
 Which marrs their acceptation. Thou hast built  
 Some *Churches*; yet, art tainted by the guilt  
 Of *Sacriledge*: and, those thy gifts that cary  
 The pious shewes have scarce been voluntary.

Great numbers, in thy *Hospitals* are fed,  
 And lodg'd, and cured: but, the men are dead  
 Who founded them; and few doe bring supply  
 To such good works, till they are sick, or dye.  
 Thou entertainest *Preachers*, but they must  
 Speake pleasing things; or else away are thrust.

Thou hast of *Pastors*, some who shewes do make  
 Of so much Conscience, that they will forsake  
 Their Livings rather then it shall be said  
 Theyle wear a Surpleesse: yet, some are afraid,  
 That most of these, doe cunningly conceale  
 Much pride or avarice beneath their zeale,  
 And that their suffering of a *silencing*,  
 Doth much more liberty or profit bring,

Then

Then two good *Persons* : and that, thereby,  
Good meaning folke are brought to beggery.

Thou hast redeem'd some *Captives* ; but, it was  
With sparingnesse, and hardly brought to passe.  
Thou plantest *Colonies* ; but thou dost draine  
The nourishment away, that should maintaine  
And settle them. *God grant some be not glad  
To flye (for this) to them, that should have had  
More helpe from thee ; and in farre Countries perish,  
Because those plants they did no better nourish.*

Much know thy people ; but (alas) they do  
As if good life belong'd not thereunto.  
Strict *Gospellers* thou hast, that can professe  
Religion, with much formall holinesse :  
But they, like *Zodoms* apples, prove within  
As loathsome, as their outsidcs faire have bin.  
Yea, they (against their brethren) oft are found  
In hate and pois'nous malice to abound.

Good *Orders*, *Lawes*, and *Customes* thou hast many,  
But very seldome exercisest any,  
Except for private gaine ; or to acquire  
Some *Vengeance*, which thou dost, perhaps desire.  
Thou hast judicial *Courts*, wherein I (heeding  
Their *Lawes*) saw promises of just proceeding :  
But, marking well their *Formes*, they seemed, rather,  
Devices for thine *Officers*, to gather  
Rich fortunes by ; then to afford redresse  
For those, whom their oppressors doe oppress.

Thou hast a *Magistracy*, to maintaine  
The peace of honest men ; and, to restraine  
The rage of wickednesse ; but, loe ; ev'n some  
Of those are *patrons* of *mis-rule* become ;  
Disturbing quiet men, and thriving by  
Befriending sin ; else I have heard a lye.

Yea,

Yea, some are famed, to increase their living,  
 By cunning rigour, mixed with conniving :  
 Deceiving honest people, by strict shewes  
 Of punishing of those whom they excuse.  
 For when by doing Iustice they compell  
 A wicked man beyond their bounds to dwell,  
 (Some think) their grieffe, and losse, it doth augment,  
 As much as losing of a Tenement.

Thou hast *correction-houses* ; but thou mendest  
 Not many, whom to chasten thou pretendest :  
 For thither they are oftener sent to ease thee  
 Of them, or of their pilfrings, which diseafe thee ;  
 Then out of Christian purposes, to force  
 Such vagrant people to a better course :  
 And, therefore, are thy *Suburbs* pestred now,  
 With beggers ; yea, for that, so large doth grow  
 The number of thy *vagrant Rogues* and *Cheaters*,  
 That they begin to imitate their *betters*,  
 In *Government*, and *Method* : and, are growne  
 To have both *Lawes*, and *Language*, of their owne.

Thy *Children* yeeld some good conformity  
 To Rules, and Precepts of Morality :  
 But most observe good orders, to enjoy  
 Their own state safe, and to prevent annoy  
 That might betide themselves ; much rather, then  
 In true obedience unto God, or men.

Within thy *Corporation*, I likewise  
 Have notice taken of *Societies*,  
 Which beare a goodly shew of ordering  
 Thy sev'rall *Trades* : and I in many a thing  
 Their use commend : yet, some of them, to me  
 Grossie *Monopolies*, doe appeare to be.  
 Which do in secret, with some open shewes  
 Of Publike good, the publike weale abuse.

Nor

Nor would it be amisse, if some things were  
 More free, which by their meanes restrained are :  
 Or if the *State* would better looke unto  
 Those injuries, which many of them do.  
 For when these *Bodies politicke* oppresse,  
 Their pow'r doth make the wrong without redresse.  
 Their purses, and continuance, may o'rebeare  
 The rightfull'st cause (if so they pleased are)  
 The friends, and oft, the very noise they'll make,  
 (Because a multitude) much hold doth take  
 For their advantages ; although the cause  
 Be both against good Conscience, and the Lawes.

Nay, should the *Common-wealth* her selfe, oppose  
 These *Corporations*, for some wrong that flowes  
 From their proceedings ; it would scarce obtaine  
 That pow'r which could these *petty-weales* restraine.

For, having gaine or losse, accreuing by  
 Their *claime*, which doth concern thē, far more nigh,  
 Then that, oft seemes to touch those men, who stand  
 To take the kingdomes gen'rall cause in hand,  
 It makes them to pursue it, more then they ;  
 More *Patrons* to procure, more bribes to pay ;  
 And, at the last, to conquer, by that course,  
 Which makes the better cause to seeme the worse.

This brings to mind some wrongs that I have had,  
 And what account of honest suits is made,  
 If once a greedy foolish multitude  
 Vpon the right of any doth intrude.

But, lest by thinking on it, mixe I may  
 My private harmes, with what I meant to say  
 For publike ends : here breathe I will a space,  
 Vntill my present thoughts I can displace.

*Forgive me, Lord, if I have guilty beene  
 In this my worke, of any private spleene*

*My*

*My Musings hallow thou ; confirme thy love :  
 Infuse me with thy Spirit from above,  
 With better things then flesh and blood discernes ;  
 Inspire me with each Vertue which concernes  
 The finishing of what I undertake :  
 Make profitable all that I shall speake:  
 And, to thy Name some honor let it be,  
 Although it should both shame and ruine me.*

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### The seventh Canto.

*First, of Himselfe he somewhat speakes :  
 Then, of the Cities errors, makes  
 A larger Scrowle ; and, therewithall  
 Inserts abuses generall.*

*He shewes (by reason of her sin)  
 What misery this Land is in ;  
 What ill successe, and what dishonor,  
 Is, for her follies, come upon her,  
 In forraigne parts, and here at home :  
 How senselesse, also, she's become :  
 What sev'rall wayes against this Land,  
 God hath of late stretcht out his hand.  
 And, how the blame for what's amisse,  
 From one to th'other shifted is.*

*By many Symptomes, he declares  
 How sicke this Commonweale appeares ;  
 Disputes the late dislemper bred,  
 Betwixt the Body and the Head :  
 And layes the blame, where lye it should ;*

*Yet,*

*Yet, therein, proves not over-bold.  
Then aymes he at some imperfections  
In Burgesſes and their Elections ;  
And, briefly pointeth at the way  
By which our Cure effect we may.*

WHEN I (whose lawfully emboldned *Muse*  
The faults and errors of her time purſues)  
Have by ſome flips, or frailties of mine owne,  
Alaid that flame, w<sup>ch</sup> Gods good *Spirit* hath blown ;  
Or when ſuch heat within me, waxeth leſſe  
By fainting, through a nat'rall wearineſſe ;  
Or, by that willing, or constrained pauſe,  
Whereof my friends, or buſ'neſſes, are cauſe :  
At ſuch a time, when I peruſſall make  
Of theſe beginnings ; and ſtrict notice take  
What here is dared ; I oft find, as then,  
Such feares in me, as move in other men.  
And, being fleſh and blood, as fraile as they,  
I ſtagger in my beſt approved way.

E're I thus farre proceeded, I was tyr'd,  
Ev'n in this preſent *worke* (although inſpir'd  
With all that zeale thereto, which you may ſee  
In ſome fore-going *Leaves*, expreſt by me)  
My heart was oft affail'd ; and I, almoſt,  
My beſt confirmed *Reſolutions* loſt.  
Yea, twice, at leaſt, ſince I this *Taſke* afraid,  
It hath, by falſe ſuggeſtions beene delaid :  
And, many painfull ſtrivings are within me,  
When from this *Worke*, Temptation fights to win me.

*Lord!* (thinks my heart) ſometimes, what means my  
To make me in this deſp'rate wife controule (Soule  
Thoſe careleſſe *Times* ? have I done well or no,  
With neſts of angry Waſpes to meddle ſo ?

Hath

Hath he, or wit, or common sense, that stirs,  
A froward Beare? or playes with testy Curs?  
Will any think me capable of *Reason*,  
Thus bold to be at such a dangerous season?  
Nay, will not all account me mad to vent  
Such *Lines* as these? adventuring to be shent,  
And be undone, perhaps, to no more end,  
Then that whereto my Labor seemes to tend?  
Doe I conceive the *Times*, or *Manners*, be  
Amended ought, by what is said by me?  
Am I, that have, my selfe, unwisely done,  
A fitting man, to hurle this heavy stone  
At other sinners? what may many say,  
But that in this I raile, or else doe play  
The wittlese *Furie*? It hath brought me losse,  
(Thinke I) already; and will surely crosse  
The settling those affaires of mine, which are  
Nigh rip'ned, with much paine, expence, and care.  
And then the world, and my necessities,  
Begin to tempt me, by such fallacies,  
That I halfe yeeld. How wilt thou live, or pay  
Where thou engaged art? they seeme to say.  
By what, or whence, thy wants wiit thou supply,  
If thou for this imprisoned shouldst lye,  
Divided from thy friends? or, on the bed  
Of sicknesse, shouldst by God be visited?  
Nay, though thou nothing wantest; yet thou hast  
So univerfally thy censure past,  
On all offenders, (and it will so vex  
In private, and so openly perplex  
Great multitudes, so many sev'ral wayes)  
That, it will make thee hated, all thy dayes.  
Where dost thou live, or whither canst thou goe,  
But there thou art assured of a foe?

The

The *City*, and the *Court*, thou hast controld,  
 With *Commons*, and with *Nobles* thou art bold;  
 Vnconscionable *Lawyers* here are checkt.  
 Thou dost some faults of *Clergy-men* detect,  
 With so much evidence, that be thou sure  
 Of all the mischief which they can procure;  
 And that, not one of them thy friend will be  
 Who from those imputations is not free.

All they that are notoriously, Transgressors,  
 All *Schismaticks*, and all our false Professors  
 Will bitterly oppose thee. And no spight  
 Is like the malice of an *Hypocrite*.  
 In briefe (excepting those that are sincere  
 In life and Doctrine) no man will appeare  
 As thy partakers: And what are those few  
 To that great Army, which will thee pursue?

If this deject me not, another thought  
 Is by another way upon me brought:  
 It whispers to me, that these *Lines* will wake  
*Detraction*; and that she revenge will take,  
 For interrupting and reproving *Sinne*,  
 That in security would faine have bin.  
 Nor, is that now unpractiz'd: For, there be  
 A world of dogges already baiting me.  
 Hypocrisie, and Envy doe combine,  
 With guilty Malice, how to undermine  
 My good *Repute*, (that by a dis-respect  
 Of me, my words may take the lesse effect)  
 They compasse me about, they watch my wayes,  
 And marke my speeches (as good *David* sayes)  
 That if but sparkes of error, they can see,  
 They blow them may, till flames they seeme to be.

Let but a foolish word, slip out among  
 My common talkings, (for alas! whose tongue

Doth



Doth never erre ?) they straight to censure take it,  
 And, such a piece of wickednesse they make it ;  
 That, should on them a judgement so severe  
 From God be past (or by the world) I feare  
 It would so heavy on their persons come ;  
 That they would think the same a cruell doome,  
 If they but see me doe what they suppose  
 May tend to folly, (though my *Maker* knowes  
 The deed suspected, is as far from sin,  
 As that which I am best employed in)  
 They instantly a rash conclusion draw ;  
 And speake their dreame, as well as what they saw.  
 They fancy in their owne corrupted thought,  
 What may at such a time, or place, be wrought,  
 By evill minded folks : and, thereupon,  
 Conclude the very same by me was done.  
 Then they relate it : and though nought were seene  
 Which might indeed a likelihood have beene  
 Of such an act ; they, by themselves devise  
 To fashion out faire probabilities  
 Of what they speake : and, by the Devils aid,  
 Acts innocent, sometimes are so betray'd ;  
 So mis-reported by the spight of those  
 Whose wickednesse, perhaps, I did oppose :  
 Yea, blamelesse circumstances, otherwhile,  
 Are so mistaken ; and do so beguile  
 With shewes of proving and confirming, that  
 Which was conceived by prejudicate  
 And false opinion ; that, it makes them bold,  
 To think their fained slander may be told,  
 With good beleefe : then to divulge about  
 Their lyes (of me) they searce companions out.  
 And as they are of fundry minds who raise  
 Such *Scandals* ; so, they vent them divers wayes.

S

If

If of the forts they be, whose open fin,  
 Hath in my *Poems* reprehended bin ;  
 Or such as they, who daily guilty be  
 Of doing that, wherewith they slander me :  
 Then, in despight, or to extenuate  
 Their owne offences ; thus of me they prate.

This man (say they) that strips and whips the times  
 And doth so thunder in his rayling rymes,  
 (Against the faults of others) is no lesse  
 Ingulfed in the sinck of wickednesse  
 Then he that's worst. His *Dalilah* hath he,  
 And his beloved finnes, as well as we.  
 He such a place frequenteth ; he hath beene  
 Met there, and there : him, we have daily seene  
 With such or such a one, at such a season :  
 Doe so, and so ; for which we know no reason :  
 Thus he is thought to be ; and thus to doe :  
 Yea, some of them will impudently to,  
 Affirme they saw, what they but misconceived ;  
 If they doe find their slanders vnbeleevd.  
 And when they speake such things, they neither care  
 To whom, nor when, nor yet how false they are.

If they be such who meerey out of spight,  
 Or envy, to disparage me, delight ;  
 (As doe some *Poetafters*) they forbear  
 To speake downeright (because they doe not dare)  
 And utter *Parables*. They, knavishly,  
 Their falshoods to some Truths, doe closely ty,  
 To get beleefe. Things proper unto me,  
 They mixe with attributes that cannot be  
 To me apply'd, that so they may evade,  
 When question of their purposes is made.  
 They speake but halfe their matter out ; and leave  
 The rest, for those that heare them to conceive

What

What they shall please : but, first disclose they will  
 Enough to make their best coniectures ill.  
 With words ironically, they doe revile me :  
 The *Valiant Poet*, they in scorne doe stile me.  
 The *Chronomastix* ; and when taxt they are  
 That me they meant, their meanings they forswear.

When these applauded *Wits*, have at the Pot  
 Some *Novice*, or some new admirer got  
 Of their *Strong-lines* (which warmed by the heat,  
 Of Sack, or Claret, they, perhaps repeat)  
 Twere worth your sight to see how soone the fire  
 Of *Bacchus*, their large braine pans doth inspire,  
 With mimick straines : And how they shuffle in  
 Selfe praises ; and how grossely they begin  
 Occasions, that they may enthrall your eare  
 With some *new-piece* of theirs, which you shall heare  
 Perforce ; yet heare it with so much adoe,  
 That you must thinke you have a fauour to.

For with as many tedious circumstances  
 As doth some capring foole before he dances,  
 (Or *Singer*, which must tyred be with wooing,  
 To doe what willingly, he would be doing)  
 They doe begin to read, or to rehearse  
 Some fragments of their new created *Verse*,  
 With such a *Gesture*, and in such a *Tone*,  
 As if Great *Tamberlaine* upon his Throne,  
 Were utt'ring a majesticall Oration,  
 To strike his hearers dead with admiration.  
 Which oft so works upon their Auditory,  
 That, to the great aduancement of their glory,  
 They lade them with applauses, and with drinke  
 Till they themselves, the *Kings of Poets* thinke.

To which opinion, when once rais'd they be,  
 Then shall the *Drawer*, or the *Tapster* see

S 2

Their

Their nat'rall humor, which (if true some say)  
Is better worthy seeing, then a *Play*.

Among the rest, 'tis odds, but e're they goe,  
The *Poets* must be summon'd in a row  
To bide their drunken censure ; which doth shame  
Those few they praise, much more then those they  
Among the rest, it chanceth, some *By-slander* (blame.  
By naming me their *Catalogue* doth slander.  
If then a man of fashion he appeare,  
Who undertakes my name to mention there,  
*The man (say these) may passe ; but, such as he*  
*(By us) no Poets are esteem'd to be.*

*A haz the way of making pretty Rimes,*  
*To fit the apprehension of the times ;*  
*And, him for that, the multitude doth favour :*  
*But, in his lines, there is but little favour*  
*Of Reading, or Antiquity.* Thus far

They go, if they perceive their hearers are  
Indifferently affected. And if they  
Do find them jealous of my fame, they'll say,  
Most fawningly, sometime those words of me  
(In way of praise) that I should blush to be  
Within their hearing. Yet, they'll interpose  
Some jestings, now and then ; or, in the *close*,  
Induce, by way of merriment, some cause  
To bring their good opinions to a pause.  
Affirming, that though *Drunkard* I am none,  
Yet, I reputed am a *wanton-one* :  
By some such way their spleen they'll satisfie.  
But, if no friend of mine appeareth by,  
So freely, then, they vomit all their gall,  
That they scarce make me any thing at all.  
And some, who neither knew them well, nor me,  
Have thought me baser then the basest be.

Some

Some others, by their malice, thought I had  
Some worth in me, which them so envious made ;  
And came to know me, and when me they knew,  
They told me this, which I have told to you.

Some other, shew at large, they with my shame,  
But to their *Libels* will not fet their *Name*,  
For feare of danger. And though such can gaine  
No prudent man (at first) to entertaine  
Their fatherlesse reports : yet, sure they are,  
The world hath Knaves and Fooles enow, to heare  
The falsest tales ; and that, when far they go,  
The best suspect, and oft beleieve them too.

There be some other, who (out of a light  
Vaine humour) love to heare, and to recite  
Mens personall defects (without intent  
Of doing right or wrong in what they vent)  
They speak at randome, whatsoe're is new,  
Not much regarding whether false or true ;  
And, do but serve to beare the tale about,  
And blow the fire, which else would smother out.

There is another brood of these *Detractors*,  
Who in traducing me, are common actors :  
And they are such who cunningly conceale  
Their hate and envy with a holy zeale :  
They, whose Religion, and whose honesties  
Consist in judging those infirmities  
That are in others. If these men espy  
Some little *Atomes* in their brothers eye,  
They straight as busily do heave at them,  
As if the smallest were a mighty *Beame*.  
Their lying suppositions must be took  
For verities ; or else they will not brook  
A word you speak : nay (if you do misdoubt  
Their censures) from the *Church* they thrust you out.

S 3

They

They Charity pretend ; and, though they are  
 Well pleas'd when they have something to declare  
 VVhich may disgrace another, they will seeme,  
 To have his reputation in esteeme.  
 As loth to speake ; they'le bring it round about ;  
 And thus (or some such way) divulge it out.  
*Now verily it grieves our very hearts,  
 The man whom God hath blessed with such parts,  
 Should walke in such un sanctified wayes.*  
 And then, they white me over with some prayse  
 To make the spots the blacker which they meane  
 To spirt upon me, from their mouths uncleane.  
 And though those Tales they build their Censures on  
 VVere first receiv'd from some such wicked one  
 VVhom they in other matters doe distrust,  
 Yet is their criticisme so unjust,  
 That in disgracing me, their words theyle take;  
 And, also, of themselves, conjectures make  
 To justifie their scandal ; that they may  
 The surer be, their stains on me to lay.  
 Thus by the seeming sanctity of those,  
 My good intention (in these *Poems*) growes  
 More frustrate, then by all the rage of them,  
 VVho, with an open impudence contemne  
 My best Designs. These, strike me deeper than  
 The wounds of twenty thousand others can :  
 Yea, by their meanes the worke that I have wrought  
 (VVith such a minde, as that it might have brought  
 More good repute, then many others get)  
 Serves but to make me seeme a *counterfeit* :  
 Yea, all my doings which are most upright  
 They judge as actions of an *Hypocrite*,  
 VVhich is the worst of *Sinners*. And in this,  
 If they have plac't their bitter doomes amisse,

VVhat

VVhat sinne is theirs? Or, when can greater wrong,  
Be done to any, live he nev'r so long? (know)

Thou knowst oh! God (for thou all hearts dost  
That though through frailty, oft astray I goe;  
And, otherwhile may tread that doubtfull path  
Of which the world a wrong opinion hath;  
That neither I allow of any sinne  
VVithin my selfe, nor would continue in  
The smallest error, if I knew the fame.  
Thou knowst that what hath caus'd my greatest  
Among some Censurers; is that by which (blame  
I am indeed, become most truly rich:  
And that it also maketh me reforme  
My wayes the better; and those workes performe  
To which thou callest, with farre greater ease.  
And I am likewise hopefull, thou wilt please  
To blesse my courses. For, thou Lord hast knowne,  
(In that rough track, through which my feet have  
How griev'd I am, when I mislead have been, (gone)  
Or in my actions, if ought hath beene seene  
Offensive unto others. Thou dost view  
My path, and with what mind I doe pursue  
The way I goe. Thou knowest Lord, that I  
Have oft restrain'd the Christian liberty  
I might have tooke; lest many that are weake  
Might of my lawfull freedome, evill speake.  
Thou knowest this, and I am certaine to  
That pleases thee which in thy feare, I doe.  
By these, and such like mischiefs which I see  
This wicked world hath power to bring on me,  
I oft wax doubtfull; and sometime I shrinke  
Ev'n from those just imployments, which I thinke  
God calls me to. And then I halfe desire  
I might into obscurity retire

S 4

From

From whence I came ; and be discharged quite  
 From this great warfare, wherein, yet, I fight.  
 For, many heavy waights on me are thrown  
 By these engagements (to the world unknown)  
 Yea private combats there are fought in me,  
 So many, and so dangerous they be,  
 That oft my Hopes are almost driven from me,  
 And dull *Despaire* would surely overcome me,  
 Were God not alwayes ready to defend me,  
 And, as mine faileth, his own pow'r to lend me.

But, when my selfe o'recharged I do find ;  
 When *flesh* and *blood* begin to shrink behind ;  
 And when I see my Foes have mustred all  
 Their force against me : I start up, and call  
 A better ayd then mine own Vertue gives me ;  
 And, by his holy Spirit, God relieves me :  
 He makes me strong, in each good undertaking ;  
 And answers all the doubts my heart is making,  
 In this, and all good purposes, whereby  
 I have been hopefull him to glorifie.

He warrants me I have no cause to feare  
 These *Lines* the fruits of thoughts distempred are,  
 Though some shall judge them such ; since he whose  
 Doth speake the words of sobernes and truth, (mouth  
 May seem to those, who thought judicious are,  
 As mad, as *Paul*, to *Pestus*, did appeare.

He hath assured me, I cannot run  
 This honest *way*, a course to be undone.  
 He doth perswade me, that if I grow poore  
 By doing well ; my wealth shall be the more  
 He sayes, that if his glory I have fought,  
 (And for no wicked purpose closely wrought)  
 I shall no mischief, nor displeasure have ;  
 Nor any losse, by which I shall not save.

He



He makes me certaine that my former paine,  
 And this endeavor, some effect shall gaine ;  
 Although it compasse not that reformation,  
 Which I desire to see in this our *Nation*.  
 For though their present evils be not staid  
 From growing worfe, by that which I have said ;  
 It shall to other times a warning give,  
 And aggravate their faults who now do live ;  
 If, having such a plaine *Remembrancer*,  
 Their (called for) Repentance they defer.  
 He bids me know, that though I am not *Sainted*,  
 So much, as of all sin to live untainted,  
 Yet, to oppose each *Vice*, as I am able,  
 (In word and deed) it will be warrantable ;  
 And, that to strike at Sin, t'will all become,  
 Though *Persons* may be touched but of some.

He tells me, that (although the world shall please  
 To terme it railing, when such *Messages*  
 Are uttered forth) it cannot bring me shame,  
 To call grosse *Sinners* by their proper name ;  
 And, that God blessed *Saints* have done as much,  
 Who did the follies of their ages touch.

He wills me that on him I should depend ;  
 And not distrust that while he me doth send  
 About his businesse, he will suffer mine  
 To be unprosperous, or my soule to pine.  
 Since unto him that for his glory strives,  
 The promise of all needfull things he gives.  
 He strengthens me, and gives me satisfaction  
 Against all envie, malice, or detraction :  
 Sayes, that a guiltlesse conscience needs not care  
 How bitter or foule-mouthed others are :  
 Perswades me, that if my repute be needfull  
 To honor him ; he will himselfe be heedfull

S 5

To

To keepe it faire : Else, glorifie his *Name*  
 The more, perhaps, by bringing me to shame.  
 And, so the Name of God I glorifie,  
 I pleased am, though I have infamy.  
 By these, and many other such like things  
 Which God (I trust) to my remembrance brings,  
 My fainting soule is cheered, when she droupes ;  
 These, raise againe my courage when it sloupes :  
 And though illusions these appeare, to some,  
 Yet, to approve of them a time will come ;  
 And, when that Day of tryall, on shall draw,  
 (Which I attend for, both with joy and awe)  
 It shall be knowne, whose heart was most upright ;  
 Or mine, or theirs, that in my harme delight :  
 For, then their *Iustice* which a vaile yet weares,  
 Will shine like *Phœbus* when no Cloud appeares.  
 Thereof (just now) I have an earnest given :  
 These *Musings* drew it (for me) downe frō heaven :  
 I feele them warme my heart, and fetch againe  
 My chilled blood, to run in ev'ry veine.  
 They rouze my spirits, and my drouping soule  
 They so revive, that now I could controll  
 An host of *Kings*. For now (just now) the glowing,  
 Of their kind heat, I find more strongly growing :  
 Iust now I feele in me their operation,  
 To urge me forward to the consummation  
 Of what my former *Canto's* have begun :  
 And God assisting, that shall now be done.  
 To thee oh *London*, I directed last  
 My just reprove ; And I will backward cast  
 An eye on thee againe : For, off I brake  
 My speech before my mind I fully spake.  
 I have not vented yet, what I could say  
 Of many sinnes abounding at this day ;

As

As thy intemp'rancy, and thy excessse  
 In food and rayment, thy loose drunkenneffe ;  
 Thy multitudes of beggers, which encrease  
 For want of orders, in thy Times of peace.  
 Thy Sloth, Lust, Avarice, and all that rabble  
 Of vices, and of things abominable  
 Which in each corner of thy streets appeare,  
 As if they justly tollerated were.

I touche not thy corrupted *Officers*,  
 I have not mentioned thy *Senators*,  
 Nor have I showne as yet what scandall growes  
 To thee, and unto thine, by some of those ;  
 How partiall, nor how ignorant they be,  
 How prejudiciall many times to thee,  
 And to thy publike weale, for private gaine ;  
 How cowardly thy *customs* they maintaine ;  
 How readily thy Freedomes they betray  
 (If their promotions, it ought further may,  
 Or spare their purses) This, I have not showne,  
 For, what belongs thereto, is better knowne  
 To others then to me. Yet much hath beene  
 Of them reported, and I much have seene  
 Of their condition, which deserveth blame.  
 Nor doe I greatly wonder at the same ;  
 But I, much rather marvell that in thee  
 So many prudent *Senators* there be ;  
 Since, very few of all thy double dozen  
 For Courage, wit or honesty are chosen.

Wealth makes an *Alderman* (however got)  
 If he be pleased to accept the Lot.  
 In hope to gaine his *Fine*, thou wilt adven-  
 To let the most ignoble fellow enter  
 That is but rich ; and worthy men forgoe,  
 Who to thy Government, might honor doe.

Thou

Thou feldome careſt how he did become  
 So rich, if he but harrow up the ſum  
 That makes him capable of ſuch a place ;  
 Nor heedeſt thou, a jot, how baſe he was.  
 No honeſt *Occupation* I contemne,  
 Nor their profeſſors ; but I honor them,  
 Though of the loweſt order ; if I find  
 They have not loſt the vertues of the mind,  
 In thoſe meane Callings ; and, have fought as much  
 In knowledge, as in mony, to be rich :  
 Yea, thoſe (when from poore fortunes they aſcend,  
 To wealth) to honor alſo I commend.  
 But is it poſſible, that man whoſe minde  
 To ſerve his *Mammon* only, was enclin'd ;  
 Or, is it poſſible, the man that had  
 By birth and breeding, nothing but a trade  
 To get experience by ; (and, that perchance  
 Some handicraft, which furthers ignorance  
 In uſefull knowledge) or, that they who ſcrape  
 And ſcratch together an unweildy heape  
 Of needleſſe riches, by penurious fare ;  
 By ſparingneſſe, in what they ſhould not ſpare :  
 Or, which is worſe, by cruelleſt extortion ;  
 By robbing others of their lawfull portion,  
 By rapine, guile, and ſuch impieties ;  
 Is't poſſible (I ſay) when theſe men riſe  
 To weare thy ſkarlet-Robe, that they will be  
 Or honor, or advantage unto thee ?  
 If thoſe black *Æthiops*, if thoſe *Leopards*, change  
 Their ſpots, or colour, I ſhall think it ſtrange :  
 If ever they regard what weights be throwne  
 Vpon thy back, ſo they may eaſe their owne :  
 Or for thine honor ſtand (who have no ſenſe  
 Of anything, but *ſaving*, and *expenſe*)

I

I shall beleve that Wolves will tend our Sheep,  
And greedy Kites, young Chickens harmlesse keep.

I might have mention made of that report  
Which is divulged of thy *Orphanes court* :  
Of those perpetuall *Iurors*, which for pay  
Attend judiciall trials day by day :  
Of those *Ingrossers* who thy trades abuse ;  
And those who make thy *Freedomes*, and thy *Dues*  
A dammage to thee : and of other some,  
Who other wayes injurious are become,  
I might have spoke ; and would ; but that I heare  
They do already found in ev'ry eare.

Truth is, the spreading leprosie of sin,  
Into thy very wals have eaten in,  
And will not thence be scraped out (I feare)  
As long as there be stones or morter there.  
Thy *Vineyard* brings not forth wild grapes alone,  
In lieu of all thy God bestow'd thereon ;  
But, also, of it selfe prevents his curse,  
And hath produced what is ten times worse :  
Thornes, bryers, nettles, hemlock, and such weeds  
As choke all pleasant plants, and fruitfull feeds.

No place, no person, calling, nor degree,  
Nor sex, nor age, is from corruption free.  
Within thy Chambers lodgeth *Wantonneffe* ;  
Vpon thy *Boards* is heaped all excesse :  
With vomitings they oft o'reflowed are ;  
And, from uncleanneffes no *Roome* is cleare.  
Thy *Hals* are daily filled with a rable  
That stand and sweare about a Shove-goat table.  
Within thy *Parlours*, I can little see,  
But visiting of *Mistris-idle-be*.  
Within thy *Wardrobes*, *Pride* layes up her store ;  
Vpon thy *Couches*, *Sloth* doth lye and snore.

Within

Within thy *Pleading-Courts*, are shameles railings,  
 And, of upright proceeding, many failings.  
 Thy *Churches* (be it spoke without offence)  
 Are full of rudeness and irreverence.  
 Thou usest in thy *Shops* false weights and lying ;  
 Vnpitied at thy *Dores*, the poore are crying.  
 Within thy cloffets, mischiefs are invented ;  
 Thy *Theaters* are usually frequented  
 With persons dissolute : disparag'd are  
 Sometimes, the most deserving actions, there.  
 There, see you may, uncomely presentations,  
 And often heare unchristian prophanations.  
 Yea, ev'ry corner, ev'ry street, and path  
 An overflow of sinne, and folly hath.

Among thy *Feasts*, are surfettings uncleane,  
 Vaine curiosities, and songs obscene.  
 Thy *Merry meetings* the procurers be  
 Of most disorders that are found in thee :  
 There, lawlesse games are used, there, are broched  
 Vile slanders ; and, good men are there reproched.  
 There, they that are not good, are oft made worfe  
 By lewd examples, or prophane discourse.  
 And, few contentions have occasioned bin,  
 But, at such meetings, they did first begin.

Thy *Aged-folke* are froward avaritious,  
 Selfe willed, and imprudently ambitious.  
 The *younger-sort*, are headstrong, rash, and haughty,  
 Thy children are forgetfull of their duty.  
 The men imperiously their power abuse,  
 And counsell from their helpers doe refuse.  
 Thy *women*, too much dote on vaine attires,  
 And are inconstant in their own desires.  
 The *Magistrates* doe bad examples give,  
 And, as men borne but for themselves they live.

Of

Of persons they retaine too much respect :  
 Their places, for their credits, they affect  
 (Or for their gaine) but not for conscience sake.  
 Inferior *Officers*, doe also take  
 The selfe-same courses : and (in what they doe)  
 Are partiall, cruell, and unfaithfull to.

Few single-persons live in chastity ;  
 In *Marriage*, there is much disloyalty.  
 Perpetuall suites, and quarrels I doe see  
 Among those Neighbours, that should loving be :  
 No malice is like that which I have knowne,  
 Twixt Brothers, when dissention hath been sowne.  
 Their practices, who friendship doe professe  
 (In my opinion) promise nothing lesse :  
 For, all their formall kindnesse oft is spent  
 In visitings, and fruitlesse complement.  
 And all they seeke (for ought that I perceiue)  
 Is, how they one another may deceive  
 In friendly Termes ; Or, how to doe as they  
 Who act the parts of friendship in a *Play*.

Thy Richmen, doe Idolatry commit  
 With *Mammon*, and Gods benefits forget.  
 Among the poore are many wicked things ;  
 Impaciency, ungodly murmurings,  
 Theft, scolding fightings, curfings, taleing, lies ;  
 And, though they live by others charities,  
 No people will pursue each other so  
 With malice and despight as they will doe.

At Doores and windowes, *Strumpets* impudent  
 Doe sit, and wanton gestures there invent  
 To woo, by their alluring provocations,  
 Vaine men to drinke their Cup of Fornications.  
 Thy *Suburbs*, are the Coverts, and the den  
 Wherein are sheltred many beasts uncleane,

Thy

Thy *Tavernes*, are the places where most foule  
 And hainous things are done, without controule.  
 There, drink they *healths*, till *health* is drunk away ;  
 And, nought ashamed are to let the day  
 Be witnesse of their drunken vomitings,  
 Brawles, reelings, ravings, and such brutish things :  
 Nay, to consume the day in drunkenneffe,  
 And all the night, is nothing now, unlesse  
 The Hoboyes, Cornets, Drum and Trumpet sound  
 To tell the neighbours how the healths go round.  
 And when, according to their heathnish fashions,  
 They offer up their devillish *Drink-oblations*,  
 What do they better then Idolatries,  
 And Festivals to *Bacchus* solemneise ?

In thee (beside thy proper faults) are found  
 Those also which are common, and abound  
 Throughout thy *Kingdomes*. And ev'n thou and they  
 Have beene companions in one evill way.  
 We all, as in one Teeme, have drawne on sin ;  
 Gods promises and threatnings mockt have bin ;  
 The lust-mans righteousness we have bely'd ;  
 And, sinners, in their sins, have justifi'd.  
 Of *Good* and *Evill*, we exchange the name ;  
 And, that, which to remember, is our shame,  
 Or should with griefe repented be ; ev'n that  
 We tell with laughter ; and make jests thereat.  
 Gods Iudgements work not on us ; we are scourged ;  
 And yet, unto amendment are not urged.  
 We break the *Sabbath-dayes*, and we despise  
 The *Churches* pow'r, and her *Solemnities*.  
 Her *Holy-times* to us are wearisome ;  
 And in our hearts we wish the morrow come,  
 That we might freely buy and sell againe.  
 Those Messengers we soonest entertaine,

That



That of strong drink, and wine, do prophesie ;  
And, *Truth* is not so welcome as a *Lye*.

We sooth our neighbours in their sinfulness :  
And (that their secrets, and their nakednesse  
We may discover) we the wine bestow ;  
Then, work upon them to their overthrow.  
Vpon our lusts, the precious things we spend ;  
And unto God the *Lame* and *Blind* we send.  
We rob him of his Tythes and his Oblations,  
Our publike *Fasts*, are publike prophanations :  
For ev'n our pray'rs, our fasts, our almes, and all,  
Are oft for show, and hypocriticall :  
And used more, our safeties to provide,  
Then that our *Maker* may be glorifi'd.

Our hearts against Gods Prophets hardned are ;  
And what they preach or threat, we little care.  
The Land, throughout, because of *Othes* doth mourn ;  
We stagger in our paths ; and to returne  
To *Ægypt* ready seeme ; unlesse God grant  
(At our first longing) ev'ry toy we want.  
The blood of innocents hath spilled been  
Vpon our skirts ; most filthy things are seen  
Within our vessels ; and, yet, some of us  
Presume to say (ev'n to our brethren) thus ;  
*Stand off, for we more holy are then ye.*  
And, these like smoak within Gods nostrils be :  
We stumble at nooneday : and as the blind,  
We groap, uncertainly, the wall to find.  
With *Death* and *Hell*, a bargaine we have made ;  
And, nothing for our hopes, but lies have had.

If any Morall Verues do appeare ;  
With some unfavorineffe they leaven'd are.  
If any do a kindnesse to his brother,  
It is in policy to get another :

Or else, with some upbraiding, or vaine boast,  
 Whereby the comfort of the deed is lost.  
 If ought be spoken to anothers praise,  
 It is some profit to ourselves to raise.  
 If comfort to the griued be pretended,  
 The griued party is as ill befriended  
 As *Iob* : For, what we doe is but for fashion ;  
 Without good meaning, wisdom, or compassion.  
 If we instruct, we doe it but to shew  
 That we much more then other men doe know.  
 If we our brethrens errors doe reprove ;  
 It is not as it ought to be, in love :  
 But, with such bitternesse as plaine doth shew,  
 We more the person, then the vice pursue.  
 We cannot give an Almes, but we must found  
 A trumpet : neither wall a rod of ground  
 For publike use : nor set a pane of glasse  
 In some Church window, where it needlesse was ;  
 Nor trimme a pulpit, nor erect a stile ;  
 Nor mend a foot path, though but halfe a mile ;  
 Nor, by the highway side, set up a stone  
 To get a horsebacke ; but we fixe thereon  
 Our *Names*, or somewhere leave upon record,  
 What benefactors we have beene (*good Lord*)  
 For such hypocrisies, and finnes as these  
 On other places, doth Gods judgements seize ;  
 For these, thy *Pastors* oft have warned thee ;  
 For these, they said thou shouldst afflicted be :  
 And, at this present, vengeance is begun ;  
 Though ignorant thou seeme of what is done.  
 For those offences, God did now of late  
 Make all thy fairest lodgings desolate.  
 For them, the *Pestilence* continues yet,  
 And we with scabs, and sores, and blaines are smit.

For

For them, thou of thy braveries uncloth'd,  
 Wert in thy greatest sorrow, left and loth'd.  
 For them, a Famine lately did begin.  
 For them, have goodly habitations bin  
 Consum'd by fire. For this, the goods of some  
 A prey to Seas, and Pyrats are become.  
 For them, thy tradings faile, that were enlarged;  
 And thou for single gaine, art double charged.  
 For them the *Sword* (that such a while hath hung  
 Sheath'd up) is newly drawne, and will ere long  
 Devoure thy sons and daughters, if there be  
 No more Repentance then yet seemes in thee :  
 Yea throughout all this *Iland*, it will rage  
 And lay it wast before another age.

For not our *Cities* onely tainted are  
 With finnes contagion ; but ev'n ev'ry where  
 This *Land* is so diseaf'd that many doubt  
 (Before it mend) some blood must issue out.  
 There is not any Towneship, Village, Borough,  
 Or petty Hamlet, all this Kingdome through,  
 But merits (in proportion) as much blame,  
 As any City of the greatest fame.  
 The simple seeming *Peasants* of the Land,  
 (Who for their *Names* do make their *sheepmarke* stand  
 And have not so much Clerkship, as to spell)  
 Can play the subtile cheating knaves, as well  
 As many cunning *Sophisters*, and cogge,  
 And lie, and prate of Law and pettifogge  
 As craftily (sometimes) as many a one  
 Who divers yeares hath studied *Littleton*.

Yea, they who never had the wit to learne  
 Those knowledges which *honesty* concerne ;  
 Have witty craft enough to entertaine  
 Or plot a bargain for unlawfull gaine.

They

They perfecute each other ; they envy  
 Their neighbours welfare and prosperity ;  
 They drive each other from their tenements ;  
 And are the causes of inhauncing rents,  
 By over-bidding for their (neighbours Land)  
 Those Fines the *Land lords* purpos'd to demand ;  
 Yet stand their Farmes already rackt so high,  
 That they have begger'd halfe their Tenantry.  
 In divers townes they have decayed tillage ;  
 Depopulated many a goodly village ;  
 Yea, joynd field to field, till for the poore  
 No *place* is yeelded, nor *employment* more :  
 And, where were households, lately, many a one,  
 A Shepherd and his Dog, now dwell alone.

To make of griping *Vfury* their trade,  
 Among the Rich, no scruple now is made  
 In any place : for ev'ry Country Village,  
 Hath now some *Vfury*, as well as *Tillage*.  
 Yea, they that *lending* most of all detest,  
 Though but for tollerated Interest,  
 Do nathelesse take those *Annuities*,  
 Which often prove the biting'st *Vfuries*.

By nature, *Mony* no encrease doth bring :  
 Most, therefore, think it a prodigious thing  
 That Mony put to lone, should bring in gaine.  
 Yet some of these, by practice do maintaine  
 As monstrous ufuries, and nought at all  
 Are touched in their conscience therewithall.  
 In ufury of Cattell, or of Leases,  
 We may disburse our mony for encreases  
 More biting far, then those he dares to take,  
 Who by meere lending, doth advantage make.

As Mony nat'rally produceth nought,  
 So, by the Earth, small profit forth is brought

Vntill

Vntill both cost and labour we bestow,  
 For little, else, but thornes and weeds will grow.  
 The *Landlord*, therefore, here I dare aver,  
 To be no lesse a griping *Vfurer*  
 Then is the *Mony-master*, if he break  
 The Rule of Christian Charity, and take  
 More profit then his tenant can afford ;  
 And such as these are hated of the *Lord*.

Of *Vfurers*, there are some other sorts,  
 Who keep no certaine place : but, both in Courts,  
 In Cities, and in Country townes they dwell,  
 And in the trick of griping they excell.

There be of these, that *Use* for *Silence* take.  
 Some others, an usurious profit make  
 Of their *Authorities* ; and do advance  
 Their wealth, by giving others countenance.  
 Their cariages, their neighbours fetch, and bring ;  
 They have their feed-time and their harvesting,  
 Dispatcht almost for nothing : such as these,  
 Are many of our Country *Iustices*.

Some, by another engine profit catch :  
 They must be pray'd and payed for dispatch.  
 Yea, *Clarkes*, and many other *Officers*,  
 Are greater, and more hatefull *Vfurers*,  
 Then they that most are hated for that crime ;  
 Since these do often for a little time  
 (Which they delay unjustly) take what may  
 Of no meane sum, the annuall Interest pay.

These men are cruell. And, yet worfe by far,  
 Most *Treasurers*, and their pay-masters are.  
 For, that which due unto us doth remaine,  
 They do not only overlong detaine.  
 But, oft, of ev'ry hundred, twenty take,  
 E're payment of our owne, to us, they make.

They

They must have Bribes, their wives must have Ca-  
 Or horfe, or jewells ; after which encroches (roches  
 Their servant also, for some other dues  
 (As they pretend) which if we doe refuse  
 To pay unto them, twife as much we leefe.  
 This tricke inricheth also *Referres*  
 In *Chancery*, and in some other Courts  
 And this or makes, or marreth most *Reports*.

This, is that common Cheat, and meanes by  
 Meane Officers, so speedily grow rich, (which  
 Although they give large *Incomes*. By this way  
 Their wives doe on a sudden grow so gay,  
 That were but Kitchin maids few yeares before.  
 Yea, many in the blood of Orphanes poore,  
 Have dide their gownes in scarlet by such courses,  
 And cloth'd, & fed themselves, with widdowes curfes.

But, these *Destroyers*, make not spoyle of all,  
 For, full as many into ruine fall  
 By complement, and foolish emulating  
 Their neighbours, otherwhile, by imitating  
 The *City* Fashions. Yea, by these, and some  
 Such other wayes, are many men become  
 So weake in their estates ; that most of those  
 Who live in fashion, and make handsome shoves  
 Of being rich, would prove (I am afraid)  
 Far worfe then nothing, if their debts were paid.

This sheweth from our pride, or from excessse ;  
 And this is cause of other wickednesse.  
 But, in our Iland, one thing I have seene,  
 Which (though it hath not much observed beene  
 To be a fault) will make a large addition  
 To fill the measure of this *Lands* transgression.  
 And much I am afraid, that all in vaine  
 I shall of this impiety complaine.

For,

For, *Avarice*, who nought will give away,  
Whereon her griple fingers she can lay,  
Pleads for it: yea, and *Custome* hath so long  
Confirm'd it, that it is a lawfull wrong  
I doe not meane the *Laities* retaining  
Of *Tithes*, or *Lands* unto the *Church* pertaining.  
For, though I would not build my house with ought,  
Which from the *Sanctuary* had beene caught,  
To gaine the world, yet, I may doe amisse  
To judge of others Consciences in this.  
It is the barbarous usage, wherewith we  
Doe entertaine those men that shipwrackt be,  
Which here I meane: For, many people have  
Lesse mercy then the Tempest, and the wave.  
That *Veffell*, which the Rocks had pittie on,  
The cruelty of man doth seize upon;  
And him that is oppressed, quite bereaves  
Of what the quicksand undevoured leaves.  
When some poore ship upon the billowes tost,  
Is driven by a storm upon the Coast,  
With rudder lost, with tacklings rent and torne,  
With maine-mast split, and fore mast overborne;  
And reeles and rowles, and takes in water so  
That all the Mariners through feare forgoe  
Their crazie *Charge*, some swimming to the shoares  
On peeces of the decke, or broken oares.  
Some on an empty Chest; some holding fast  
On splinters of a Yard, or of a Mast;  
Now riding on the waves; straight sinking downe;  
Now hoping life, anon afraid to drowne;  
Put off, and on; yet lab'ring to attaine  
The Land, in hope more pittie there to gaine:  
In this poore plight, when they (with much adoe)  
A dryer Element have reacht unto,

And,

And, wet and tyred (both on feet and hands)  
Come creeping, or else staggering on the sands :  
The neighb'ring people (who in this are far  
More salvage, then most barbarous Nations are)  
In stead of bringing comfort and reliefe,  
Add new afflictions to their former grieffe,  
By taking that small meanes which is reserved  
To keep them living, when their life's preserved.

For, those remaining fragments of their store,  
Which God, sometimes, in pity sends ashore  
To help new cloath and feed them, till there come  
Some friends to aid them ; or supplies from home ;  
Ev'n spoile of those they make : and of the prey  
So greedy are ; that often when these may  
Mens lives preserve, they leave them to their chance,  
In hope their death, their profit will advance.

And, if that bruised *Bark* which they forfook  
(To save their lives) upon some Ouze hath strook,  
Or on some shelve ; from whence, by timely aid,  
The goods to land may safely be convaid.  
Or if (as chance it may) the *Hull* be saved,  
Yet thereof, is the *Owner* quite bereaved.  
For, by a brutish *Custom* (which, I know,  
Nor *Conscience*, nor good *Reason* doth allow)  
Some *Officer* who farms the Royalties  
Within that place, doth make thereof a prize.  
Else, he that owns the Land whereon it falls,  
Doth seize it : and, his right, the same he calls.  
*Paul* did a people, ev'n at *Malta*, find,  
(Although a barb'rous Iland) far more kind.  
Men wrackt, they comforted ; but we bereave them  
Of those remainders which the Sea doth leave them ;  
Except some living thing abiding be  
Aboard the Ship. For, then the same is free

From



From being prov'd a wrack (we say) though that  
Which there furviveth, be some Dog or Cat :  
A goodly matter, surely, whereupon  
Poore men should be relieved or undone.

Some dwellers also, on those borders, where  
Such wofull fights, too often viewed are,  
Rejoyce to see them ; yea, some people say,  
That, for such mischiefes, they both watch and pray ;  
With curses banning them ; who set up *Lights*,  
To guide the *Seaman* in dark stormy nights.  
And (though they seek it with a devillish mind)  
*Gods-good*, they call, what on the shore they find.

*Gods gift*, indeed it is, which unto them  
Doth from the Seas, without an owner swim :  
Yet, when the master of it shall be knowne,  
*Gods gift* it is not ; but a bait that's throwne  
To catch the foules of those, who seek to raise  
Their fortunes on distressed mens decayes.

No marvell, while such cruelties are found  
(Vpon the Coast) the Sea o'reflows her bound.  
No marvell, she so often, here and there,  
Doth from their fields so many furlongs teare.  
No marvell she, sometimes, their cattle drownes,  
And, sweeps away the riches of their townes :  
Or, of those people, otherwhile, devoures  
So many households, in a few short houres :  
For, since they grieved others, in distresse,  
The Sea to them, is justly mercilesse.  
Of many other things, complaine I could,  
Which though this Kingdome, I amisse behold :  
But should I now an Inventory make  
Of each abuse whereof I notice take  
In all professions ; sure, it would goe neare,  
To finde my *Readers*, reading for a yeare.

T

I

I feare, our gen'rall Body fareth so,  
 As, in their sicknesse they often do  
 Who feele not their difeafe, when they are nigh  
 (Without good help) upon the point to dye.  
 They woukl not be disturb'd ; but, vex and fret,  
 At thofe who do prepare them wholfome meat,  
 Or needfull Phyfick : and, perhaps, with me  
 My *Country*, alfo, will difpleafed be.  
 But, for unjuft difpleafure, 'tis no matter ;  
 As faithful friends (to fick men) will not flatter,  
 Nor humor them in any fuch *difeafe* ;  
 No more will I be fearfull to difpleafe  
 A fickly people, when I truly know,  
 I do that work my confcience calls me to.

I tell thee therefore, *Britaine*, thou art fick ;  
 Thy fins have made thee fo ; and thou art like  
 To perifh in them, if thou phyfick take not,  
 And, for thy fafety, good provifion make not.  
 If thou nor feeleft, nor wilt credit give  
 To what is fpoken : Mark thou, and beleeve  
 The *Symtomes* of it. For, they will declare  
 So truly, how (at this time) thou doft fare,  
 That they who are not reafonleffe, fhall fee  
 And fay (in times to come) I loved thee.

Behold, ev'n at this day, throughout the *Land*,  
 Moft *Manufactories* are at a ftand ;  
 And, of thofe *Engines*, fome maine wheeles are broke,  
 Though where they faulty be, fmall heed be took.

Thy *Merchants*, by whose trade great profit comes  
 (And to the Kings *Exchequer*, royall fums)  
 Thofe *Mercuries*, by whose induftrious paine,  
 Thou didft become the *Miftrefse* of the *Maine*,  
 And art maintain'd with fhips, which are the walls,  
 By which thy temp'rall greatneffe, ftands or falls.

Ev'n

Ev'n they, begin to sink, for want of trade,  
 And through those booties which of them are made.  
 Their Ships without advantage are employ'd ;  
 And if the Wars, or Time, had them destroy'd  
 Which are in being ; they have (to augment  
 Or fill the number) no encouragement.

The present muster of thy shipping, failes  
 Of what it was, in many scores of failes,  
 Not long time since : and, thy next neigh'bring nation  
 Growes rich in thy decaying Navigation.  
 Yea, some suspect, that of our publike Trade  
 (For private profit) sale to them is made.

Indeed, most *Officers*, if so they may  
 Enlarge their profits for the present day ;  
 Or gaine, or save the King, but for a yeare,  
 Some thoufands, do suppose they much endear  
 Their service to the *State* : when ('tis well known  
 To us abroad) the gaine is most their owne :  
 And that, before two ages more be spent,  
 The waies by which their incomes they augment,  
 Will cost this Kingdome for each ounce of gold  
 So got, a hundred, if their courses hold.

It is by them, the Prince becommeth poore.  
 And (though they would be thought (forfooth) much  
 Then all his other subjects, to maintaine (more  
 The dues belonging to a *Soveraigne*)  
 They rob him more, then all men else beside :  
 They lose him ten times more then they provide.  
 They make him needy first ; and then they grieve,  
 And begger them, that should his wants relieve.  
 The vulgar *Citizens* do much complaine  
 For want of trade sufficient to maintaine  
 Their families ; and, many, lately broken,  
 Are of that poverty a certaine token.

T 2

That

That famous, and that wealthy Merchandize,  
Which from our clothings, and our woolls arise  
Is much decay'd. For work, the poore man prayes :  
The *Clothier* hath not mony ; and he layes  
The blame upon the *Merchant* ; who doth sweare,  
His ships and goods, so often stay'd are,  
And times so giddy, and so little got  
(With so much perill) that he dareth not  
To make adventures, as he erst hath done,  
And so, to ruine all is like to run.  
For, from their voyages so oft have some  
Been hindred (or have beene so long from home  
In fruitelesse services) that it hath brought  
Rich *Owners*, and their *Vessels*, unto nought.  
Some others, also find it, to maintaine  
Their ships, so costlly, (without hope of gaine)  
That to repaire them they do stand in feare  
It may undo them, e're things better'd are ;  
That (might their men be safe) they do protest,  
They know not, if to sink, or swim were best.

The winds and seas, that heretofore have borne us  
Good will ; have prov'd our foes, and rent & torne us.  
Our *Mariners* are like to run away  
To serve our foes, for want of work, and pay.

Those places, and those portions, which belong  
To mens deserts ; and should to make them strong,  
And to encourage them, conferred be ;  
Are otherwise dispos'd of : and we see  
The most deserving men are in disgraces ;  
Or else neglected ; or else, in their places  
Impoverished (or else disheartned so)  
That some men will not ; and some cannot do  
Their Country that good service which they might :  
And, if this, hold, we lose our honor quite,

By

By those adventures, which are just and free  
 To ev'ry Nation, where good *Patriots* be,  
 Thy sons, to fetch thee wealth, and honour home,  
 Would prodigall of goods and lives become ;  
 By private cost, augment the publike store,  
 And by encrease of shipping, guard thy shore ;  
 If they might freely seek, and keep that lot,  
 Which by their cost and valour might be got.  
 But, men that are of courage, and of worth,  
 Disdain their goods and lives to hazard forth,  
 On servile termes ; or, to be prey'd upon  
 When they returne, by some ignoble *Drone* :  
 And, by this meanes, oh thou unhappy *He*,  
 Thy foes grow strong, & thou grow'st weak the while.

I do protest, I see not that condition  
 Of man, that hath a fortune in fruition,  
 That is not perillous ; but, he that's borne  
 The mischiefs of this present life to scorne.  
 Nor from the highest to the low'st degree,  
 Doth any man well pleas'd seeme to be.  
 The King complains of want : his Servants say,  
 They stand engag'd in more then they can pay :  
 And they who in their person service do him,  
 Want much of that which should oblige them to him.  
 The charge of *War*, still more and more doth grow ;  
 The *Customes* faile as trading falleth low :  
 There's new occasion ev'ry day of spending, (ding.  
 And much more borrow'ing, then good meanes of len-  
 'Tis said, some royall Rents to sale were profer'd ;  
 That *Jewels* of the *Crowne* to pawne were offer'd :  
 That *Church* Revennues, for the present need,  
 Sequestred are (to stand a while in stead  
 Of temp'ralties) And some themselves perswade,  
 That, they shall now be lay possessions made.

T 3

But

But, God forbid : for, he that shall bereave  
 The *Church* of her inheritance, doth leave  
 A curse upon his children ; which will stay  
 Vntill his whole descent be worne away.

To help thy wants, (so great it seemes they prove)  
 There be of those who did not blush to move  
 Religion might be fet to sale ; and that  
 We might promiscuous worships tolerate.

The common people murmur of oppressions ;  
 Of being robbed of their due possessions ;  
 Of impudent abuses, done by those  
 Who should redresse them : ev'ry winde that blowes,  
 Brings tidings of ill luck ; yet, still men feare  
 There's worse untold, then that which they do heare.  
 For, we have lying Newes authoris'd  
 So long ; and falshoods, have so many spread ;  
 That, when of that a true report is told  
 Whereof a firme beleefe receive we should,  
 We cannot credit it : and, this, perchance,  
 May to our safety be some hinderance.

If in our selves, we feele not what's amisse,  
 Obserue we, by reflection, what it is.  
 The *Germane* Emp'rour, and two *Kings*, that be  
 As rich and pow'rfull, ev'ry way as he,  
 Are Foes professed ; and they bend their pow'r,  
 Our Countries, and our Nation to deuoure :  
 And, while to fight Gods battels men do faine,  
 The Kingdome of the Devill they maintaine.

Our *Friends*, and our *Confederates*, for us,  
 Engag'd in undertakings dangerous,  
 Have suffred losse ; and yet, in hazard are  
 By an unequall and injurious war.  
 Some, who possesse an Vnion with our Land,  
 Do work their owne advantage underhand,

To

To our disgrace and losses. Other some,  
Are neuters yet, who will our foes become,  
And with our enemies the spoile divide,  
If any ill *Adventure* shall betide.

That princely *Branch* of our most royall *Stem*,  
Made poore by the *Bohemian* Diadem,  
(But, rich in her own vertues, and that treasure  
Of heav'nly graces, which in plenteous measure  
Gods bounty gave her) that illustrious *Dame*,  
(To whom I owe ev'n more then all I am)  
Lives banisht, (oh! the mischieves of this age)  
And quite excluded from her heritage.  
Her *LORD*, and all those deare and hopefull *Peeces*,  
Drawne off by them; the *Nephewes*, and the *Nieces*  
Of our dread *Sov'raigne*, are as pilgrims, faine  
Within a forraine Country to remaine.  
Our costly *Treaties*, do but costely speed.  
Our new *Alliance*, proves a broken Reed.  
Our forraine enterprizes, full of charge,  
Do serve but others glories to enlarge.  
Our mighty *Navies* strongly furnisht out,  
Have lost their pains, in what they went about.  
One little *Towne* keeps all our ports in feare;  
Vpon the Seas, our *Coasters* feared are;  
And, we that bore the *Trident* of the Seas;  
We, who of late, with smaller Fleets, then these  
Which now we set aflote, did once constraine  
The *Carraks*, and the *Argosies* of *Spaine*  
To strike their sailes: we that have aw'd the *Deeps*,  
And ev'ry *Foreland*, through the world, that peeps  
Above the *Seas*: yea, we that from each shore,  
Whereon the brinish waves of *Neptune* rore,  
Have brought rich Trophees of our valours home,  
Now, back with neither spoiles nor honors, come.

T 4

God,

God, with our *Fleets*, and *Armies*, doth not fo  
Go forth of late, as he did use to doe.  
But divers yeares together, as offended,  
*His arme against our forces hath extended.*

That hopefull *Voyage*, which brave *Rawleigh* made,  
To profecute those golden hopes he had,  
Was overthrowne ; and, (to enlarge the cost)  
In him, we more in wit, then mony lost.  
*For, to resist us, God himfelfe did stand :*  
*And still against us, he extends his hand.*

Vpon *Argeir* we had a faire designe,  
That much extracted from our silver Mine,  
But nothing prosper'd, which was then projected,  
Nor was there ought, but losse and shame effected ;  
*For, God preserv'd our enemies from harme :*  
*And, still, against us, stretcheth he his arme.*

When in *Virginia* we had nursed long  
Our *Colonies*, and hoped they were strong,  
And, almost able to subsist alone :  
By naked people they were set upon,  
And, fore endanger'd : For, *on us for ill,*  
*God laid his hand ; and layes it on us still.*

Auxiliary forces forth we sent ;  
(Or, voluntarily from us they went)  
To settle on *Bohemians* fatall throne,  
Him, whom that *Land* had cast her choice upon.  
But, there our men were wasted : and in steed  
Of *Iacobs staffe*, we proved *Egypt's-reed* :  
*For, God against our pow'rs his pow'r did set ;*  
*And, he his hand doth raise against us, yet.*

We made new *Leavies*, and marcht up the *Rhine*,  
To guard the Country of the *Palatine* ;  
But, all in vaine. For, nothing did we there,  
Except prolong the miseries of *War*.

God,



God, would not that deliver'd they should be  
By people that so wicked are as we.

But, scourged them and us, in bitter wife :

*And still, his heavy hand upon us lies.*

Then, mustred we *Ambassadors* together ;

We sent them oft, and almost ev'ry whither ;

But, by our Treaties we acquired nought :

Nay, many disadvantages they brought ;

For, then, our foes for battle did prepare,

When we of peace together treating were.

*Yea, God hath caus'd the harme that they have done us ;*

*And, still, his hand lies heavily upon us.*

The fortune of the *War* we tride againe

By *Mansfield* ; which did likewise prove in vaine.

To *Denmark* also we did send supplies,

And there, moreover, sick and bleeding lies

Our honor. *And, yet still, against our Land*

*The Lord of Hosts hath stretched out his hand.*

Throughout the *Easterne Indies* where we had

A wealthy and an honorable Trade,

A petty Nation, doth now baffle, dare us,

And, out of trading, hope e're long to weare us.

Our glorious Fleet, that lately braved *Cales*,

Of her exploits affords not many tales.

Another, and another too, since then,

Was put to sea, and driven home agen

All shaken and betatter'd. Some, the wind

Sent back, and frustrate made what was design'd.

Some others, were by other lets delay'd,

And, made to faile, in that which they assail'd :

*For, God with this our Nation was offended ;*

*And, yet, his hand against us is extended.*

Another *Navie*, worthy greater note,

Then all of these forenamed, now doth flote

T 5

Vpon

Vpon the seas : and such a fame it beares,  
 That all the neigh'ring kingdomes it deters.  
 For, *Land* and *Sea* it threatens : and we heare  
 Before the *Ile* of *Ree*, at rode they are,  
 Where they of brave atchievements hopefull grow.  
 I wish, and I do pray it may be so  
 As they desire, if God be pleas'd therein.  
 But, much I feare, that we have guilty bin  
 Of somewhat unrepented yet, that will  
 Make all our undertakings prosper ill,  
 Till we are humbled more. For, God hath laine  
 His heavy hand upon us, long in vaine.  
 And, though our hearts with foolish hopes we fill,  
*His Arme, against us, forth he stretches still.*  
 Or else it could not be our forces great,  
 So many times should suffer a defeat.  
 For when a lesser Fleet was sent to do  
 A *Mischiefe*, it had pow'r enough thereto.  
 But let us take a little further heed,  
 How ill our hopes in forraine parts succeed.  
 The *French* and *Germane* Churches, in whose care,  
 And in whose persecutions we do share :  
 Have been afflicted in a grievous wise,  
 And still a heavy burden on them lyes.  
 Gods foes, and theirs, and ours, have craftily  
 Combined in a strong confederacy.  
 The tents of *Edom*, and the *Ishma'lites*,  
 The seed of *Agar*, and the *Moabites*,  
 With *Ashur*, and the sons of *Lot* conspire ;  
 With *Gehal*, *Ammon*, *Amelek*, and *Tyre*.  
 Yea *Gog* and *Magog* ; close and open foes,  
 Ev'n all those Armies which Gods truth oppose,  
 (And by the *Names*, here mention'd, figur'd were)  
 Confederated, and resolved are,

To

To pray upon us. *Come, now come, say they,  
Let's root their Nation, and their Name away.*  
And, if our God be silent over-long,  
Their strength encreasing, will encrease the wrong  
His *Church* endures: our cause will be o'rethrowne,  
And, they will take Gods houses for their owne.

If yet, thou dost not feele thy sickly case,  
Nor in these forraine glasses view thy face,  
Look home agen; and I will shew thee there  
Moe things, that worthy notice will appeare.  
There, thou shalt find distruction in the *State*;  
The *Commons*, and some *Nobles*, at debate;  
The *Court* it selfe disturbed with disunions;  
Some following others; some their owne opinions;  
Some striving, from their seats, their mates to thrust;  
Few knowing in whose friendship they may trust.

There see thou shalt most seeking the disgraces  
Of others; and in all their fellowes places  
Men so experienc'd, that they leave to do  
Those duties, they themselves are call'd unto.  
There thou shalt see such foolish imitations;  
Such complements, such grosse dissimulations;  
Such practices; such products, and devices;  
Contriving of such foolish paradises;  
Such doing and undoing, what is done;  
That, 'Twill be matter worthy musing on.

Those *Offices*, and those high seats of *State*,  
(Esteem'd most honorable) are of late  
Become so skittish; or the men that get them,  
Such artlesse riders, that they cannot fit them.  
When liv'd, at once, so many, who did cary,  
(And left disgrac'd) the stiles of *Secretary*,  
Of *Chamberlaine*, *Chief Justice*, *Treasurer*,  
Of Lord *high Keeper*, and Lord *Chancellor*?

Of

Of these, and other titles, when was seene  
 Such chopping and such changing, as hath beene  
 In later yeares? sure, something is amisse,  
 That such uncertainty among us is.

Those perf'nages, whose words were heretofore  
 As *Oracles*; are credited no more  
 Then Cheaters are. Their hand & seale doth stand  
 For nothing, if no other come in hand.  
 So void are some advanced to high place,  
 Of common understanding, and of grace,  
 That neither shame, nor losse, which doth befall  
 To other men, can move them ought at all.  
 But, as men markt for Vengeance, or else sent  
 For thy dishonor, and thy punishment,  
 They dare proceed to practice ev'ry sin  
 For which their predecessors shent have bin.  
 Nay, some who for corruption were remov'd  
 To give those place, might well have been approv'd  
 Respecting them; if all the peoples cries,  
 From just occasion may be thought to rise.  
 Yea, they have justifi'd, and honor done them,  
 Who went before, in having overgone them  
 In doing wrongs. And, in those wrongs they do,  
 They are so practis'd, and hardned to,  
 That no examples, or faire warning shall  
 Take place ('tis thought) till they have ruin'd all.

Some *Offices* are growne so over large  
 For those who undertake them, to discharge,  
 Else, they that have them, so unable are,  
 Or of their duties have so little care,  
 That suitors poore have many times attended  
 Whole months together, ere they were befriended,  
 So much, to have their humble suits perused.  
 Yet, these, as if they had not else abused

The

The *Common-wealth* enough do often add  
 To those employments which before they had,  
 New *Offices*; and take so much upon  
 Their feeble shoulders, that no good is done.

If thou observest mens communication,  
 Thou heare it shalt so full of desperation,  
 As if they feared God had us forsaken,  
 And, to some other place himselfe betaken.  
 But, thou, indeed, his *Covenant* hast broke;  
 His word distrustd; his Commands forfook;  
 And aid from *Egypt*, and from *Ashur* sought,  
 Whose trustlesse friendship will availe thee nought.  
 Nay, some there be, that in these days of evill,  
 Advise to make atonements with the Devill.  
 For they doe little better who would call  
 The *Turke*, to helpe maintaine the *Churches* wall,  
 Yea, they who make that Foe our ayd become,  
 Do save a house, by firing *Christendome*.

The *Land* appeares as if it ripening were  
 For *Defolation*: and ev'n ev'rywhere  
 Most men are growne so prodigally vaine;  
 So greedily pursue they present gaine;  
 And from this pleasant *Kingdome* have so rent  
 Her woods, her groves, and ev'ry ornament,  
 (Without all care of planting or renewing  
 For their *Posterities* in times ensuing)  
 As if they either thought, or did foresee,  
 That when they dy'd, the world would ended be,  
 Or that before the following generations,  
 This Land should be possesst by other *Nations*.

We have not pow'r their counsell to receive,  
 Who for our safeties best advisement give.  
 For, in themselves, such basenesse most retaine,  
 That all are thought to ayme at private gaine.

And

And doubtlesse we have many *Mountebanks*,  
 Who arrogate the profit and the thanks  
 Of others labours ; or else seek to crosse  
 Their good designes, to their disgrace and losse.  
 Yea, such extreame corruptions ev'rywhere  
 In men of ev'ry quality appeare,  
 That whatsoever reasons may be rendred,  
 To prove that by some courses which are tendred,  
 (To be proceeded in) the common peace  
 Or profit might in future times encrease,  
 And be advanc'd, a million by the yeare :  
 Yet, if but any private persons feare  
 It may some incomes from their chests withdraw,  
 For which they neither Conscience have nor law :  
 These men (if they attempt it, and be able  
 To give a bribe that may be valuable  
 In any measure) quite shall overthrow  
 That good designment : and not onely so,  
 But these and they that were their instruments  
 Shall purchase him who that *design* invents,  
 (For his reward) both infamy and hate :  
 And make themselves appeare unto the State  
 Good *Patriots* ; who being sifted well)  
 Are scarce so honest men as go to hell.

Rapt by a spirituall *Vision*, I have seene  
 The thin and crasse wall, that stands betweene  
 Our sight, and their concealed practices,  
 Who have the place of *Elders* in these dayes :  
 And spying there a hole, I digg'd into  
 Their secrecies ; to see what works they doe.  
 Where (not without God's warrant and his ayd)  
 Most foule abominations I surpris'd.

I saw their *Chambers* of *Imagery*,  
 And all those *Objects* of Idolatry

To

To which they bow, upon the wals depainted :  
 I saw thofe toyes adored and befainted :  
 I saw what strange devotions there they use ;  
 How they in private do the world abufe ;  
 And from their *Cenfurs* feemed to arife  
 A cloud which dimm'd the *Sacrificers* eyes.

There (oh! good God) how many did I fee  
 Who zealous *Prelats* do appeare to be?  
 How many *Statesmen*, and how many a one  
 That our high feats of Iudgements fits upon?  
 How many who right honeft men appeare?  
 In outward fhew? how many drawing neere  
 Vnto their graves? how many learned men?  
 How many, that will floutly now and then  
 Maintaine an honeft caufe, to fome good end,  
 (For ought we know) when they no good intend?  
 How many ill-difpofed men (oh! God)  
 Who otherwife affected feeme abroad,  
 Beheld I there in fecret prostituting  
 Themfelves to breathleffe *Idols*, and imputing  
 Great pow'r unto them? and how bafe are thofe  
 Sometime in private, who make goodly fhewes  
 Of nobleft thoughts? Some, to the *riſing-Sun*  
 Directly kneele; fome fix their eyes upon  
 The *Moone*, which from his beams receives her light.  
 Some, ſtand devoted to the works of *Night*:  
 Some, deifie their *Pride*, and fome their *Luft*:  
 In carnall *Policy*, fome put their truſt:  
 Some (as a *Goddeſſe*) *Vengeance* do explore:  
 Vnrightheous *Mammon*, otherfome adore:  
 With worldly *Honor*, fome idolatrize;  
 Some other, to their *Nets* do facrifice:  
 To *Pleasure*, many offer their eſtates;  
 Himſelfe to *Envy*, one man dedicates:

Ano-

Another makes *Vaineglories* altars fume,  
 Till all his patrimony he confume :  
 A third, to *Sloth* and *Idleneffe* doth bow :  
 Before *Exceffe*, a fourth doth fall as low :  
 Yea *Horfes*, *Dogs*, and *Hauks* ; ev'n Beasts and Fowles,  
 Are Idols of their love. Nor hath their foules  
 Idolatriz'd with brutish things alone,  
 But ev'n with Gold, and Silver, Wood, and Stone.  
 Nor have they only of fuch things as thefe,  
 (That reall be) fet up vaine images  
 Within their hearts ; but, they goe further, far,  
 And worship *Fiftions*, which the likenesse are  
 Of nought in heav'n, earth, fea, or in the waters  
 Below the earth ; but meere *fantasticke matters*.  
 And, that by fuch like *Gods*, as are their *Treasure*,  
 Their *Honor*, their *Preferment*, and their *Pleasure*,  
 They may be happy made ; what things I pray,  
 To fhew their zeale (fuppofe you) offer they ?  
 Ev'n thofe, refpecting which, thefe gods are vile.  
 For, they do give unto them, otherwhile,  
 Their naturall reft and fleep, fometime their health :  
 Sometime what's due to God they take by ftealth,  
 To wafte upon their *Mawmets* ; and of thefe,  
 One offred is, another to appeafe.  
 Their beautilous daughters fome of them have given  
 To *Moloch* : other fome their wives have driven  
 To paffe the fire : great numbers make oblations  
 Of all their friends, to thofe *abominations*.  
 To ferve them, fome their *Country* fet to fale ;  
 Her love, her wealth, her honor, peace, and all.  
 Yea fome, ev'n their owne lives to loffe expofe,  
 (Their confciences, and foules) for love of thofe ;  
 And (left unto a reprobated fenfe)  
 With Gods and Natures lawes they can difpence.

Of



Of these, a *Vision* did appeare to me :  
 Judge *Readers*, whether true or false it be.  
 If no such doings be, my words contemne,  
 And let this *Vision* passe but for a *Dreame*.  
 If really thou find it to be so,  
 'Then, think oh ! *Britaine*, what thou hast to do.

But, thinke it seriously : for, things that are  
 In foulest plight, will often faire appeare.  
 Beleeve not all that shall reported be ;  
 But, prove and search ; and trust what thou dost see.  
 The *Land* is over-spreed with wickednesse ;  
 Yet, no man will himselfe in fault confesse.  
 Men daily talke how bad the times are growne,  
 Yet, few men see an error of their owne.  
 The *Country* is distressed many wayes,  
 And on the *Cities* pride, the blame it layes.  
 The *City* finds her trading falleth short,  
 And thinks the cause thereof is in the *Court*.  
 The *Court* complaines, and railes as much agen,  
 Against the *Farmer*, and the *Citizen*.  
 Our *Parliaments* imputed have of late,  
 Our troubles to some errors in the *State*.  
 The *State* offended is, and discontent  
 With some proceedings in the *Parliament*.  
 Our *Court Divines*, protest the *Lawyers* stand  
 So much upon the *Customes* of the Land,  
 (The *Lawes* and ancient *Freedomes*, which belong  
 Vnto the *Commons*) that, the *King* they wrong.  
 The *People* vow, the *Prelats* flatter so  
 To get preferment, that they will undo  
 Both *Church* and *Common-wealth* ; & some conceive,  
 If we their *State-Divinity* beleeve,  
 It will of ev'ry priviledge bereave us,  
 And no more *Law*, but *Will and Pleasure* leave us.

And,

And, as the *Jewes*, to save their *Place*, and *Name*,  
 Did that, which losse of both of them became :  
 So, thought it is, that if our *Prelats* fall,  
 The way, they seek to stand, effect it shall.

The followers of *Arminius* some revile,  
 As troublers of the Churches of this *Ile*.  
 Some think the doubts & questions they have moved  
 Shal make the *Truth* more known, & more approved.

The *Papist* sayes, that we afflicted are,  
 Because their superstitions banisht were.  
 Some *Protestants* beleewe we fare the worfe  
 For fav'ring them ; and that they bring a curse  
 Vpon the Land. Some others, do accuse  
 The *Separatists*, and those men who refuse  
 Vnto this *Churches* orders to conforme.  
 They, on the other side, as much do storme  
 Against our *Discipline* and *Hierarchy*,  
 As parts of Antichristian-heresie.  
 And though we all are nought ; yet, we do all  
 Each other censure, persecute, miscall,  
 And so condemne ; as if we had no such  
 Infirmities, as we in others touch.

But, as her vertue may be ne're the more,  
 Who first, in scoulding, calls her neighbour whore,  
 So, he that soonest check *abuses* can,  
 (At all times) proveth not the holiest man.  
 Ev'n I, that in whole Volumes, do complaine  
 Against those faults, which in my times do raigne ;  
 May be a *Villane*, when all that is done,  
 If other signes of goodnesse I have none.

But, why speak I of *Symptomes*, when all see  
 Thy *Sicknesse*, to be evident on thee ?  
 Thou hast a fearfull trembling at thy heart,  
 And, a quotidian *Fever* shakes each part.

Thine

Thine eyes do see thy flesh doth fall away ;  
 The lovely colour of thy cheeks decay.  
 Thy veines grow empty, which did lately swell ;  
 Those parts are naked, that were clothed well :  
 Those limbs are weakned, that e'rewhile were strong ;  
 And into gronings thou hast chang'd thy *Song*.  
 Yea, thou maist feele (unlesse that sence be dead)  
 A paine betweene thy *Body*, and thy *Head*.

The *Staves of God*, of which we read it spoken  
 By *Zachary* ; are bruized, if not broken.  
 The Staffe of *Bands* (or *Vnion*) hath some cracks :  
 And, that of *Beautie* now so little lacks  
 Of being shiver'd ; that, thou art almost  
 The scorne of *Christendome* : and hast nigh lost  
 Thy former glory. Neither art thou soly  
 Despised and dishonor'd, by thy folly ;  
 But in those mischiefes which thy sins procure,  
 Thy *Prince* a disadvantage doth endure.  
 His vertues are repulsed from that height  
 Of honour, whereunto ascend they might,  
 Wert thou lesse wicked. He, whom as our eyes  
 We seemed (as but yesterday) to prize ;  
 He, for whose absence we so much complained,  
 And wept, and pray'd, and vow'd, whilst he remained  
 Divided from us : and at whose returne  
 We did so many *piles* to ashes burne :  
 Ev'n he, hath not received that content  
 From us, which he expected, and we meant.

Some spirit of *Dissention* loof'd hath bin ;  
 Some sparks of *Discord* have beene hurled in,  
 And blowne among us ; so that he and wee  
 Not so well pleased in each other be  
 As both desire. And should this flame encrease,  
 God knowes how much it would offend our peace.

Thy

Thy *Body, England*, representative,  
 Vnable was prevention to contrive  
 For such a mischief ; neither dare men say  
 (Although they could) on whom the blame to lay.  
 Some, doe accuse the *Parliament* ; some blame  
 Another Faction ; and, I doubtfull am,  
 Some rashly taxe the *King* : but, to provide  
 A *Judge*, by whom such parties may be tride,  
 Who knowes (I pray ?) or what is he that can  
 Such points as these, without reproving, scan ?  
 Nay, where is he, from faction or from feare  
 So free, that (though he knew it needfull were)  
 He dares presume in any publike wife,  
 So much as mention such *State-mysteries* ?

Yet, sure, they must be mention'd ; and they may,  
 By those who know good *Reason*, and the *Way*  
 Of so unfolding them, that no offence  
 Be given ; whatfoe're be taken thence.  
 And therefore, though such men who cannot see  
 What calling at this present warrants me,  
 Or, by what *spirit* I am urged to  
 Those actions which I undertake to do ;  
 Though such conjecture may, that I presume  
 Too far, and on my selfe too much assume,  
 (Beyond my place) yet, in my selfe secure,  
 I'll put my selfe their censure to endure ;  
 And all that perill, which these coward times  
 Suppose may follow my truth-speaking *Rimes*.  
*Direct thou so, oh God ! my hand by thine,*  
*That I in this may draw an eaven Line.*  
*For, no advice from carnall wits I crave :*  
*Nor any Counsellor, but thee, to have.*

My *Prince* and *Country*, though, perhaps I be  
 Not much to them ; are both most deare to me.

And

And may I perish, if to save my life  
 I would betwixt that couple nourish strife.  
 Or if for one of them I that would say,  
 Which might from tothers due take ought away.  
 If God direct me not, I may do ill  
 In this performance ; but, I know, to will  
 And to desire their welfare, is from heaven  
 (Ev'n by his grace) to me already given.  
 I may perchance in what I best intend,  
 Have neither *King* nor *People* to my friend ;  
 Yet will I speake my mind to profit them,  
 Though both should, for my labour me condemne.  
 For, from all other ends and hopes I'me free,  
 Save those, which in an honest man should be.  
 If that which profits either I propose,  
 They both shall gaine, and neither party lose,  
 But, if that harme shall by my words be done,  
 I'll weigh them so, it shall be mine alone.  
 My censure I will give in things, which none  
 Have dar'd to passe a publike Iudgement on.  
*Come, marke me, you who thinke I now begin  
 To tread a path which I shall stumble in :*  
*And, if you see, what justly you may check ;  
 Trip up my heeles, and make me breake my necke.*  
 Although we heed not, or else will not see,  
 Those *Maladies* which daily growing be ;  
 I find (and I do much compassionate  
 What I behold) a rupture in the *State*,  
 Of this great *Body*. Lamed are the *Feet* ;  
 The *Legs* that should support her, scarcely meet,  
 For that great structure which upon them stands,  
 The sinews are enfeebled, and, the *Hands*  
 Unfit for action, deafned are her *Eares*,  
 And what concerns her most, she hardly heares.

Her

Her *Eyes* (which are her watchmen) are become  
Halfe blind ; her *Tongue* is almost waxen dumb :  
It cannot speak the truth for her owne wealth :  
Her *Nose*, that should distinguish, for her health,  
Twixt things that wholfome, and unwholfome were,  
Hath lost that faculty : her *Pulses* are  
Vncertaine : her *Digestion* is not good ;  
And, that hath filled her with tainted *Blood* :  
Her *Judgement*, and her *Common-sense* so failes,  
That she her selfe perceives not what she ayles :  
Her *Spleene* is stopt ; and, those obstructions make  
Bad fumings, which have caus'd her *Head* to ake.  
And He (alas) is bound about the *Crowne*  
With cares, that make him bow his forehead downe.

Thou art this *Body, England* ; and thy *Head*  
Is our dread *Sov'raigne*. The distemper bred  
Betwixt you two, from one of you doth flow ;  
And which it is, I purpose here to shew.  
Be bold to heare me *Readers* ; for, in season  
I speake ; and here's not *fellony*, nor *treason*.  
In this that followes ; to have pow'r or aime  
To touch the *Lords Anointed*, I disclaime.  
I have no warrant ; neither know I ought,  
To reprehend him for, although I mought.  
And, they of my uprightnesse judge amisse,  
Who think I flatter, in affirming this.  
For as my *Princes* faults I may not blaze ;  
So, I am also bound (as there is cause)  
To justifie what vertues I do heare  
To be in him ; or, see in him appeare.

The gen'rall faults of others, mine owne eyes  
Have seene ; and that's enough to warrantize  
A generall reproofe : but, never, yet,  
In him beheld I, what did unbesit

His person or his place : much have I seene,  
 That, rather, hath an honor to him beene.  
 And, whatsoe're shall mutter'd be of some,  
 There reignes not any King in *Christendome*,  
 Of whom there was divulg'd a better fame ;  
 Or, whom a royall Throne so well became.

And, what is lately done, to blot the story  
 Of his desert ? or to deface his glory ?  
 Or wherewithall can any tongue traduce  
 His actions, which admitteth not excuse ?  
 What if his people have expected more  
 (From hopes, by them conceived heretofore)  
 Then yet succeeds ? what can from thence redound  
 To prove his *Vertues* or his wayes unfound ?  
 Why may not this effect arise from them  
 That so suspect, much rather then from him ?  
 As God long since unto those *Jewes* did say,  
 (Who judg'd him unequall in his way)  
 So say I *England* ; is thy *Sov'raignes* path  
 Vnequall ? or is't rather thine which hath  
 Such indirectnesse ? wherefore may not all  
 Which is amisse, by thine owne fault befall ?  
 Why may not (*England*) a diseasednesse  
 (Occasioned by thy unrighteousnesse)  
 Make him unpleasing in his course to thee,  
 Whom thou hast praised ? and whose graces be  
 The same they were ? thou knowest many a one,  
 In bodily diseases, thus hath done.  
 Those meats and drinks, that are both sweet & pure,  
 They can nor truly relish, nor endure.

We feldome see the *Bodies* torment bred  
 By ought which first ariseth in the *Head* ;  
 But, oftentimes we feele both head and eyes  
 Diseas'd by fumes which from the *Body* rise.

And

And though downe from the head there may distill  
Some humour, otherwhile, which maketh ill  
The lower parts ; yet, that first vapor'd from  
Those crudities and noysome fumes which come  
From ill digestion ; or, from stoppages  
Which are in our inferior passages.  
'Tis thus in nat'rall *Bodies* ; and the like  
May be observ'd in *Bodies politick*.

The *head* and *body* both are evill pleas'd,  
When any part of either is diseas'd :  
But, their distempers, worse or easier are  
Sustained, as their first occasions were.  
When Lungs or Liver doth defective grow  
By ought within it selfe, it paines not so  
The *head*, as when from thence doth also fall  
Those rheumes and humors, that by tickling shall  
Occasion coughs and strainings, to distend  
The passages, as if each part would rend.  
Nor is the *Stomack* so distempered,  
By any hurt or bruise upon the *Head*,  
(By its owne fault receiv'd) as when it aketh,  
Through fumings, which from parts below it taketh.

So fares it with a *People* and their *King*.  
Ev'n all their errors, griefes and cares doe bring  
Vpon each other so, that what the one  
Misdoeth in, doth bring some smart upon  
The other party. But, they shall not be  
Afflicted with it, both in one degree.  
For, if the *Princes* oversight or sin,  
Of any publike *Plague* first cause hath bin,  
The greatest mischief will at last be his.  
And, if the *Subjects* have so done amisse,  
That *Vengeance* followes it, the *King* may grieve ;  
But, they shall be consumed, I beleieve :

And



And, that for each ones personall defect  
The greatest harme will on himselfe reflect :

What then to be performed is remaining,  
But, that we leave repining, and complaining  
On one another, and our labours bend,  
Our selves, as much as may be, to amend?  
Let ev'ry one examine well his way,  
And, for himselfe, and for all others pray.  
For, this is far more likely to redresse  
The present mischiefes, then our frowardnesse.  
The party that hath innocency, shall  
Be sure to stand, though all about him fall.  
And, if we all perversly wicked prove,  
We shall have all, one judgement from above.

If in thy *King* (oh *Britaine*) ought amisse  
Appeares to be ; 'twixt God and him it is.  
Of him he shall be judged. What to thee  
Pertaineth it, his censurer to be ?  
If thou shalt suffer with him ; thy offence  
Deserv'd it ; and nought else but penitence  
Becomes thy practice ; neither shall there ought  
That's wrong, by other meanes, to right be brought.

Thy generall voice, but newly, did confesse  
In him much vertue, and much hopefullnesse ;  
And, he so late assum'd his *Diadem*,  
That there hath scarce beene time enough for him  
Those evils to performe, that may inferre  
A generall mischiefe. Neither, do I heare  
Of ought, as yet, which thou to him canst lay,  
But that he doth to thee thy will deny.  
Or with a gentle stoutnesse claime, and strive,  
For what he thinks his just *Prerogative*.

And why, I prethee, may not all this flow  
From some corruptions which in thee do grow

V

Without

Without his fault? why may not, for thy crimes  
 Some instruments of Sathan, in these times,  
 Be suffred to obscure from him awhile  
 The truth of things? and his beleefe beguile,  
 With vert'uos shoves, discrete and good pretences,  
 To plague and punish thee for thy offences?

Why may not God (and justly too) permit  
 Some *Sycophant*, or cunning hypocrite,  
 For thy hypocrisies, to steale away  
 His heart from thee? and goodly colours lay  
 On *Projects* which may cause him to undo thee,  
 And think that he no wrong hath done unto thee?  
 Nay, wherefore may not some thy King advise  
 To that which seems to wrong thy liberties,  
 Yet in themselves be honest men, and just,  
 Who have abused been by those they trust?  
 Thy wickednesse deserves it: and that he  
 Who in himselfe is good, should bring to thee  
 No profit by his goodnesse, but augment  
 Thy sorrowes, till thy follies thou repent?  
 For, what is in it selfe from evill free,  
 Is evill made, to those that evill be.  
 Why may it not be possible, that thou  
 Demandedst what he might not well allow  
 Without dishonor. Or, if all were right  
 Which thou requiredst; yet the manner might  
 Distast him? Or, who certaine is, but some  
 (Pretending publike grievances) might come  
 With private spleene and malice, to pursue  
 Those faults in others, which their conscience knew  
 That they themselves were guilty of; and had  
 No peace with God by true repentance made?  
 If so it were, I doe admire the lesse  
 That thy petitions had an ill successe.

If

If any fingle man hath ought mifdoñe,  
 It is fo little while fince he begun  
 His being to receive ; that, in refpect  
 Of thine, his errors could fmall harme effect.  
 But, thou haft heap'd up fin for many yeares ;  
 And, thy exceeding guiltineffe appeares,  
 With fo much evidence, that ev'ry man  
 Of fome particular faults accufe thee can ;  
 And, openly reprove thee, to thy face,  
 For evils, done in ev'ry time, and place.

Then, blame not him, if God hath falstifi'd  
 Some hopes of late, or to thy grieve denide  
 That reformation, which thou didst require ;  
 And added (in the ftead of thy defire)  
 New grievances. Nor too too bitterly  
 Purfue thofe errors of infirmity,  
 Which were by others, heretofore committed :  
 But, let all paff offences he remitted.  
 If thou perceive but hope of reformation,  
 Goe off up to God, for thy *Oblation*,  
 A true forgivenesse of their injuries,  
 Who heretofore have wrong'd thy *Liberties*.  
 And, do not this in policy (altho  
 The times now prefent may require it fo :)  
 But, fo forgive, as by the God of heaven  
 Thou doft defire thy fins may be forgiven :  
 For, by thy faults, difhonor'd more is he,  
 Then thou by theirs that have offended thee.  
 And if to them thou true compaffion showeft,  
 God will not urge, perhaps, the debt thou oweft.  
 Of *Reformation* thou doft fhow great zeale ;  
 But, fome corruption maift thou not conceale  
 That mars the bleffing ? Art thou fure thou haft  
 No juft occaſion given to diftaft

V 2

Thy

Thy *King*? Doe thy *complainings* all, intend  
 The publike welfare, without private end?  
 And, in preferring them, didst thou commit  
 No errors; nor no decencies forget?  
 I will not say thou didst; but I do feare,  
 That they who wisest are, in some things erre.

Forgive me thou high Court of *Parliament*,  
 If I shall utter what will discontent  
 Thy disunited members, who have sate  
 In former times, grave matters to debate.  
 For, though I will not arrogate the wit  
 To teach so great a *Counsell* what is fit;  
 Nor censure any *Act* which thou hast done,  
 When all thy parts have joynd been in one.  
 Yet I will take upon me to reprove  
 Their private errors who in courtes move  
 Repugnant to thy *Iustice*; and oft be  
 The cause of much dishonor unto thee.  
 For, none (thogh thou art wife) can wrōg thee ought  
 To think, that thou hast members may be taught.  
 And, as in pitched *Battels*, when by-standers  
 Do apprehend mistakings in *Commanders*,  
 (As oft they do) 'twere better they should say  
 What they observe, then let them lose the day:  
 So also (though I may be thought too bold)  
 'Twere fitter my experience should be told,  
 Then that a publike mischief should ensue,  
 And I, in times to come, my silence rue.  
 For, some (no doubt) will well approve the same,  
 Though other some will think I was to blame:  
 Yea, that which I will speak shall help, perchance,  
 (In times to come) thine honour to advance:  
 For, I will speak no more then what is due,  
 And, what my Conscience bids my Pen to shew.

Thou

Thou art an honor'd *Counsell* : but upon thee  
 Such blots are cast, and so much wrong is done thee,  
 (By some, who scarcely nat'rall members be)  
 That, as this *Kingdome* represents in thee  
 Her *Body* ; so, thou dost become likewise  
 A representment of her *Vanities*.  
 Yea, when at first, to *be*, thou dost begin,  
 Thou art conceived, and made up in sin.  
 For, to thy *House of Commons*, whither none  
 Thou shouldst admit, excepting, such a one  
 Whose life or knowledge that respect may draw,  
 Which doth become the *Maker of a Law* ;  
 Too oft elected are, in stead of those,  
 The rich, and them that make the greatest shoves  
 Of youthfull gallantry ; and, otherwhile,  
 The very't humorists of all this *Ile*.

When choice was of thy *Members* to be made,  
 Their entrances, but little signe have had  
 Of prosperous ends : for, they that should have past  
 A free *election*, have their voices cast  
 By force, constraint, or for some by-respect,  
 On those, whom others, for their ends elect.

There be in Court, and bordring round about  
 Thy *Burroughs*, many wiser men, no doubt,  
 Then some that in *Elections* have their voice ;  
 And, by their ayd, there is sometime a choice  
 Of good and able men : yet, best it were,  
 That all men left to their just freedoms were.  
 For, they to whom the *Providence* of heaven,  
 The right of chusing *Burgeffes* hath given ;  
 Are also by that *providence* (how wise  
 Or foolish e're they seeme in others eyes)  
 In making of their choices so directed,  
 As best may serve to make his *will* effected.

V 3

And,

And, though the fame shall juſt as well be done  
By meanes of them who lawleſſe courſes run,  
Yet, not for their advantage, to the beſt,  
Who from their proper *motions* ſuch things wreſt.

Why did the King from his *Prerogative*,  
To any place a priviledge derive,  
But, that they might enjoy them? And, I pray,  
What conſcience tyes the People to obey  
Thoſe *Lawes* or *Acts*, in *Parlament* concluded,  
By thoſe that have by force or fraud intruded?

What reaſon is it that a ſtranger ſhould  
Entreat me to commit my beſt *Freehold*,  
To be diſpoſ'd of, by ſome one, whom he  
Shall (for I know not what) commend to me?  
What man but he that modeſty doth want,  
Can be ſo impudently arrogant,  
To ſue by friends, or letters, place to take  
In ſuch a *Counſell*? yea, and *Lawes* to make?  
As if, becauſe he hath a little pelfe,  
He therefore might ſome *Solon* think himſelfe,  
Or ſome *Licurgus*? Or, as if he thought  
The *Common-wealth* would ſurely come to nought,  
Vnleſſe his knowledge, or his vertues, were  
Eleſted, to be exerciſed there.

Whereas (God knowes) too many do aſpire  
To ſuch employments, either through deſire  
To ſhew their wits; to gaine ſome vaine repute,  
Themſelves, or friends to further in ſome ſute;  
To keep off Creditors; or elſe, perchance,  
To entertaine their curious ignorance  
With myſteries of *State*. Beleeve it, thoſe  
Whoſe modeſty forbids them to expoſe  
Themſelves to be eleſted, I think far  
More apt for ſuch employments then they are

That

That seeke them : and 'tis fittest that in all  
 Such places, men should sit till they do call  
 (Of their owne will) to whom the choice pertaines.  
 For, thofe God fends ; and unto them he daignes  
 Fit graces for the worke. The other, haft  
 (Mov'd by their owne ambition) to be plac'd  
 In that great *Counsell*, with a mind corrupt ;  
 Which doth dishonor oft, and interrupt  
 Their best proceedings. And from hence it is,  
 So many things among us are amiffe.  
 Hence is it, so much time is spent about  
 The searching of undue *elections* out.  
 Hence is it, that in stead of persons grave,  
 Such numbers of our *Burgeffes* we have  
 In thofe *Assemblies*, who come ruffling in  
 With habits which have far more fitting bin  
 For *Theaters* ; then for the reverent  
 And sacred prefence of a *Parliament*.  
 Thence is it that so many *Children* are  
 Elected to have place and voices there ;  
 Yea, chosen *Counsellers*, when hardly past  
 Their *Tutors* rod : beleeve me, this is haft.

Although it might excused be, if some  
 Youngmen should thither for experience come :  
 It is not tollerable, nathelesse,  
 That many should admitted be : much lesse  
 Thofe *nonage Youths*, to whom our Lawes deny  
 A pow'r in things that smaller trust imply.

Hence is it that sometime the very noifes  
 Arising from the multitude of *voices*,  
 Foiles *Reason*. This maintaineth also *factions*,  
 And makes in plainest matters great distractions.  
 This, to thofe meetings much disturbance brings,  
 And doth occasion many foolish things.

V 4

Thence

Thence is it, also, we admit of those,  
In making *Lawes*, who either do oppose  
Proceedings legall ; or, protections give  
To them that in contempt as *Outlawes* live.

I hold it not amisse, that they who spend  
Their time the publike bus'nesse to attend,  
Should have their servants from arrestings free,  
Whilst they themselves in those employments be ;  
Nor is it worthy blame, if they protect  
Poore Debtors, who endeavoring to effect  
Their Creditors contents (as they are able)  
And using time (in courses warrantable)  
For such a purpose ; or else to prefer  
Complaints against some vile extortioner :  
Or to such ends. But, when they doe by dozens  
(To ev'ry *prodigall*, that cheats and cozens)  
Vouchsafe *protections* : yea, to those that are  
Meere strangers too, it worth reproving were :  
And, them who do it, I suppose unfit  
In places of *Lawgivers* there to fit.

Moreover, an *Election* out of order,  
Doth other inconvenient matters further,  
Not mention'd yet. The party that is chose  
By fuit, or ill-got favour, feldome goes  
Against his *Chusers*, if it chance that ought  
In opposition unto them be brought :  
Whereas, in such a case, each man is bound  
To be as if new risen from the ground.  
He should not know his father, nor the son  
Of his owne body : no nor any one  
Of all his neere acquaintance, or his kin ;  
Nor any that his friend or foe hath bin.  
But, fixe his eye upon the cause alone,  
And, do as that requireth to be done.

Had



Had this beene practif'd, many a good conclusion  
 Had follow'd more then did. Yea, much confusion,  
 Much needlesse coft and pains, had beene prevented ;  
 And, many had not gone fo discontented (grieved,  
 To their owne homes, when they with hearts o're-  
 Befought the *Parliament*, to be relieved.

For, if their caufes (which but right had bin)  
 Their trials had receiv'd, as they came in ;  
 If no man might, by favour of a friend,  
 Prefer new fuits, before all thofe have end  
 Which entred are before ; poore *Suiters* might  
 Have hope of fooner compaffing their right.  
 Yea, fpare much coft, and many months attending,  
 To bring their endleffe buf'neffe to an ending.  
 For then, what day, or week, or month, at leaft,  
 They fhould be heard, it partly might be gueft.

But private friendship showne at fuch a feafon,  
 To work meere private ends, oppofeth reafon.  
 It doth put off and on ; and fo employ  
 One friend, anothers friendship to deftroy,  
 (And, fo delayeth him in his juft fuit,  
 Who is of fuch acquaintance deftitute)  
 That, many a one whose caufe deferv'd regard,  
 Is quite undone, before he can be heard.

For, to attend three *Sessions* in a row,  
 With *Lawyers* often feed, the caufe to fhew,  
 (Perhaps a hundred miles, or two, from home,  
 With witneffes which on his charge do come  
 As far as he) may make a rich man poore,  
 And homeward, begge his bread from doore to doore.

There alfo were (and they who came unfent,  
 Are likely to be they that now are meant)  
 Vnwife and undifcreet ones, mixt among  
 Our *Parliaments*, who did thofe meetings wrong,

V 5

By

By controverting of religion there,  
 And moving questions that improper are  
 To that *Assembly*. For, there is provided  
 A *Synode*, wherein ought to be decided  
 Such matters; and what they determine shall,  
 The *Parliament* may ratifie; and call,  
 And censure those who either shall proceed  
 To crosse or vilifie what is decreed.

But, we may blush to see, how much amisse  
 Some stretch the Parliamentall pow'r in this.  
 How, they do cause the weake offence to take;  
 And say our *Parliaments Religions* make;  
 How much the due proceedings hindred are,  
 By spending time in such like matters, there,  
 To that high *Courts* disturbance; and how much  
 The *Common-wealth* is damnif'd by such  
 Impertinent and over-busie wits,  
 Who know not what the *Parliament* befits,  
 And what the *Synod*. But, mistake not me,  
 I doe not thinke the *Parliament* should be  
 Restrained so, as not to shew her care  
 That true *Religion* be maintained here.  
 Far be it from my heart: I wish they should  
 Religion to their utmost pow'r uphold:  
 But my desire is also, that they further  
 The *Church* affaires, in their owne place and order:  
 And that they would be pleas'd (as hitherto  
 They gravely were accustomed to doe)  
 To check their busie *Novices*, who breed  
 Much scandall, when unwisely they proceed.

For, though some threaten fearfull things to those  
 Who dare a Parliamentall pow'r enclose  
 Within a *Bound*: yea, though some talking things  
 Prate, as if they might make and unmake *Kings*;  
 Coine

Coin new Religions ; yea, and Gods, for need ;  
 Yet, I shall never entertaine their creed,  
 Nor feare, when good occasion I have got,  
 To say what may be done, or what may not.  
 For, they who make that pow'r or more or lesse  
 Then ought to be, doe equally transgresse.

This, many *Members*, at some former sitting,  
 Not heeding, or else overmuch forgetting,  
 Have scandaliz'd that Meeting ; and made bold  
 To run a great way further then they should  
 In their discourse (if not when they have fate,  
 Where they did matters publicly debate.

Yea, 'tis the property of most of those,  
 Who by their owne procurement have beene chose  
 For *Knights* or *Burgeffes*, to stand it out  
 More boldly and more obstinately stout,  
 For some fond custome, then for what befitteth  
 His *Iustice* who in such a *Counsell* sitteth.

Of these they be, whose indiscretions bring  
 So many discontentments to the King,  
 Through want of more experience, or sound reason ;  
 Or by their urging matters out of season :  
 And, such as these you easily may know  
 From wiser men. For, thus themselves they show.

If while a *Session* lasteth you shall chance  
 To meet them, where themselves they do advance  
 In some discourse ; assure your selves ye may,  
 By their perpetuall tatling, which are they.  
 For, they ingrosse the talke, where e're they come,  
 And speak, as if their lips nought flowed from  
 But *Apothegmes* ; or as if each cause  
 They undertook, should passe amongst the *Lawes* :  
 And, what another sayes they'll so condemne.  
 As if a whole *Committee* spake in them.

In

In my poore judgement it doth much concerne  
 Our *Parliaments*, that those their members learne  
 More silence ; for, no sooner come they out,  
 But ev'rywhere they prate, and spread about  
 The secrets of the *House* ; and blast them so  
 By their rank breathings, e're they ripe can grow,  
 That oft they perish, or are shaken from  
 The tree, before the gathering time is come.

In this, our *Peeres* I have not quite excused ;  
 Nor said, that no ill customes they have used  
 In this great Meeting : For, the best have some  
 Blameworthy things (no doubt) if all should come  
 To bide the censure : and, among the rest,  
 The voice by *Proxi*, hold I not the least.  
 For, unto me, it doth unfit appeare,  
 To give my voice, untill the cause I heare.

Who knowes the hearts of other men so well,  
 Or, of their judgements, who the depth can tell,  
 So punctually, that (whatsoever shall  
 Proposed be) he trust them should in all ?  
 Our owne affaires (though wisdom sayeth nay)  
 To other men we absolutely may  
 Refer to be determin'd on : but, that  
 Which doth concerne the generall estate,  
 It were injustice, and a thing unfit,  
 To others, at adventure, to commit.  
 For, most *Self-lovers* are ; and we do know,  
 That many publike injuries may flow  
 From this one root ; I will not say they do,  
 Although I think I might affirme that too.

This *Custome* seemeth ancient : and (if told  
 The truth may be) as evill as tis old :  
 And, from what cause so'ere it first did flow,  
 It was not from the first beginning so.

Nor

Nor, should old *presidents* (growne out of season)  
Be follow'd, for their age, by men of reason :  
Nor will this custome last, perchance, when they  
Who may remove it, well the same shall weigh.  
For, I perceive it useful to no end,  
But indirec't proceedings to befriend.  
And, they whose courses are most indirec't,  
Are they that will such *Customes* most protect.

If this, and other errors yet unnamed,  
Had well beene heeded : some had more bin blamed,  
Some lesse, some highly praised, who have seem'd  
Vnactive *Members*, and been disesteemed.  
Yea, thou hast felt most grievances amended  
E're this ; and many troubles had beene ended.

But now (what faults foe're concurring be  
In others) those defects that were in thee  
Oh ! *England*, were sufficient to procure  
Those perturbations thou dost yet endure.

Thy over-soone forgetfulness of that  
Great *Pesilence*, afflicting thee of late ;  
Thy thanklessness for Gods admired ceasing  
That strong contagion ; and the new increasing  
Of thy transgressions, since his mercy daigned ;  
Deserveth more then thou hast yet sustained.  
Yea, that which thou wert overseene in there,  
Where thy *Affsemblies* congregated were  
To rectifie thy selfe ; ev'n that, alas !  
Sufficient to deserve these troubles was.

And therefore, whensoever thy *Sovereigne* shall  
Be pleas'd for thy helpe againe to call  
In such a publike Meeting ; let, in God,  
Thy *Knights* and *Burgeesses* (now spread abroad)  
Collected be : and, let not any from  
Thy *Burroughes*, by undue election come.

Let

Let Lords and Ladies letters, to such ends  
Move none ; but, only, witnesse who are friends  
To base corruption. Let their suits be scorn'd,  
And, no respect unto them be return'd.

Let ev'ry one of those that shall be sent  
To represent thy *Body* ; represent  
Thy true repentance. Let them lay aside  
Prejudicate opinions, faction, pride ;  
And (to their utmost) in themselves restrain,  
All those enormities which they retain :  
That, setting to their owne desires, a law,  
They may the more enabled be to draw  
A *Rule* for others. Let all they that come  
To serve the *Publike*, leave such thoughts at home  
As meerly private are : for, in them lurks  
An enmitie to all good publike works.

Let none propose in such a *Congregation*,  
What is not first prepar'd by consultation,  
For otherwhile, their precious hours are spent  
About a needlesse trifling argument :  
And, oft, from matters of least moment spring  
Those disagreeings which great harme do bring.

What their forefathers unto them did leave,  
Let them not suffer any to bereave  
Their children of. For, they may that deny  
Ev'n to their King ; provided, loyally  
They do it, in resisting his demands  
By legall *Pleadings* ; not by force of hands.

It is as *Naboths* Vineyard ; and, to live  
He merits not, who doth repine to give  
His life to save it : yea, accurst is he  
That would not zealous in those causes be.

Let them, therefore, their ancient rights maintain,  
By all just means : and let them yeeld againe,

The

The royall dues. For, those things prosper not,  
Which are, anisse, from *God*, or *Cesar* got.  
All wrongs shall be revenged : but none brings  
Such vengeance, as the wrong to God, and Kings.  
If but in word alone (nay, but in thought)  
We have against our *Prince* committed ought  
Which is disloyall, hid it shall not lye,  
But, be revealed by a *winged spy*.

Let therefore, all just freedoms of the Land,  
That can be proved, forth in publike stand ;  
And not in old Records (halfe smother'd lye)  
In danger to be lost by casualty ;  
Or else embezel'd ; or, by wormes and dust  
To be devoured ; or, by those we trust.  
Let us not whisper them, as men that feare  
The claiming of their due, high treason were.  
Nor let us (as we doe) in corners prate,  
As if the *Sov'raigne* power, or the *State*  
Encroacht injuriously ; and so defame  
The government : disgrace the royall *Name* ;  
And nourish, by degrees, an evill spirit,  
That us of all our peace will disinherit.  
But, let us, if we see our ancient right  
Infringed ; bring our grievances to light,  
Speak loyally, and orderly, and plaine,  
Those things which for our owne we can maintaine :  
So, Kings the truth perceiving ; and their ends  
Who did abuse their trust, will make amends  
For all our sufferings : give our foes their doome ;  
And make us more secure for times to come.

But, bring not, when ye come to plead with Kings,  
(Against their claimes) some bare conjecturings :  
For, what thou hast no certaine evidence  
To be thy right : the right is in the *Prince*.

It

It is a royalty, to Monarks due,  
 But, if for any *Freedome* ye can shew  
 A *Law* enacted; or a *Custome* old,  
 Or *Presidents*, that have not beene controld  
 (As often as produced) ye may lay  
 Your claime; and keep it, ev'ry lawfull way.  
 Each *President*, and every *Demand*  
 Which doth from time to time opposed stand,  
 Concludeth nothing. This, let each man heed,  
 And with a conscionable awe proceed  
 In such affaires. Let pure humility,  
 True piety, true love, and charity,  
 Be brought along. And, when all these ye bring,  
 Then goe with loyalty and meet your King,  
 In his and your affaires without mistrust:  
 And then (as certainly as God is just)  
 In ev'ry due request ye shall prevaile,  
 Or, gaine some great advantage, if ye faile.

Desire of God to teach and guide you so,  
 That in this narrow path you straight may go.  
 If you would have a King be just to you,  
 Be ye upright, and to his honor true.  
 Yeeld first to him, in ev'ry fit demand,  
 And, long capitulating do not stand,  
 On what you may determinate with speed,  
 Because perhaps, delay may danger breed.  
 Afford him his requests, unto your pow'rs;  
 Be his the fault, if he denieth yours;  
 Or if miscounsell'd he shall require  
 What shall his weale oppugne, or your desire.

Goe cast yourselves before him with submiffion;  
 Present him with petition on petition.  
 With one accord, and with a fearlesse face,  
 Informe him how much hindrance, or disgrace,

Or



Or danger to the Land there may accrue,  
 If He your loyal counsell shall eschew.  
 For, God because his lawes we disobey,  
 Vs at our *Soveraignes* feet doth mean to lay,  
 To humble us awhile. If we repent,  
 To all our loyall suits he will assent :  
 If otherwise ; God will give up this Land,  
 Our lives and freedoms all into his hand.

Go offer, while to offer you are free ;  
 And what you give him, shall *peace-offrings* be ;  
 If that for which atonement you provide,  
 With love and penitence be sanctifide.  
 The world against our State doth now conspire  
 Intestine dangers, also, doe require  
 That we in concord should united be,  
 And to supply the Kingdomes wants agree.  
 Left while we strive, and fondly froward grow,  
 We be surpris'd by our common foe.  
 Vnwife is he that in a dangerous place  
 Doth stay to wash a spot out of his face,  
 When *Outlawes* he approaching heares, that may  
 His body wound, or take his head away.

If I should heare a Lyon neare me roare,  
 I'de arme myfelfe, though I with wounds were fore,  
 And what I had not leasure then to cure,  
 Would seeke to heale, when I of life were sure.  
 In times of trouble all must look for crosses ;  
 And they must beare, who cannot shift their losses.  
 There may be smart by what we suffer shall ;  
 But, better smart, then not to be at all.  
 When I do think a blow my head may harme,  
 I'll ward it off although it break mine arme ;  
 For, though my arme be lost, yet I may live ;  
 But, on my head, a blow my death may give.

I

I am not so besotted, as to think,  
 We ought to give the wanton pallat drink,  
 Vntill the head be giddy, (lest it may  
 Bring all the body headlong to decay)  
 Nor praise I them that are so over-wise,  
 To spare what shall be needfull to suffice  
 The gen'rall want (although to needlesse ends,  
 Some private hand, the publike wealth dispende)  
 This, only, is the scope of my petition,  
 That all be done with love, and with discretion.

For, we must understand, that many things  
 Which are not just in us, are just in Kings;  
 And, that it is a kind of trait'roufnesse,  
 To give them more then due, as well as lesse.

They, who deny the King free pow'r to do  
 What his Republikes weale conduceth to,  
 Because some *Law* gainfayes; ev'n those deprive  
 Their Sov'raigne of a due prerogative;  
 Since, for the common good, it just may be,  
 That some injustice may be done to me,  
 Or any few. Moreover, men that say  
 Kings may do more, then of true right they may,  
 And that no law doth bound them; make a King  
 And him that is a Tyrant, all one thing.  
 In my opinion, these men are like those  
 Who in sweet meats, a poison do enclose  
 That kills a twelvemonths after. 'Tis as tho  
 We should affirme, that God may evill do  
 If so he please. It is a needlesse pow'r  
 That serves for nothing, but to help devoure  
 The owner. Yea, it is as if we should  
 Prepare our friend all instruments we could,  
 Wherewith if he should sick, or foolish grow,  
 He might have meanes himselfe to overthrow.

And

And they who to themselves this pow'r do take,  
 Do filken halters, and gilt ponyards make  
 For their owne throats : or, *Nero*-like to kill  
 Themselves, with poisons, golden viols fill.  
 For, though a righteous King will never stray  
 From what is just (though none with-hold him may)  
 Because he to himselfe becomes a *Law* ;  
 Yet, vicious Princes, thence, occasion draw  
 To perpetrate that *Act* which them deprives,  
 Of kingdomes, lives, and all prerogatives.  
 And they that were as wise as *Solomon*,  
 Or as vpright as *David*, being gone,  
 May leave a son or grandchild, as did they  
 Whose wilfulnesse shall cast ten Tribes away.  
 And, then, their trait'rous counsell curse he will,  
 Who told him, he had pow'r of doing ill.

For, though such Counsellors may think they doe  
 Their Sov'raignes honor, and much pleasure too,  
 In over-straining their *Prerogatives* ;  
 Yet are they to their *Honor*, *States*, and *Lives*,  
 Egregious traitors ; since a plot they lay,  
 Whereby their Princes shall themselves betray  
 To their owne follies (if they vicious grow)  
 Yea, by this meanes they lend a poif'ned blow  
 To *King*, and *Realme* ; which while the traitors live,  
 Will ease to some *Impostume* seeme to give,  
 Or cure a wart, upon the body bred,  
 And, fester to the heart when they are dead.

Abhor ye these ; and do not favour those  
 That would their King more narrowly enclose  
 Then shall be honorable, or besits  
 His Majesty that as God's *Viceroy* fits.  
 When he compelled by necessities,  
 Requireth of his people due supplies.

They

They must be had : although some oversight,  
Forepast, may make it seeme to wrong the right  
And freedoms of the *Land* We are not bound  
To keep a *Priviledge*, that shall confound  
Both us and all our *Liberties*. They have  
No blame, that yeeld up what they cannot save  
Without a greater losse : nay, wise is he  
That serves one day, to be for ever free.

Your *Wisdomes* may, at ease, a course invent  
To please the *King*, yet make no *president*  
To future times, from whence there shall arise  
Infringement of our lawfull *Liberties* ;  
Or to our Cause reproach : and, to be taught  
You need not, if together you were brought,  
According to the freedom of election :  
For, no man then would neede my poore direction.  
But, there shall still be some that will intrude,  
And I for their instruction, am thus rude.

Some cry, *The Land is poore, and cannot give*.  
Tis poore indeed : and yet I do beleeve  
Few Kingdomes are so rich. Tis poore become,  
Respecting that innumerable sum  
Of our arrear'd *Repentance*, yet unpaid.  
Tis poore, if all our vertue should be weigh'd  
With what is wanting : or, if we compare  
Our *Worthies*, living now, with such as were.  
Tis poore, if we on those reflect our eyes,  
On whom the labour of this *Kingdome* lies :  
Those people, whom our great and wealthy ones  
Have rackt, oppress'd, and eaten to the bones,  
To fatten and adorne their carkasses ;  
The Land (I must confesse) is poore in these.  
Nay, if we should consider, what a rate  
The richer sort among us liveth at ;

How

How many needlesse wayes they do enlarge  
(Without all temperance) their yearly charge :  
And how each one his humour to enjoy,  
Doth emulate his friend in ev'ry toy.

Or, were it heeded well, how out of measure  
Some wast their fortunes on a wicked pleasure ;  
Ev'n (otherwhile) for that which for a bubble  
Of *Mirth*, doth bring them halfe an ages trouble :  
Or, were it well observ'd what beggeries,  
What shifts, what basenesse, what necessities,  
This brings on those that richest men are thought :  
What costly suits and troubles it hath brought ;  
And how indebted and ingag'd they stand  
To one another quite throughout the Land.  
These things, I say, consider'd, well we may  
Affirme this *Realme* is beggerly : and say  
The rich are poore. But, he this *Ile* belies  
Who taxeth it of other poverties.  
Yea, he or blinded is, or maketh lesse  
(To Gods dishonor) out of wilfulnesse,  
His matchlesse bounty. What one *Kingdome*, yeelds  
Through *Europe*, in barnes, granards, stalls, and fields,  
Of Cattell and of Corne, in ev'ry kind,  
More plenty, then among us, yet we find ?  
Where do their Gardens or their Orchards beare,  
More fruits, for food or physick then are here ?  
Our Sheep, fine wools enough afford us do,  
To cloath ourselves, and other nations too.  
And by their golden fleeces, bring in fums  
As large, as any that from *India* comes.  
Our Bees do gather honey from our flowers ;  
Our Meads are fruitfull by our Aprill showers.  
Within the *Land* rich *Minerals* do lie ;  
Our Ayre hath *Fowle*, in great variety.

In

In stately *Pallaces*, we doe abound ;  
With many *Townes*, our hills and dales are crown'd :  
In woods, and groves, this Kingdome hath excelled,  
(And some yet stand though most of thē are felled)  
Faire *Ports* we have, sweet Rivers, and the Seas  
Surrounding us ; and wealth comes in by these.  
Our fruitfull waters fish enough doth yeeld  
To feed us, though we had nor Grove, nor Field.  
Yea, did we riot lesse, and labour more,  
Our Fish alone, would feed us all at shore.

If yet, this *Kingdome* needy seeme to be,  
Goe looke upon her Cities, and there see  
And marke, their costly Piles, their precious wares,  
What choice, and store of rarities appears  
Within their *Magazines*. Observe their state ;  
Their clothes, their jewels, furniture and plate ;  
And tell me, if they doe not signifie  
That there is farre more Pride, then Poverty.  
Gold, silver, pearles and diamonds doe glare  
And glitter in your eye-sight, ev'ry where.  
Himselfe disgrac'd the meanest Cobler thinks,  
Vnlesse his Beere and Wine in Plate he drinkes,  
And eates in silver. Yea, the poorest ones  
Must of that mettall have their bowles or spoones :  
On every thing, almost, pure gold is spilt.  
The meanest instruments are hatcht, or gilt.  
Their *Servants*, in their garments are as gay,  
As if that all the weeke were *Holy day*.  
Their *Feastings* are abundant, and their pleasure,  
Maintained is not, with a little Treasure.

But, *Cities* are the *Treasuries* you'll say,  
Wherein the Kingdomes riches up we lay  
Survey the Country then, and tell me where  
The rusticke villages replenisht are

With

With such faire booties. Other Kingdomes have  
 Their Cities, peradventure rich and brave ;  
 But in their scattred Villages, we see  
 That few or none, save Peasants dwelling be,  
 Possessing nor good house, nor household stuffe,  
 Nor comely Clothes, nor wholesome food enough.  
 Our *Farmes* are stor'd with usefull implements  
 Enough to purchase all the tenements,  
 And Lands in many forraigne *Realms*, that are  
 As large as this our Country doth appeare.  
 Of yron, and of brasse enough have we  
 To buy their gold. Our pewter should not be  
 Exchanged for their silver ; if all were  
 Summ'd up, that's found with ev'ry Cottager :  
 Nay, there be many houses in this Land  
 That in remote obscurity doe stand,  
 Which to the Foe would yeeld a richer prize  
 Then many Townships which they might surprize  
 On other shores : And yet, some doe not shame  
 With poverty, this *Iland* to defame,  
 W A R threatens us ; and we of want complaine,  
 Not knowing how our safeties to maintaine :  
 Yet we doe nothing want that may conduce  
 In warre or peace, to serve a needfull use.  
 Armes, victualls, men, and money we have store ;  
 Yet, still, we falsely cry that we are poore.  
 We are so greedy, that we will not spare,  
 To save the hogge, one farthing worth of tarre.  
 Gods blessings we so long time have abused  
 That now we know not how they should be used.  
 Or else we thinke each other so unjust,  
 That no man knows with whom the meanes to trust.  
 Oh ! pray to God, to take away the cause  
 Of these distempers ; and to breake the *Maze*

In

In which we wander. For, like those we fare,  
Who sitting at a banquet, starved are.  
If we had peace with God, and could agree,  
This Kingdome which so needy seemes to be,  
Might with her superfluities maintaine  
Far greater armies, then the King of *Spaine*,  
With all his *Indies*. We might begger him,  
And make all those who feare him, to contemne  
His winning projects ; if we had but eyes  
To see and take the course that open lies.  
It is his gold encreasing his ambition,  
Which to the Christian world will bring perdition :  
And if prevention longer we delay,  
(Or if we do not find a better way  
Then yet is trod) the current of his pow'r  
Will grow so strong, that it will all devoure.  
For, where a streame runs broad, and swift, to stop  
His fury there, I see but little hope.  
Materials both for war and peace, must come  
To him from divers quarters ; for at home  
His Country yeelds him little. But the yeare  
As it renewes, with us, reneweth here  
Our food and rayment ; and though no supplies  
Come in, a staple of Commodities  
Our *Island* is, which both in war and peace  
Will still be in request, and still encrease.  
Let therefore those who on the *Continent*  
Doe feare him, use their utmost to prevent  
His greatnesse there ; and let our Sea-girt *Ile*  
(Forbearing on Land forces for a while,  
To spend their strength) intirely bend their pow'r,  
(As in preceding times) the Seas to scoure :  
For, with more profit, and a lesser charge,  
That shall our lost advantages enlarge,

And



And, make his *Armies*, which are now so strong,  
Draw back, decay, and mutiny e're long.

Were we resolv'd our course this way to bend,  
Of our *maine stock* we needed not to spend  
One moitie. For, halfe of what is lost,  
Within this Kingdome (fav'd) would quit that cost.  
Let all, according to the port they beare,  
Forbeare but one vaine Feast in ev'ry yeare :  
Let ev'ry household, for the publike wealth,  
(Which also would advance the bodies health)  
Fast but one meale aweek, and separate  
The price thereof, for service of the State :  
Or spare from their full boards of flesh or fish,  
The dressing or the sawce, but of one dish :  
Let us but lay one lace or gard the lesse  
Vpon our Clokes ; or save the costlinesse  
In our apparell, which we well might spare,  
Yet, no defect upon the same appeare :  
Let us reserve but halfe the tithe of those  
Expences, trifled out in games and shewes ;  
Which do not only needlesse charge encrease,  
But fill the kingdome full of idlenesse :  
Of these, and many other such expences,  
(Which wast our wealth, and multiply offences)  
If we but part would give ; perhaps, that cost  
Would save our lives, and all, from being lost.

*Tobacco* (which the age that went before,  
Nor knew, nor needed) doth expend us more  
Then would maintaine an army ; for few think  
How much there is consum'd in smoke and stink.

*Pride* is so costly, that if ev'ry *Girl*  
Should give the worth but of one lace or purle,  
Which trims her Croffecloth, it would failes provide  
For halfe the ships which now at *Plimouth* ride.

X

Had

Had we but ev'ry forfeiture that's due,  
 From those of our notorious drunken crue ;  
 Or, if the value were together got,  
 Although but of their twentieth needlesse pot,  
 I am perswaded it affote would set  
 A greater Fleet then we have armed yet.

The very *Oaths* which we may daily heare,  
 (The men, the women, and the children sweare)  
 If thundred forth together ; would rore louder,  
 Then all our Cannons : and great shot and powder,  
 Much more then would at sea and land suffice,  
 Might purchast be, by halfe the penalties  
 Which might be justly taken ; if we had  
 Regard to execute the *Laws* we made.

God grant that of his honor, and of what  
 Concernes the gen'rall safaty of the State,  
 We may more zealous grow ; and that some course  
 May stop that mischief, which yet waxeth worse.  
 And that from this, or from some better light,  
 The meanes of reformation take we might :  
 Of which I hopefull am, and that e're long,  
 Our *Commonwealth* shall sing a sweeter song.

When such a time I see, I shall be sure  
 These Lines, oh ! *England*, will thy love procure ;  
 And, I who for thy weale this paines bestow,  
 Shall find more favour then I look for now :  
 Yea, then shall I, that yet have beene despis'd,  
 Bewailed dye ; or, live much better priz'd.  
 But not till then : Nor shall I live to view  
 Thy sorrowes ended, if thou doe not rue  
 Thy sins with speed. Oh ! therefore, speedy be  
 To turne to God, that he may turne to thee.  
 Befeech him, *England*, to unclothe thine eyes,  
 And let thee see in what thy sicknesse lies.

Emplore

Employe thou him to mollifie thy heart,  
 Thy Children from their follies to divert,  
 And, break those chaines of ignorance and sin,  
 Which at this present thou ly'st fettered in.  
 Endeavor to be friends with God againe :  
 And, he will all thy furious foes restraine.  
 Thy faulty members, who doe now disturb  
 Thy peace ; he either will remove or curb.  
 Those *Graces* thou perceivedst heretofore  
 Adorne thy *Souveraigne*, shall be hid no more  
 By those darke fogs which from thy sins do rise,  
 For, God will take the skales from off thine eyes.  
 On thee, his countenance againe shall shine ;  
 That thou maist laud him in a Song divine :  
 And, they who now lament thy sad estate,  
 In *Hymnes* of joy shall praise thy happy *Fate*.

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### The eighth *Canto*.

*Our Poet having toucht againe*  
*What frailties in himselfe remaine,*  
*Declares, that many Plagues doe steale,*  
*As well on Church, as Commonweale :*  
*Relates what crotchets doe possesse*  
*Some, who Religiousnesse professe :*  
*What noysome plants, what tares, and weeds,*  
*Are sprung, to choake the holy seeds :*  
*What fained zeale, and affectation,*  
*Hath fool'd this formall Generation :*  
*And, how from some, great scandall growes,*  
*Who beare the keyes, that bind and loose.*  
*Next, he delivereth Predictions*  
*Of plagues, of sorrowes, and afflictions,*  
*Which on this Iland will descend,*

X 2

Vnlesse

*Vnlesse our manners we amend,  
 And, whensoever civill jars,  
 Or mischiefes, by the rage of wars,  
 Oppresse this Realme; his Muse doth show,  
 Who shall occasion it; and how,  
 Which fearfull Iudgement to prevent,  
 He calls upon her to repent :  
 By ten apparant signes, hath showne,  
 Gods patience nigh expir'd is growne :  
 Then, for the Publike-weale, he prays :  
 Then, for himselfe ; and, there he stayer.*

**I** Doe not wonder, as I erst have done,  
 That when the Prophet *Jonas* should have gone  
 To *Niniveh*, Gods word he disobey'd,  
 And would himselfe to *Tharsus* have convey'd :  
 For, I have now a sense how flesh and blood  
 The motions of the *Holy Ghost* withstood,  
 And feele (me thinks) how many a likely doubt  
 The Devill, and his frailty, found him out.

He was a man (though he a *Prophet* were)  
 In whom no little weaknesse did appeare :  
 And, thus he thought, perchance, *What shall I doe ?*  
*A strange attempt my heart is urged to :*  
*And, there is somewhat, earnestly incites*  
*That I should hasten to the Ninivites,*  
*And, preach, that if they alter not their wayes,*  
*Their time of standing, is but forty dayes,*

*My soule perswadeth God injoynes me to it ;*  
*And, sleepe in peace, I cannot, till I doe it :*  
*But common Reason striveth to restraine*  
*This motion, and perswades me tis in vaine.*  
*It saith, I am a sinner, and so fraile,*  
*That, many times, my best endeavors faile*

To

*To rectifie my selfe. How shall I then  
Be hopefull of reclaiming other men ?*

*To Iſr'el I have threatned many yeares  
Gods judgements : yet, no fruit thereof appeareſſ  
Although they have ſome knowledge of the Lord,  
And are within his League, they ſleight his word :  
What hope then is there, that a heathen Nation  
Will prove regardfull of my exhortation ?  
The ſtile of Prophet, in this land I cary,  
And ſuch a Calling, here, is ordinary ;  
But, in a forraigne State, what warrantie  
Have I, to publiſh ſuch a Prophſie ?  
How may the King and People take the ſame,  
If I ſhall in the open ſtreets deſame  
So great a City ? and, condemne for ſin,  
A place wherein I never yet have bin ?*

*If I ſhall ſay, the Lord commanded me :  
Then, they perhaps, will answer : What is he ?  
For, they profeſſe him not. Nay, ſome ſuſpition  
They may conceive, that I to move ſedition  
Am ſent among them. Or, if otherwiſe  
They ſhall ſuppoſe ; how can they but deſpiſe  
My perſon, and my counſell, who ſhall from  
So far a place, ſo meere a ſtranger come,  
That no man knowes, or what, or who I am,  
Or, from what Country, or from whom I come ?*

*Such thoughts (belike) delay'd, and fear'd him ſo ;  
And, ſo the Spirit urg'd him ſtill to go  
For Niniveh ; that nor to goe, nor ſtay,  
Could he reſolve ; but, fled another way.  
From which rebellious courſe, God fetcht him back  
With ſuch a vengeance, that he did not lack  
Sufficient proofes, how Reaſon did betray him,  
And, in his Calling, cauſleſſly affray him.*

X 3

Yea,

Yea (mark heav'ns providence) though *Jonas* went  
 Another way, it crost not God's intent,  
 But furthred it. For, doubtlesse, e're he came  
 To *Niniveh*, the miracle and fame  
 Of his *Deliverance*, was sent before ;  
 And, made his preaching worke on them the more.

Now, though I doe nor arrogate, nor dare  
 My selfe (except in frailties) to compare  
 With blessed *Jonas* : yet, I may be bold  
 To say, our *Causés* a resemblance hold.  
 My heart (and when that moves, as one averres,  
 It more prevailes then many Counsellers)  
 My heart (I say) perswaded me e'rewhile  
 To reade a warning Lecture to this *Ile*.  
 And in such manner moved ; that, to say  
 It came from God, methinks, be bold I may.  
 Yet, my owne nat'rall frailty, and the world,  
 Among my thoughts so many doubtings hurld,  
 That ev'ry step had rubs. I levell'd some  
 In my last *Canto*. Yet I could not come  
 To eaven ground, till I had overtopt  
 Some other Mountaines which my passage stopt.

Beware, said *Reason*, how thou undertake  
 This hazardous adventure, which to make  
 Thou hast resolv'd. For, this wise age denies  
 That God vouchsafed any *Prophecies*  
 Concerning them ; or, that the application  
 Of ought foretold, pertaineth to this Nation.  
 She faith, my *Conflancy* is no true signe  
 That God first moved this intent of mine ;  
 Since Hereticks, and Traytors, oft are seene  
 As bold in all their causes to have beene  
 As *Martyrs* be. And, that for what they doe,  
 They can pretend the holy Spirit too.

And

And she perfwades, tis likely I fhall paffe  
(At beft) for one that much deluded was.

She faves, moreover, that if thefe times be  
Indeed, fo wicked, as they feeme to me,  
I fhall in ftead of moving to repent,  
Nought elfe but fir their fury, and be rent  
Perhaps in pieces, by their hafty rage.  
For, what's more likely in a wicked age ?

When people in their fins grow hardned once,  
She faves I may as well go talke to ftones,  
As tell them ought. For, they are in the dark ;  
And, what they fee and heare, they do not mark.

She urged that the Prophets in old times  
Did fpeak in vaine againft the peoples crimes ;  
And if in them their words begat no faith,  
Much leffe with fuch as mine, my *Reason* faith.

She tells me alfo that this *Ile* hath flore  
Of *Prophets*, and of *Preachers* never more :  
She faves, that though their calling none fufpect,  
Their paines appeare to take but fmall effect :  
And, if fuch men authorized as they,  
Doe caft their words, without fucceffe, away ;  
In vaine my *Mufe* (whose warrant moft contemne)  
Doth feeke to work more piety in them.

A thoufand things unto the like effect ;  
Yea, all and more then any can object,  
(Who fhall perufe this Book) my *Reason* brought  
Before me, and objected to my thought.  
And, as a *Pilgrim* (who occafions hath  
To take fome extraordinary path)  
Arivall making at a double way,  
Is doubtfull whether to proceed or flay :  
So fared I ; I was nigh tired quite,  
Before I could be certaine of the right.

X 4

Yea,

Yea, twixt my doubts, and all those replies  
 Which in my meditations did arise;  
 I so amazed grew, I could not know  
 Which way it best befitted me to goe.  
 But, at the last, God brought me thorow all  
 My doubts and feares, as through the *Storm & Whale*,  
 Once *Jonas* came: That so, all they, who are  
 Ordained for their good, these Lines to heare,  
 The more may profit, when they think upon  
 What straits I passed, e're this work was done.  
 To that intent my frailties I have so  
 Insisted on, as in this book I do.  
 Yea, I am hopefull also, they that read  
 These lines of mine (and mark with how much heed  
 And Christian awfulnessse, my heart was won  
 To censure and reprove as I have done)  
 Will plainly see, these *Numbers* flow not from  
 Fantastick rashnesse; nor from envy come.  
 Nor spring from faction; neither were begot  
 By their distracted zeale, who (knowing not  
 What *Spirit* guides them) often are beguiled  
 With shewes of truth; and madly have reviled  
 Both good and ill; and whose unfavory *Rimes*  
 Defame mens persons more then check their crimes.  
 Dishonour Kings; their sacred names blaspheme;  
 And having gain'd some notions in a dreame,  
 Or by report (of what they know not well)  
 Desire their giddy thoughts abroad to tell:  
 In hope to merit: as in deed they doe,  
 Sometime the pillory, and gallowes too.  
 I trust, I say, these lines will feeme no such;  
 Or, if they doe, truth is I care not much,  
 Because I certaine am what pow'r infused  
 Those matters, whereupon I now have mized:

And



And know, that none will theſe or me condemne,  
But they whoſe rage and follies I contemne.

Yet, that they may be ſure I neither care  
Who cenſures me, nor what their cenſures are,  
(When honeſt things I doe) here, ſomewhat more  
I'll adde to what is mentioned before :

And give thee, *Britaine*, a more perfect fight  
Of thy diſtempers, and thy ſickly plight.

Yea, thou ſhalt know, I have not ſeene alone  
A bodily *Conſumption* ſtealing on,  
And waſting of thy *Temporalities* ; but, that  
I alſo have diſcovered of late,  
A *Lethargy* upon thy ſoule to ſteale :  
And that as well the *Church* as *Commonweale*  
Doth need a cure. Oh ! doe not quite neglect  
The good of both : but, one (at leaſt) reſpect.  
Though *Judahs* ſickneſſes unheeded be,  
(Although thy temporall wounds afflict not thee)  
Yet, looke on *Syon* : yea, behold and ſee  
Thy *Spiritualties*, how much empair'd they be.  
The *Churches* Patrimony is decay'd ;  
And many a one is in her ſpoiles araid :  
Thoſe *Patrons* (as we terme them in this age)  
Who of her Dowries have the patronage,  
Doe rob and cheat her, many times of all ;  
And, their *Donations* baſely ſet to ſale.

Thoſe *Cananites*, whom thou preſerveſt here,  
(And by thy lawes to be expelled were)  
Are in thy borders now ſo multiply'd,  
That they are thornes and thiſtles in thy ſide.  
They are become a *Serpent* in thy path,  
Which bites unſeene ; and nigh unhorſed hath  
Some able *Riders*. On thy *Places-high*  
Thy people doe commit Idolatry,

X 5

And

And reare strange *Altars*. In thy Fields are found  
 Those cunning harmfull *Foxes* to abound,  
 That spoile thy *Vines*. And, some I have espy'd,  
 Twixt whose opposed tales, are firebrands ty'd,  
 Which waste thy fruits. Thy *Harvest* seemeth faire ;  
 But secret blastings do foe much impaire  
 And blite the Corne ; that when it comes to bread,  
 Thy Children oft unwholfomly are fed.

Men use *Religion* as a stalking-horse  
 To catch preferment ; yea, sometime to worfe  
 And baser uses they employ the same :  
 Like that bold *Harlot*, who quite void of shame,  
 Did of her *Vowes*, and her *Peace-offrings* make  
 A Ginn, lascivious customers to take.  
 Yea, some (resembling him, from whom was cast  
 One Devill) when one sin they have displac't,  
 Of which the world took notice, sweep and clense  
 Themselves (in show) from all their other sins ;  
 Yet, secretly, let *Sathan* repoffesse,  
 And foule them with a seven-fold wickednesse.

An univerfall dulnesse will benum  
 Thy senses, if thou doe not soone become  
 More heedfull of thy state, then thou art yet :  
 For, ev'ry part hath felt an ague-fit.

Thy *Academs*, which are the famous places  
 In which all pious knowledges and graces  
 Should nourisht be ; and whence thy chiefe supply  
 Of *Teachers*, come, (as from a Nurfery)  
 Ev'n those faire *Fountaines* are much tainted grown,  
 With doctrines hardly found, which thence are blown  
 Through ev'ry quarter. In their *Schooles* are heard  
 Vaine jiggs and janglings, worthlesse of regard.  
 Their very *Pulpits*, and their *Oratories*,  
 Are Stages, whereupon their owne vainglories

Men

Men often act. Yea, many a vaine conceit,  
Is brought in stead of arguments of weight :  
And (which is worfe) disorder is fo rife  
Among them ; and the weeds of evill life  
Have fo o'regrowne thofe *Gardens*, that (unleffe  
Good government fhall speedily redrefse  
That fpreading mifchiefe) it will over top  
The plants of *Syon*, and deftroy her crop.

To be thy *Shepheards*, Wolves are ftolen in ;  
And, thou haft thofe who ev'n by day begin  
To fow their Tares among thy pureft Seed ;  
And, with mixt *Graines* thy Lands pollution breed.  
For hire, and money, propheties the *Prophet* :  
The *Prieft* doth preach, to make a living of it,  
Ev'n meerly for a living ; and, but few  
Their *holy-charge*, for confcience fake purfue :  
Which I by many fignes could make apparent,  
But that it is not yet within my *Warrant*.  
*Loquuntur Curæ leves* ; little *Cures*  
Doe make men preach, whilft poverty endures.  
*Ingentes ftupent* ; but, large livings make  
Our *Doctors* dumb : condemne not my miftake :  
For, though I doe the Latine fentence wrong,  
That's true I tell you in the *Engliſh* tongue.

Our Nation, which of late Prophaneneffe hated,  
Is in that fin almoſt *Italionated*.  
The *Scriptures* without reverence are ufed :  
The holy phraſe, in jeftings, is abuſed :  
To flout, or praife, or curſe, we can apply  
Gods holy word, moſt irreligiouſly :  
In ſtead of *Emblemes*, moving thoughts divine,  
The filthy pictures of lewd *Areune*,  
Are found in many Cloſſets. Fooliſh lies,  
Prophane and moſt laſcivious *Elegies*

Are

Are publike made. Yea, those whom heretofore  
 A heathen Emperour did so abhor,  
 That he, for them, their wanton *Author* sent  
 To undergoe perpetuall banishment :  
 Ev'n these we reade ; and worse than those, by far,  
 Allowed passe, and unreprieved are.  
 Nay, their vaine *Authors* often cherish'd be :  
 At least, they have the favour to goe free.  
 But, if a graver *Muse* reprove their sin,  
*Lord*, with what hasty zeale they call it in !  
 How libellous they make it ! and how vile,  
 Thou know'st ; and at their folly thou dost smile.

Full warily, the politick *Divine*,  
 (Who should allow it) scanneth ev'ry Line  
 Before it passe ; each phrase he doth suspect ;  
 Although he findeth nothing to be chekt,  
 He feares to Licence it. And if by chance  
 It passe abroad, forthwith doth ignorance  
 Mistake or misapply ; and false and bade  
 Construtions are, of good expressions made :  
 Yea, they who on the seats of *Judgement* sit,  
 Are oft, most ready to misценsure it.

I would they were as forward to disgrace  
 Those *Authors*, who have fill'd ev'ry place  
 With fruitlesse Volumes. For disperfed are  
 Ev'n quite throughout this *Island* ev'ry yeare,  
 Ev'n many thousand *Reames* of scurrile toyes,  
 Songs, Rymes and Ballads, whose vaine use destroyes  
 Or hinders Vertuous knowledge, and Devotion.  
 And this we doe to further the promotion  
 Of our *Diana*. Yet, behold, if we  
 To publish some few sheets required be,  
 Containing pious *Hymns*, or Christian *Songs*,  
 Or ought which to the praise of God belongs :

We

We doe so feare the hindrance of our gaine,  
That like th'*Ephesian* Silver-smiths, we faine  
A great complaint. As if to have enlarged  
A little Booke, had grievously o'recharged  
The Common-wealth. Whereas if it were weigh'd,  
How much of late this Land is overlaid  
With triviall Volumes: or, how much they doe  
Corrupt our *Manners*, and *Religion* too,  
By that abusive matter they containe;  
I should not seeme unjustly to complaine.  
These times do swarme with *Pamphlets* which be far  
More dangerous, then mortall poysons are  
Ev'n in those bookes, whereby the simple thought  
To find true knowledge, they their bane have caught:  
For, thence, strong *Heresies* (there being hid  
Amid some doubtlesse Truths, a while unspid)  
Steal out among the people, by degrees;  
More mischief working then each *Reader* sees.  
And, so, to ruine knowledge, that is made  
An instrument; whereby it raising had  
For (by their lucre, who the Churches peace  
Disturb, their private profit to increase)  
Those *Doctrines* which are unauthorized,  
Are so promiscuously divulg'd, and spread,  
Among approved *Vanities*; that some  
Are in those *Laborinths* amaz'd become:  
And, such a Contradiction is in that  
Which their Confused *Pamphlets* doe relate;  
That, Common Readers, know not which to leave,  
Nor, which the *Church of England* doth receive.  
And, from this mischief many others flow,  
Which will, in future times, more harmfull grow.  
This, spins vaine *Controversies* to their length;  
By this, most *Heresies* receive their strength.

And

And what distraction it already makes,  
 Our griev'd *Mother* wofull notice takes.  
 In stead of active knowledge, and her fruit ;  
 This filleth men with itchings of *dispute*,  
 And empty words ; whereby are set abroad  
 A thousand quarrells, to the *Truths* reproach.  
 The *Seſtaries*, the *Munkeyes*, and the *Apes*,  
 The *Cubs* and *Foxes*, which do mar our Grapes ;  
 The *Wolves* in sheep-skins, and our frantick rable  
 Of *Worſhip-mongers*, are innumerable.  
 And, as the *Churches* quiet they moleſt,  
 So they each other ſpightfully infeſt.  
 We have ſome *Papiſts* : ſome that halfe way goe :  
 Some *Semi-puritans* ; ſome, wholly ſo ;  
 Some *Anabaptiſts* ; ſome, who doe reſuſe  
 Black puddings ; and good porke, like arrant *Jewes* :  
 Some alſo term'd *Arminians* are among  
 Our *Prieſts* and *People*, very lately ſprung.  
 What moſt, ſo call'd, profeſſe, I ſtand not for :  
 And what ſome ſay they teach, I doe abhor.  
 But, what ſome other, ſo miſnam'd, beleeve,  
 Is that whereto beſt Chriſtians credit give.  
 For, as we ſee the moſt reformed man,  
 By *Libertines*, is term'd a *Puritan* :  
 So (by our publiſh'd *Formaliſts*) all thoſe  
 Who new fantaſtick crotchets doe oppoſe,  
 Begin to be miſ-term'd *Arminians* now.  
 And, hence e're long will greater miſchieves grow  
 Then moſt imagine. For, the fooliſh feare,  
 Left they to be *Arminians* may appeare,  
 Or elſe be termed *Puritans*, will make  
 Great multitudes *Religion* quite forſake.  
 And, I am half perſwaded, this will one  
 Of thoſe great *Schiſmes* (or earthquakes) cauſe which  
(John  
Fore-

Foretold in his *Apocalyps* ; and they  
Are blest, who shall not thereby fall away.  
Some *Brownists*, and some *Familists* have we ;  
And some, that no man can tell what they be ;  
Nor they themselves. Some, seeme so wondrous pure  
They no mens conversations can endure,  
Vnlesse they use their plaistrings ; and appeare  
In ev'ry formall garbe which they shall weare.  
There be of those, who in their words deny,  
And hate the practice of *Idolatry*,  
Yet make an *Idol* of their formall zeale,  
And underneath strict holinesse, conceale  
A mystery of evill, which deceives them,  
And, when they think all safe, in danger leaves them.  
Their whole *Religion*, some doe place in hearing :  
Some, in the outward action of *forbearing*  
Ill deeds ; or in *wel doing*, though the heart  
In that performance beare no reall part.  
Some others, of their morall actions make  
Small conscience : and, affirme that God doth take  
No notice how in body they transgresse,  
If him they in their inward man confesse :  
As if a foule beloved could reside  
Within a body quite un sanctified.

Some, not contented in the act of sin,  
Are growne so impudent, that they begin  
To justifie themselves in wickednesse ;  
Or, by quaint arguments, to make it lesse :  
And, by such Monsters, to such ends as this,  
The *Christian-liberty* defamed is.

Newfanglednesse, *Religion* hath o'rethrowne ;  
And, many as fantastickall are growne  
In that, as in apparell. Some, delight  
In nothing more then to be opposite

To

To other men : Their zeal they wholly spend  
 The present Government to reprehend ;  
 The Churches discipline to vilifie ;  
 And raile, at all, which pleads Antiquitie.

They love not peace : and therefore have fuspition  
 Of Truth it felfe, if out of perfecution :  
 And are fo thankeleffe, or fo heedleffe be  
 Of Gods great love, in giving fuch a free  
 And plenteous meanes of publishing his word,  
 That, what his Prophets of the *Iewes* record,  
 Some veresie in us. Much praife is given  
 To that blinde age, wherein the *Queene of heav'n*  
 Was worshipt here. And, fallſly, we extoll  
 Thoſe Dayes, as being much more plentifull.

Some, at the frequency of *Preaching* grutch,  
 And, tyred with it, thinke wee have too much :  
 Nay, impudently praſtice to ſuppreſſe  
 That Exercife, and make our plenty leſſe.  
 And, that their doings may not want ſome fayre  
 Or goodly coulour, they doe call for Pray'r,  
 In ſtead thereof ; as if we could not pray,  
 Vntill our *Preaching* we had ſent away.

As theſe are fooliſhly, or lewdly, wiſe ;  
 We have ſome others wantonly precise.  
 So waywardly diſpos'd, amidſt our plenty,  
 And through their curioſitie, ſo dainty ;  
 That, very many cannot well digeſt  
 The Bread of life, but in their manner dreſt.  
 Nor will Gods *Manna*, or that meaſure ſerve  
 Which he provides ; But, they cry out they ſtarve,  
 Vnleſſe they feed upon their owne opinions,  
 (VWhich are like *Egypt's* Garlicke and her Onions)  
 Some like not Prayer that's extemporary ;  
 Some love not any that ſet forme doth cary :

Some



Some thinke there's no devotion, but in those  
 That howle, or whine, or snuffle in the nose;  
 As if that God vouchsafed all his Graces  
 For fained gestures, or for sower faces.  
 Some think not that the man, who gravely teacheth;  
 Or hath a sober gesture when he preacheth,  
 Or gentle voyce : hath any zeal in him,  
 And therefore, such like *Preachers* they contemne.  
 Yea, they suppose that no mans doctrine saves  
 The soule of any one, unlesse he raves,  
 And rores aloud, and flings, and hurleth so  
 As if his armes he quite away would throw;  
 Or over-leap the *Pulpit*; or els breake it:  
 And this (if their opinion true may make it)  
 Is to advance their voyces *Trumpet-like*,  
 As God commands : yea, this (they say) doth strike  
 Sinne dead. VVhereas, indeed, God seldome goes  
 In whirlwinds : but is in the voyce of those  
 VVho speake in meeknes. And it is not in  
 The pow'r of noyse to shake the walls of sinne :  
 For clamors, antique actions, writhed looks  
 And such like mimmicke Rhetoricke none brookes  
 That hath discretion : neyther doth it move  
 The heart of any, when we so reprove;  
 Except it be in some contrary motion,  
 Which interrupts the hearers good devotion.  
 The well affected Christian pitties it;  
 It makes prophane men at naught to set  
 Gods Ordinance. Meere morall men despise  
 Such affectation : much it terrifies  
 The ignorant : but very few from thence  
 Receive sound knowledge, or true penitence.  
 Some relish nothing, but those points that are  
 In controverfie : some would nothing heare

But

But songs of Mercy ; some, delight in none  
 But *Sons of Thunder* ; and scarce any one  
 Is pleas'd in what he heares. Nay, of their Preachers,  
 Mechanicks arrogate to be the teachers.  
 Yea most of us, what e're our *Pastor* sayes,  
 Keepe still our owne opinions and our wayes.  
 To heare and know Gods word, to sorne among  
 Our Nation, seemeth only to belong  
 To *Clergymen* ; and, their implicate *Faith*  
 Is built on what the common rumour saith.  
 Some others fill'd with curiosity  
 Affirme that ev'ry sev'rall mystery  
 Within Gods *Book* included, doth concerne  
 Ev'n each particular Christian man to learne :  
 Whereas they might as well affirme, each guest  
 That is invited to a publike Feast,  
 Is bound the sev'rall dishes there to heed,  
 And upon ev'ry meat before him feed.  
 Nay, some have almost this imagination,  
 That there is hardly hope of their salvation  
 Who speake not *Hebrew*. And, this now adayes,  
 Makes foolish women, and young Prentises  
 To learne that holy Tongue ; in which they grow  
 As cunning as doe those who nothing know,  
 Save to be arrogant, and to contemne  
 Those *Pastors*, who have taken charge of them.  
 The appetite of some growes dull, and failes,  
 Vnlesse it may be pampered with Quails ;  
 High flying crotchets, which we see do fill  
 Not halfe so many foules as they do kill.  
 We cannot be content to make our flights,  
 For that which God expofeth to our sights,  
 And search for that which he is pleas'd to shew,  
 But, we must also pry, what God doth know.

Which

Which was indeed an ancient fallacy  
 Of *Sathans* ; and the very same whereby  
 He cheated *Eve*. From seeking to disclose  
 Beyond our warrant, what God only knowes,  
 Proceedeth many errors. Thence doth come  
 Most questions that have troubled *Christendome*.  
 Yea, searching things conceal'd, hath overthrowne  
 The comfortable use of what is knowne.

Hence flowes their fruitlesse fond asseveration,  
 Who blundered on *Eternall Reprobation*,  
 And many groundlesse whimsies have invented,  
 Whereby much better muzings are prevented.

Of *Reprobation* I no doubt have made ;  
 Yet, those vaine quarrellings which we have had,  
 Concerning her, and her antiquity,  
 (But that the world hath wiser fooles then I)  
 Appeares to me to bring so little fruits,  
 That I suppose it fitter for disputes  
 In hell (among the reprobated crue)  
 Then for a Church of *Christians* to pursue :  
 At least to braule about with such hot rage,  
 As hath possest some Spirits of this age.  
 For, some have urg'd this point of *Reprobation*,  
 As if the chieftest ground-work of salvation  
 Depended on beleaving, just, as they  
 (Deluded by their fancies) please to say.  
 And, though they never found God's holy word  
 Did any mention of the same afford,  
 But, as of that which did begin since *Time* ;  
 And with respect to some committed crime :  
 They, nathelesse, their strengths together gather,  
 To prove the *Child* is older then the *Father*.  
 And, since that fatall thred, there, finds her spinning,  
 But from of *Old* ; at farthest from *Beginning* :  
 They

They *Reprobation*, otherwhile confound  
 With our *Predestination* : which is found  
 No where in all the Scripture, to respect  
 The *Reprobates*, but onely God's Elect.

And then they are compeld to prove the sense  
 Of their darke *Tenet*, by an inference ;  
 And to affirme (from reason) that *Election*  
 Eternall, doth infer the like rejection.

(As if an action of *Eternity*,  
 Were fit to square our shallow reasons, by)  
 Which Argument becaufe it hath not taken  
 True faith, to ground on, may with ease be shaken.

Their tottering structure, therefore, up to keep,  
 They into Gods foreknowledge boldly peep,  
 Beyond his warrant ; searching for *Decrees*  
 And *secrets*, farther then an *Angell* sees :  
 Prefuming then, as if all things they knew,  
 And had *Eternity* within their view.  
 But, that hath such an infinite extension,  
 Beyond their narrow-bounded comprehension,  
 That, there they wander on, till they are madd :  
 And loose that little knowledge, which they had.

For what are they but mad men who maintaine  
 The giddie fancies of their owne weake braine,  
 For *Thefes* of *Religion*, which we must  
 Beleeve as they affirme them : or be thrust  
 Among the *Reprobates* ? What lesse, I pray,  
 Are they then madd, who foole their wits away  
 In wheeling Arguments which have no end ?  
 In Straines which man shall never apprehend ?  
 In seeking what their knowledge doth exceed ?  
 In vaine disputings, which contentions breed.  
 In strange *Chymers*'s, and fantastick notions,  
 That neither stirre us up to good devotions,

Nor

Nor mend our manners? But our *ways* pervert,  
 Distract the *Judgment*, or puff up the heart.  
 If this I may not madness call, or folly,  
 Tis (at the best) religious melancholly.  
 What shall we iudge of those who strive to make (stake  
 Gods word (whose *Termes* and *Scope* they much mi-  
 Their proofes for that whereof no proofes they are,  
 And sleight those *Truths*, for which the text is clear :  
 What shall we deeme of those, who quite mistaking  
 Good Authors, (and their Volumes guilty making  
 Of what they never meant) do preach and write  
 Against those Bookes, with rancorous despight,  
 Which being well examin'd say the same  
 Which they affirme, and check what they do blame.  
 Such men there be, and they great noise haue made  
 By fighting furiously with their owne shade.

What may be thought of them, who likely, ever,  
 In their perverse opinions to persevere,  
 Take knowledge up on trust : and follow those  
 Who leade them on, as wild geese fly in rows ?  
 And when their multitude is waxen great,  
 Do then so wilfully prejudicate,  
 Become so confident of that they hold,  
 And in their blind assurance, so are bold,  
 That they can brook no tryall, neither see  
 Their oversights, how plaine so ere they be ?  
 But fondly think (though we beleeeve it not)  
 That they infallibilitie have got ?

Some pious men ; Yea, some great Doctors tread,  
 Such *Laborinths* ; and often are misled  
 By holding that which they at first were taught,  
 Without due proving all things as they ought :  
 And vulgar men are often led awry,  
 By their examples, and for company.

For,

For, as a Traveller, that is to come  
From some far Country, through large defarts, home ;  
(Not knowing well the way) is glad to take  
His course with such who shoves of cunning make,  
And walks along, depending still on them,  
Through many a wood, and over many a streame,  
Till he and they are lost : there to remaine  
He finds no safety, nor meanes back againe,  
Nor list to leave his company ; because  
He hopes that nearer homeward still he drawes,  
And that his guides full-sure of passage are,  
Although they cannot well describe it, there.  
So, when plaine men doe first attempt the way  
Of knowledge, by their guides, they walk astray,  
Without distrust ; and when arriv'd they be  
Where many troublesome windings they do see,  
And where no certaintie they can behold,  
Yet, on their leaders knowledge they are bold,  
Or on their multitude : yea, though they know,  
And, see them erre, and turne, and stagger so,  
(In darksome paths) that well suppose they may,  
They rove and wander in an uncouth way ;  
Yet, still they are unwilling to suspect  
The wisdom of the *Fathers* of their Sect.  
Yea, though no satisfaction they can find,  
Though feares and doubtings do afflict their mind,  
They still impute it rather to their owne  
Infirmities, or to the depths unknowne  
Of those mysterious points, to mention brought ;  
But never call in question what is taught :  
Lest being by those Teachers terrifide,  
They might forsaken in despaire abide.  
Their *Doctors*, also, failing to devise  
Strong Arguments, their hearers to suffice ;

This

This course, to salve their credits, late have got ;  
 They say (forfooth) *Faiths* doctrine settles not  
 With naturall capacities ; and that  
 The *Spirit* must those men illuminate  
 Who shall receive them. And, indeed in this,  
 They doe both say the truth, and say amisse :  
 This is a Iesuitish juggling trick,  
 And, if allow'd it be, each lunatick,  
 And ev'ry brain-sick *Dreamer*, by that way,  
 May foist upon us all that he can say.

For, though Gods holy *Spirit* must create  
 New hearts within us, and regenerate  
 Depraved nature, e're it can be able  
 To make our outward healings profitable ;  
 We must not think that all which fancy faith  
 (In termes obscure) are mysteries of Faith.  
 Nor make the hearers want of pow'r to reach  
 Their meanings, to be proofes of what they teach.

There is twixt men, & that which they are taught,  
 Some naturall proportion ; or tis naught.  
 The deepest mystery of our profession,  
 Is capable of literall expreffion,  
 As well to *Reprobates*, as men *elected* ;  
 Or else it may of error be suspected.  
 Yea wicked men a power granted have  
 To understand, although they misconceive.  
 And can of darkeſt points make plaine relations,  
 Though to themselves they faile in applications.

God never yet did bid us take in hand  
 To publish that which none can understand :  
 Much lesse affecteth he a man should mutter  
 Rude sounds of that, whose depth he cannot utter ;  
 Or in uncertaine termes, as many doe,  
 Who preach Non-sense, and oft *non entia* too.

For

For those which man to man is bound to show,  
Are such plaine Truths, as we by word may know;  
Which when the hearer can expresse againe,  
The fruit hath equalled the Teachers paine.

Then, though the foule doth many times conceive  
(By Faith, and by that Word which we receive)  
Deep mysteries, and that which farre transcends  
A carnall knowledge: though she apprehends  
Some glimmerings of those *Objects*, that are higher  
Then humane Reason ever shall aspire;  
Though she hath tastings of that blessednes,  
Which mortall tongue could never yet expresse;  
And though the foule may have some earnest given  
On earth, of what it shall enjoy in heauen;  
Though God may when he list (and now and then  
For cause not ordinary) to some men  
Vouchsafeth (for their secret satisfactions)  
A few reflections from eternall actions:  
Though this be so, let no man arrogate  
That he such secrets can by word relate.  
For, they are things, of which no voyce can preach;  
High flights, to which no mortall wing can reach;  
Tis Gods owne worke, such raptures to convey,  
To compasse them there is no other way,  
But by his blessed *Spirit*. And, of those  
Most can we not; some must we not disclose.  
For, if they onely touch out private state,  
They were not sent, that we should them relate;  
But daigned that the foule they strengthen might  
Amid the perills of some secret fight;  
When men to honor God, or for their sinn,  
The terrors of this life are plunged in.  
And, as it is reputed of those things,  
Which foolish people thinke some *Fairy* brings,

So,



So, of *Enthusiasmes* speake I may ;  
 Discover them, and straight they flye away.  
 For, thus they fare who boast of *Revelations*,  
 Or of the certainty of their *Salvations*,  
 Or any ghostly gift, at times or places,  
 Which warrant not the mention of such graces :  
 Yea, by revealing things which they should hide,  
 They entrance make for over-weening pride :  
 And that quite marres the blessing they possesse,  
 Or, for awhile obscureth it, at best :

And yet, if any man shall climbe so high,  
 That they attaine unto a *Mystery*,  
 Conceiv'd by few ; they may, if they be able,  
 Disclose it where it may be profitable.  
 But, they must know, that (if it be, indeed,  
 Of such transcendency, as doth exceed  
 Meere naturall reaches) it should be declar'd  
 To none, save unto those who are prepar'd  
 For such conceptions ; and more apt to know them  
 By their owne thoughts, then are our words to shew  
 Else, all they utter will in clouds appeare, (them.  
 And, errors men for truths, away will beare.

Would this had beene observ'd a little more,  
 By some, who in our *Congregations* roare  
 Of Gods unknowne *Decrees*, *Eternall-Callings*,  
 Of *Perseverance*, and of *Finall Fallings*,  
 And such like *Mysteries*. Or else, I would  
 That they their meanings better utter could,  
 (If well they meant.) For, though those points afford  
 Much comfort and instruction (as Gods word  
 Hath mention'd them) and may applyed be,  
 And opened, when we just occasion see ;  
 Yet, as most handle them, who now adayes  
 Do passe for Preachers, with a vulgar praise,

Y

They

They profit not : for, this ripe age hath young  
 And forward wits, who by their fluent tongue,  
 And able memories, a way have found  
 To build a house, e're they have laid the ground.  
 With common places, and with notes purloin'd,  
 (Not well applyed, and as ill conjoyn'd)  
 A garb of preaching these have soone attained,  
 Which hath, with many, approbation gained  
 Beyond their merit. For, they take in hand  
 Those mysteries they neither understand,  
 Nor studied on. And, they have much distracted  
 Some hearers, by their doctrines ill compacted :  
 Yea, by enquiring out what God *fore-sees*,  
 And medling much with his unknowne Decrees,  
 The *Churches* peace so much disturb'd have they ;  
 So foule and crooked made *Faiths* plainest way ;  
 Such scandals rais'd ; and interrupted so,  
 By doubts impertinent, what men should do ;  
 And, their endeavors nullifide, so far,  
 That many of them at a nonplus are.

I am not of their minds, who take from this  
 And other things, that are perform'd amisse,  
 Occasion to disparage frequent preaching ;  
 Or, to abate our plenteousnesse of teaching :  
 For, of our *Harvest*, Lord, I humbly pray,  
 The store of *Labourers* continue may.  
 And, I could also wish, that none were chose  
 To be a seed-man, till he truly knowes  
 The Wheat from Tares ; and is indu'd with reason,  
 And grace, to sow in order, and in season.  
 And that those artlesse workmen may be staid,  
 Who build before foundations they have laid :  
 Left, when our *Church* well built, suppose we shall,  
 It sink, and overwhelme us in the fall.

It

It pities me to marke what rents appeare  
 Within our *Syon* ; and what daubings are  
 To hide the ruines ; and I feare the frame  
 Will totter, if we long neglect the fame.  
 Our *Watchmen*, for the greater part, are growne  
 Lefse mindfull of Gods honor, then their owne :  
 For either almoſt wholly we omit  
 That worke, or undiſcreetly follow it.

Some, ſpeak the truth, without ſincere intention,  
 As they who preach the *Gofpell* for contention.  
 Some, by their wicked lives do give offence,  
 And harden men in their impenitence.  
 As if nor hell nor heav'n they did beleewe,  
 They riot, game, drinke drunk, and whore, and theewe.  
 For avarice, and envy, none are worſe ;  
 They are malicious, and blaſpheme, and curſe,  
 As much as any others. None are more  
 Regardleſſe of the foule that's meane and poore ;  
 Among their neighbours, none more quarrellſome.  
 Or, that more hardly reconcil'd become,  
 Then many *Clergie-men*. And as we ſee  
 They are the beſt of men, when good they be ;  
 So there are none that wander more aſtray,  
 When they have left a ſanctified way.

Some Paſtors are too hot ; and ſome too cold ;  
 And, very few the golden temper hold.  
 Some, at the *Papiſt* with ſuch madneſſe fling,  
 As if they could not utter any thing  
 Of them too vile ; though ne're ſo falſe it were :  
 And, we ſo uſed by their *Jeſuits* are.  
 Some others at the *Puritan* do ſtrike,  
 So furiously, that they are often like  
 To wrong the *Proteſtants*: for, men impoſe  
 That name, ſometimes, upon the beſt of thoſe.

Y 2

Yea,

Yea, they who are profane, that name mis-lay  
 On all who make a conscience of their way.  
 Some *Shepherds* on their flocks are gorg'd at full,  
 And sumptuously arrayed in their wooll.  
 But, those that are diseas'd, they make not strong ;  
 Their ficklest sheepe they feldome come among ;  
 They take no care, the broken up to bind,  
 The Sheep that's lost, they doe not seeke to find ;  
 They let such wander as will run astray ;  
 And, many times their fury so doth fray  
 The tender conscience ; that their indiscretion  
 Doth fright their hearers headlong to perdition.

Gods bounty hath large pastorage provided ;  
 But, they have not his flocks with wisedome guided :  
 For, in the midst of plenty, some be ready  
 To starve in ignorance. Some sheep are headdy ;  
 Some get the staggers ; some the scab ; and they  
 Infect their fellows. Some the wantons play  
 Among the thornes and bryers, which have torne  
 The marks and fleeces, which they should have worn.  
 Some straggle from the flock ; and they are straight  
 Surpriz'd by Wolves, which lye for them in wait.  
 Some, fought large feeding, and ranck pastures got,  
 Which prov'd not wholesome ; & they caught the Rot.

For, many preach themselves, and fancies broach,  
 That scandall preaching, to the Truths reproach.  
 Yea, some terme that (forfooth) Gods word divine,  
 Which would halfe shame me, should they terme it  
 And they we see, that longest pray and speak (mine.  
 Are priz'd of most (though head nor foot they make)  
 Because the common hearers of this land,  
 Think best of that, which least they understand.

Some, also, by their feet disturb the Springs ;  
 Or trample and defile Gods pasturings ;

And

And they are either such who make obscure  
*Faiths* principles; or, such whose lives impure  
 Prophane their Doctrines. Other some have we,  
 Who (like the beasts that over gamefome be)  
 Doe push their weaker brethren with their hornes;  
 And hunt them from the flock, by wrongs, or scorn.

Gods *houses*, also, much neglected are;  
 And of his *Sanctuaries*, few have care.  
 A barne, or any common house or roome,  
 Is thought as well Gods worship to become,  
 As in the *Churches* infancy; or there,  
 Where wants, and wars, and persecutions are.  
 Amidst our peace and plenties, we do grutch  
 Our *Oratories* should be trimm'd as much  
 As are our vulgar dwellings; and repine  
 That exercises which are most divine,  
 Should with more *Rites*, or *Ornaments*, be done,  
 Then when the troublous times afforded none.  
 As if a *Garden*, when the flow'rs are blowne,  
 Were still to look as when it first was sowne.

To worship so in spirit, we pretend  
 That, in our bodies, we doe scarcely bend  
 A leg, or move a cap, when there we be,  
 Where Gods most holy *Mysteries* we see.  
 Yea, many seeme so carefull to have bin,  
 To let no *Superstition* enter in,  
 That they have, almost, wholly banisht hence,  
 All *Decency*, and pious *Reverence*.

The *Church*, by *Lukewarme Christians*, is neglect  
 By brutish *Atheists* it is disrespected;  
 By greedy *Worldlings*, robbed of her fleeces;  
 By selfe-will'd *Schismatics*, nigh torne in pieces;  
 By *Tyrants*, and by *Infidels* opposed;  
 By her *blind Guides*, to hazard oft exposed;

Y 3

By

By *Hypocrites*, injuriously defamed ;  
And, by the frailties of the best, oft shamed.

A pow'r ecclesiasticall is granted  
To them, full often, who those minds have wanted  
Becomming such Authority : and they  
Play fast and loose, ev'n with the *Churches* Key.  
They censure and absolve, as best shall make  
For their advantage ; not for conscience sake.  
As they shall please, they punish or connive ;  
And, by the peoples follies they do thrive.  
Of evill customes, many are we see  
Insinuated, and so strict are we  
To keep them, that we sottishly deny  
To leave them, for what more would edifie :  
And we so much do *Innovations* feare,  
That needfull *Reformations* none appeare.

We have prophaned ev'ry holy thing ;  
Ev'n our most Christian *Feasts*, which are to bring  
Gods *Mercies* to our thoughts ; and memorize  
Of *Saving-Grace*, the sacred *Mysteries* :  
Some have ev'n those gain-sayed ; and, in that  
Have evill spoken, of they know not what.  
Some others keep them ; but, as heathnishly,  
As *Feasts* of *Bacchus* ; and impiety  
Is then so rife, that God is rarely nam'd  
Or thought upon, except to be blasphem'd.

By these, and other wayes, the *Church* doth lose  
Much honor, to the glory of her foes,  
And our great shame and losse : for, her decays  
Shall be this *Realmes* disprofit, and dispraise.

God hath a controverſie with our *Lord* ;  
And, in an evill plight affaires do stand.  
Already we doe smart for doing ill ;  
Yet, us the hand of God afflicteth still,

And

And many see it not ; as many be  
 So wilfull, that his hand they will not see.  
 Some, plainly view the fame, but nothing care :  
 Some, at the sight thereof amazed are  
 Like *Balthazar* ; and have a trembling heart,  
 Yet, will not from their vanities depart.

About such matters, other some are loth  
 Their thoughts to busie (meerly out of sloth)  
 Like him, who rather would in hazard put  
 His life, then rise from bed the doore to shut.  
 Some, dreame that all things doe by chance succeed,  
 And that I prate more of them then I need.  
 But, Heav'n and Earth, to witnesse I invoke,  
 That, causlesly, I nothing here have spoke.

If this, oh sickly *Iland*, thou beleeve,  
 And for thy great infirmity shalt grieve,  
 And, grieving of thy follies make confessions ;  
 And so confesse thine infinite transgressions,  
 That thou amend those errors : God shall then  
 Thy manifold distempers cure agen ;  
 Make all thy skarlet sins as white as snow,  
 And cast his threatned judgement on thy foe.  
 But, if thou (fondly thinking thou art well)  
 Shalt sleight this *Message*, which my *Muse* doth tell,  
 And scorne her counsell ; If thou shalt not rue  
 Thy former wayes ; but, frowardly pursue  
 Thy wilfull course : then, harke what I am bold,  
 (In spight of all thy madnesse) to unfold.  
 For, I will tell thy *Fortune* ; which, when they  
 That are unborne, shall read, another day ;  
 They will beleeve Gods mercy did infuse  
 Thy *Poets* brest with a prophetick *Muse*.  
 And know, that he this *Author* did prefer,  
 To be from him, this *Iles* REMEMBRANCER.

Y 4

If

If thou, I say, oh *Britaine* ! shalt retaine  
 Thy crying finnes, thou dost presume in vaine,  
 Of Gods protection. If thou stop thine eare,  
 Or burne this *Rowle*, in which recorded are  
 Thy just *Inditements* ; it shall written be  
 With new additions, deeply stamp't on thee  
 With such *Charaſters*, that no time shall race  
 Their fatall image, from thy ſcarred face.  
 Though haughtily thou doſt thy ſelfe diſpoſe,  
 Becauſe the Sea thy borders doth encloſe.  
 Although upon the Rocks thy neaſt is plac'd ;  
 Though thou among the Stars thy dwelling haſt ;  
 Though thou encreaſe thy ſhips ; and unto that  
 Which is thine owne, with King *Ichoſophat*,  
 Ioyne *Ahabs* forces. Though thou watch and ward,  
 And all thy Ports and Havens ſtrongly guard ;  
 Although thou multiply thy inland forces,  
 And muſter up large troupes of men and horſes ;  
 Though like an *Eagle*, thou thy wings diſplay'ſt,  
 And (high thy ſelfe advancing) proudly ſay'ſt ;  
*I fit aloft, and am ſo high, that none*  
*Can fetch me from the place I reſt upon.*  
 Yea, though thou no advantages diſt want,  
 Of which the gloriousſt *Emperies* did vaunt ;  
 Yet, ſure, thou ſhalt be humbled and brought low ;  
 Ev'n then, perhaps, when leaſt thou fear'ſt it ſo.  
 Till thou repent, proviſions which are made  
 For thy defence, or others to invade,  
 Shall be in vaine ; and ſtill, the greater coſt  
 Thou ſhalt beſtow, the honor that is loſt  
 Shall be the greater ; and thy waſted ſtrength,  
 Be ſick of a *Conſumption*, at the length.  
 Thy *Treaties*, which for peace or profit be,  
 Shall neither peace, nor profit, bring to thee.

Or



Or, if thy Counfels prosper for a while,  
 God will permit it, onely to beguile  
 Thy foolishneſſe ; and tempt thee on, to run  
 Some courſes, that will bring his Iudgement on.  
 Yea, all thy winnings ſhall but fewell be,  
 To feed thoſe follies that now ſpring in thee ;  
 And make (with vengeance) thoſe the more enrag'  
 Who ſhall for thy correſtion be engag'd.  
 What ever threatned in Gods Book hath bin,  
 Againſt a wicked people for their ſin,  
 Shall come on thee : His hand ſhall be for ill,  
 On ev'ry Mountaine, and high-raiſed Hill.  
 Thy lofty *Cedars*, and thy ſturdy *Oakes*,  
 Shall feele the fury of his thunder-ſtroakes.  
 Vpon thy Ships, thy Havens, and thy Ports,  
 Vpon thy Armes, thy Armies, and thy Forts,  
 Vpon thy pleaſures and commodities,  
 Thy Crafts mechanick, and thy Merchandize ;  
 On all the fruits, and cattell in thy fields,  
 On what the Ayre, or what the Water yeelds,  
 On Prince, and People ; on both weak, and ſtrong,  
 On Prieſt, and Prophet ; on both old and yong ;  
 Yea, on each perſon, place, and ev'rything,  
 The plague it hath deſerved God ſhall bring.  
 What ever thou doſt hope, he fruſtrate ſhall ;  
 And, make what e're thou feareſt, on thee fall.  
 This pleaſant foyle, wherein ſuch plenty growes ;  
 And where both milke and honey overflows,  
 Shall for thy peoples wickedneſſe be made  
 A Land as barren, as what never had  
 Such plenty in it. God ſhall drive away  
 Thy pleaſant Fowles, and all thoſe Fiſh that play  
 Within thy waters ; and for whoſe great ſtore  
 Some other Nations would have praiſ'd him more.

Y 5

Thoſe

Those Rivers, that have made thy Vallies rich,  
 Shall be like streames of ever-burning Pitch.  
 Thy dust as Brimstone ; fields as hard and dry  
 As iron is ; the Firmament, on high,  
 (Like braffe) shall yeeld thee neither rain nor dew,  
 The hope of waisted blessings to renew.  
 A leanneffe, shall thy fatneffe quite devoure ;  
 Thy Wheat shall in the place of wholfome flowre,  
 Yeeld nought but bran. In stead of grasse and corne,  
 Thou shalt in times of harvest, reap the thorne,  
 The thistle, and the bryar. Of their shadowes  
 Thy *Groves* shall robbed be. Thy flow'ry *Meadowes*  
 Shall sterile waxe. There shall be feldome seene  
 Sheep on thy Downes ; or *Shepherds* on the greene.  
 Thy walks, thy gardens, and each pleasant plot,  
 Shall be as thofe where men inhabit not.  
 Thy *Villages*, where goodly dwellings are,  
 Shall stand as if they unfrequented were.  
 Thy *Cities*, and thy *Palaces*, wherein  
 Most neatneffe and magnificence hath bin,  
 Shall heaps of rubbish be ; and (as in thofe  
 Demolisht *Abbies*, wherein Dawes, and Crowes,  
 Now make their nests) the bramble, and the nettle,  
 Shall in their halls, and parlours, root, and settle.  
 Thy Princes houses, and thy wealthy Ports,  
 Now fill'd with men of all degrees and forts,  
 Shall no inhabitants in them retaine,  
 But some poore Fisherman, or country Swaine,  
 Who of thy glories, when the marks they see,  
 Shall wonder what thofe mighty ruines be ;  
 As now they doe, who old foundations find,  
 Of Townes and Cities, perisht out of mind.  
 The places where much people meetings had,  
 Shall vermine holes, and dens for beasts be made.

Or

Or walks for *Sprights*, who from those uncouth rooms  
 Shall fright the passenger, which that way comes.  
 In stead of *mirth* and *laughter*, *lamentation*  
 Shall there abide : and, loathsome *desolation*,  
 In stead of *company*. Where once was heard  
 Sweet melody, men shall be made afeard  
 With hideous cries, and howlings of despaire.  
 Thy very *Climate*, and thy temp'rate ayre,  
 Shall lose their wholfomnesse, for thy offences :  
 And breed hot *Fevers*, *Murraines*, *Pestilences*,  
 And all diseases. They that now are trained  
 In ease, and with soft pleasures entertained ;  
 In stead of idle games, and wanton dances,  
 Shall practise how to handle guns, and launces :  
 And be compell'd to leave their friends embraces,  
 To end their lives in divers uncouth places ;  
 Or else, thy face, with their owne blood defile,  
 In hope to keep themselves, and thee, from spoile.

Thy beautilous *Women* (whose great pride is more  
 Then theirs, whom *Esfay* blamed heretofore)  
 In stead of paintings, and of costly sents,  
 Of glittering gems, and precious ornaments,  
 Shall weare deformity about their faces ;  
 And, being rob'd of all their tempting graces,  
 Feele wants, diseases, and all such like things,  
 Which to a wanton *Lover* lothing brings.

Thy God, shall for thy overflowing vices,  
 Scourge thee with *Scorpions*, *Serpents*, *Cockatrices*,  
 And other such ; whose tailes with stings are armed,  
 That neither can be plucked forth, nor charmed.  
 Thou shalt not be suffiz'd when thou art fed ;  
 Nor shalt thou suffer scarcity of bread  
 And temp'rall food alone ; but, of that meat,  
 Whereof the faithfull soule desires to eate.

That

That curſe of *ravenous beaſts*, which God had laid,  
 Vpon a wicked kingdome ſhall be laid,  
 He will inflict on thee. For, though there be  
 No Tygers, Lyons, Wolves, or Beares in thee,  
 By beaſty minded men (that ſhall be farre  
 More cruell then thoſe bloody ſpoilers are)  
 Thou ſhalt be torne : For, each man ſhall aſſay  
 His fellow to deuoure as lawfull prey.

In ſtead of *Lyons*, *Tyrants* thou ſhalt breed ;  
 Who nor of Conſcience, nor of Law take heed ;  
 But, on the weak mans portion lay their paw,  
 And, make their *Pleasures*, to become their *Law*.  
 In ſtead of *Tigers*, men of no compaſſion,  
 A furious, and a wilfull generation,  
 Shall fill thy borders. Theeves, and outlawes vile,  
 Shall hunt the wayes, and haunt the woods for ſpoile,  
 As *Beares*, and *Wolves*. A ſubtile cheating crew  
 (That will with tricks and couſnages purſue  
 The ſimpler fort) ſhall here encreaſe their breed ;  
 And, in their ſubtleties the *Fox* exceed.  
 That hoggish herd, which alwayes rooting are  
 Within the ground, and never upward reare  
 Their grunting ſnoutſ ; nor fix their eyes on heav'n,  
 To look from whence their daily food is giv'n :  
 Thoſe filthy ſwinith livers, who deſire  
 To feed on draffe, and wallow in the mire ;  
 Thoſe, who affect ranke pudles, more then ſprings ;  
 To trample and deſpiſe moſt precious things ;  
 The holy to prophane ; Gods herbs of *grace*  
 To nouzle up ; his Vineyard to deface ;  
 And ſuch like harmes to doe : theſe ſhall thy fields,  
 Marre worſe, then thoſe wilde *Bores* the deſart yeelds.

If thou remaine impenitent, thou art  
 Like *Egypt* ; and, ſo ſtony is thy heart.

For which obduratenesse, those plagues will all  
 Descend on thee, which did on *Egypt* fall.  
*Blood, Frogs, and Lice*, great swarms of uncouth *Flies*,  
 Th' infectious *Murraine*, whereof Cattle dyes ;  
*Boiles, Scabs, and Blaines*; fierce *Hail, & Thunder-forms*;  
 The *Locust*, and all fruit devouring *Wormes*.  
 Grosse *Darknesse*, and the *Death* of those that be  
 Thy Darlings ; all those *Plagues* shall fall on thee,  
 According as the *Letter* doth imply,  
 Or, as in *mystick* sense they signifie.

Thy purest Rivers God shall turne to blood ;  
 With ev'ry Lake, that hath beene sweet and good.  
 Ev'n in thy nostrils he shall make it stinke ;  
 For, nothing shall thy people eate or drinke,  
 Vntill their owne, or others blood it cost ;  
 Or, put their lives in hazard to be lost.

Most loathsome *Frogs* ; that is, a race impure,  
 Of base condition, and of birth obscure,  
 (Ev'n in unwholfome fens, and ditches, bred)  
 Shall with a clownish rudenesse over-spread  
 Thy pleasant't fields ; thy fairest roomes possesse ;  
 And make unwholfome (by their sluttishnesse)  
 Thy kneading troughs, thy ovens, and that meat,  
 Whereof thy people, and thy Princes eat.  
 This hatefull brood, shall climbe to croak and sing,  
 Within the lodging chambers of the *King*.  
 Yea, there make practice of those naturall notes,  
 Which issue from their evil-sounding throats :  
 To wit, vaine brags, revilings, ribaldries,  
 Vile slanders, and unchristian blasphemies.

The *Land*, shall breed a nasty *Generation*,  
 Vnworthy either of the reputation  
 Or name of men. For, they as *Lice* shall feed  
 Ev'n on the body whence they did proceed ;

Till

Till poverty, and slovenry, and sloth,  
Have quite disgrac'd them, and confum'd them, both.

There shall, moreover, swarmes of divers *Flies*,  
Engendred be in thy prosperities,  
To be a plague : the *Flesh-flye* shall corrupt  
Thy savory meats ; *Musketoes* interrupt  
The weary traveller ; thou shalt have *Drones*,  
*Dores*, *Hornets*, *Wasps*, and such like angry-ones,  
Who represent that swarme whose buzzing tongues  
(Like stings) are used in their neighbours wrongs :  
And, still are flying, and still humming so,  
As if they meant some weighty works to do,  
When as, upon the common stock they spend ;  
And nought performe of that which they pretend.  
Thy *Butter-flies* shall plague thee too ; ev'n those,  
Who waste their Lands and Rents, in gawdy clothes,  
Or idle flutterings ; and then spawne their feed,  
Vpon thy goodly'st flow'rs, and herbs to feed.

As *Beasts* destroyed by the *Marraine* be,  
So, they that are of beastly life in thee,  
By lewd example shall infect each other ;  
And in their foule diseases rot together.

On all thy people, of what sort so'ere,  
Shall *scabs*, and *biles*, and running *sores* appeare,  
The fruits of their corruption. Yea, with paines  
(Within their conscience, and with scars and blaines  
Of outward infamy) they shall be grieved ;  
And, in their tortures perish, unrelieved.

Tempestuous *stormes*, upon this *Ile* shall fall,  
Hot *Thunder-bolts*, and *Haile-stones* therewithall ;  
Men, either too too hot, or too too cold ;  
Or else lukewarme. But, few or none shall hold  
A rightfull temper : and, these *meteors* will  
Thy borders with a thousand mischieves fill.

The

The *Locust* also and the *Palmer wromes*,  
 Shall prey on what escapeth from the *Stormes* :  
 Not they alone, which on the grasse do breed ;  
 But, also, they who from the *Pit* proceed  
 Which hath no bottome : and, when any thing  
 Doth by the dew of heav'n begin to spring,  
 They shall devour the same, till they have left thee,  
 Nor leafe, nor blossome ; but, of all bereft thee.

Then, shall a *darknesse* follow, far more black,  
 Then when the light corporeall thou dost lack.  
 For, grossest *Ignorance*, o'reshadowing all,  
 Shall in so thicke a darknesse thee intrall,  
 That, thou a blockish people shalt be made,  
 Still wandering on in a deceiving shade ;  
 Mistrusting those that safest paths are showing ;  
 Most trusting them, who counsell thy undoing ;  
 And aye tormented be with doubts and feares,  
 As one that outcries, in darke places heares.

Nor shall the hand of God from thee returne,  
 Till he hath also smote thine *eldest-borne*.  
 That is, till he hath taken from thee quite,  
 Ev'n that whereon thou settst thy whole delight ;  
 And filled ev'ry house throughout this Nation,  
 With deaths unlooked for, and lamentation.

So great shall be thy ruine, and thy shame,  
 That when the neighb'ring kingdoms hear the same  
 Their eares shall tingle. And when that day comes,  
 In which thy follies must receive their doomes ;  
 A day of clouds, a day of gloominesse,  
 A day of black despaire, and heavinesse,  
 It will appeare. And, then thy vanities,  
 Thy gold, thy silver, thy confederacies,  
 And all those reeds on which thou hast depended,  
 Will faile thy trust, and leave thee unbefriended.

Thy

Thy *King*, thy *Priests* & *Prophets*, then shal mourn ;  
And, peradventure, fainedly returne  
To beg of God to succour them : but, they  
Who will not harken to his voice to-day,  
Shall cry unheeded : and he will despise  
Their vowes, their prayers, and their sacrifice :

A fea of troubles, all thy hopes shall swallow :  
As waves on waves, so plague on plague shall follow.  
And, ev'rything that was a blessing to thee,  
Shall turne to be a curse, and helpe undo thee.

Thy *Sov'raignes* have to thee thy *Fathers* bin ;  
By meanes of them hath peace beene kept within  
Thy fea-girt limits : they, thy weale befriended,  
The blessed Faith they stoutly have defended :  
And, thou hast cause of goodly hopes in him,  
Who hath, of late, put on thy *Diadem*.  
But know, that (till thou shalt repent) no part  
Belongs to thee of what is his desert.

His princely vertues, to his owne availe,  
Shall profit much : but, they to thee shall faile.  
To thee his clemency shall seeme severe,  
His favours all, shall injuries appeare ;  
And when thy sin is fully ripe in thee,  
Thy Prince and People, then, alike shall be.  
Thou shalt have *Babes* to be thy *Kings* ; or worse,  
Those *Tyrants* who by cruelty and force  
Shall take away thy ancient *freedomes* quite,  
From all their *Subjects* ; yea themselves delight  
In their vexations : and, all those that are  
Made slaves thereby, shall murmur, yet not dare  
To stir against them. By degrees, they shall  
Deprive thee of thy patrimonies all ;  
Compell thee (as in other Lands, this day)  
For thine owne meat, and thine owne drink to pay.

And,



And, at the last, begin to exercise  
 Vpon thy sonnes, all heathnish tyrannies,  
 As just *Prerogatives*. To these intents,  
 Thy Nobles shall become their instruments.  
 For, they who had their birth from noble races,  
 Shall (some and some) be brought into disgraces :  
 From offices they shall excluded stand :  
 And all their vertuous off-spring, from the Land,  
 Shall quite be worne : in stead of whom shall rise  
 A brood advanced by impieties,  
 By flattery, by purchase, and by that  
 Which ev'ry truly-noble one doth hate.  
 From stems obscure, and out of meane professions,  
 They shall ascend and mount by their ambitions,  
 To seats of *Iustice* ; and those *Names* to beare,  
 Which honor'd most within these Kingdomes are.  
 And being thither got, shall make more strong  
 Their new-built *Greatnesse*, by encreasing wrong :  
 To those, will some of these themselves unite,  
 Who by their births to Lordly *Stiles* have right ;  
 But, viciously consuming their estate,  
 Did from their fathers worths degenerate.  
 By this *Confederacy*, their nobler bloods  
 Shall countenance the others ill got goods ;  
 The others wealth againe, shall keep from scorne  
 Their beggery, who have beene nobly borne :  
 And, both together, being else unable,  
 (In their ill course to make their standing stable)  
 Shall seek how they more great, and strong, may grow  
 By compassing the publike over-throw.  
 They shall abuse thy *Kings*, with tales, and lyes ;  
 With seeming love, and servile flatteries.  
 They shall perswade them they have pow'r to make  
 Their *Wils*, their *Law* ; and as they please to take  
 Their

Their peoples goods, their children, and their lives,  
Ev'n by their just and due *Prerogatives*.

When thus much they have made them to beleeve,  
Then, they shall teach them practices to grieve  
Their subjects by ; and, instruments become  
To helpe the screwing up, by some and some,  
Of *Monarchies* to *Tyrannies*. They shall  
Abuse *Religion*, *Honesty*, and all,  
To compasse their designs. They shall devise  
Strange projects ; and with impudence, and lyes,  
Proceed in fetling them. They shall forget  
Those reverent usages, which do besit  
The majesty of *State* ; and raile, and storme,  
When they pretend disorders to reforme.  
In their high *Counsels*, and where man should have  
Kind admonitions, and reprovings grave,  
When they offend ; they shall be threatned there,  
Or scofft, or taunted, though no cause appeare.

It is unseemly for a *Judge* to fit  
And exercise a jibing Schoole-boyes wit  
Vpon their trades, or names, who stand before  
Their judgement seats : but, who doth not abhor  
To heare it, when a Magistrate objects,  
Birth, poverty, or personall defects  
In an upbraiding wife ? Or, who with me  
Derides it not, when in our *Courts* we see  
Those men, whose bodies are both old and weake,  
(Forgetting grave and usefull things to speake)  
Vent Giants words, and bristle up, as tho  
Their very breath could armies overthrow :  
Whereas (poore weaklings) were there in their *places*  
No more authority, then in their faces,  
Their persons, or their language, all their chafing,  
And threatning, nothing would effect but laughing.  
For,

For, unto me big looks, and crying *hoh*,  
 As dreadfull seemes, as when a child cries *boh*  
 To fright his Nurse : yea, such a bug-beare fashion  
 Effecteth nought but scornfull indignation.

But in those times (which nearer are then some  
 Suppose perhaps) such Rhetorick will come  
 To be in use ; and arguments of *Reason*,  
 And just proceedings, will be out of season.  
 Their *wisdome* shall be folly ; and, goe nigh  
 To bring contempt on their Authority.  
 Their *Counsell-Table* shall a snare be made,  
 And those 'gainst whom they no just matter had,  
 At first appearance, shall be urg'd to say  
 Some word or other, e're they part away,  
 Which will betray their innocence to blame,  
 And bring upon them detriment and shame :  
 Yea, many times (as *David* hath of old,  
 Concerning such oppressors, well foretold)  
 To humble crouchings, and to fained shoves,  
 Descend they shall, to worke mens overthrowes :  
 And, what their subtlety doth faile to gaine,  
 They shall by rigour, and by force obtaine.

What ever from thy people they can teare  
 Or borrow, they shall keep, as if it were  
 A prize which had beene taken from the Foe :  
 And, they shall make no conscience what they do  
 To prejudice *Posterity*. For, they  
 To gaine their lust, but for the present day,  
 Shall with such love unto themselves endeavor,  
 That (though they knew it would undoe for ever  
 Their owne posterity) it shall not make  
 Those *Monsters* any better course to take.

Nay, God shall give them up for their offences,  
 To such uncomely reprobated senses :

And,

And, blinde them so, that (when the axe they see  
 Ev'n hewing at the root of their owne tree,  
 By their owne handy strokes) they shall not grieve  
 For their approaching fall : no, nor beleeve  
 Their fall approacheth ; nor assume that heed  
 Which might prevent it, till they fall indeed.

Thy *Princes, Brittain*, in those dayes, will be  
 Like roaring *Lyons*, making prey of thee.  
 God shall deliver thee into their hand,  
 And they shall act their pleasure in the Land ;  
 As once his *Prophet* threatned to that Nation,  
 Which doth exemplifie thy *Defolation*.

Thy Kings (as thou hast wallowed in excesse)  
 Shall take delight in drinke, and wantonneffe.  
 And, those whom thou dost call thy *Noble-ones*  
 Shall to the very marrow, gnaw thy bones.  
 Thy *Lawyers* wilfully shall wrest thy *Lawes*,  
 And (to the ruine of the common Cause)  
 Shall mis-interpret them, in hope of grace  
 From those, who may dispoile them of their place.  
 Yea, that whereto they are obliged, both  
 By *Conscience*, by their *Calling*, and their *Oath*  
 To put in execution, they shall feare,  
 And, leave them helpleffe, who oppressed are.  
 Thy *Prelats* in the spoyle of thee shall share ;  
 Thy *Priests*, as light shall be, as those that are  
 The meanest persons. All their Prophecies,  
 Or preachings, shall be heresies and lyes.  
 The word of truth in them shall not remaine,  
 Their lips no wholesome knowledge shall retaine ;  
 And all his outward meanes of *saving-Grace*,  
 Thy God shall cary to another place.

Mark well oh *Brittain* ! what I now shall say,  
 And doe not sleightly passe these words away ;

But

But, be assured that when God beginnes,  
 To bring that vengeance on thee, for thy sinnes,  
 Which hazzard with thy total overthrow,  
 Thy *Prophets* and thy *Priests* shall sliely sow  
 The seeds of that diffention, and sedition,  
 Which Time will ripen for thy sad perdition.  
 Ev'n they, who formerly, were of thy peace  
 The happy instruments, shall then increafe  
 Thy troubles most. And, ev'n as when the *Iewes* -  
 Gods truth-prefaging *Prophets* did abuse,  
 He sused those who preached in his *Name*,  
 Such falsehoods as the chiefeft cause became  
 Of their destruction : so if thou go on  
 To make a scorne (as thou hast often done)  
 Of them who seeke thy welfare, hee will send  
 Falsse *prophets*, that shall bring thee to thine end,  
 By saying all things thou would have them say :  
 And lulling thee asleep in thine owne way.  
 If any brain-sick *Fellow*, whom the Devill  
 Seduceth to inflict on thee some evill,  
 Shall coyne falsse Doctrines, or perswade thee to  
 Some foolish course that will, at length, undoe  
 The *Common-weal* : his counsell thou shalt follow ;  
 Thou, cover'd with his bait, a hooke shalt swallow  
 To rend thine entrails : and thine ignorance  
 Shall, also for that mischief, him advance.

But if that any lover of thy weale,  
 Inspir'd with truth, and with an honest zeale,  
 Shall tell thee ought pertaining to thy good,  
 His *Messages* shall stiffly be withstood :  
 That *Seer* shall be charged not to see ;  
 His word shall sleighted as a pottsherd be ;  
 His life shall be traduced, to disgrace  
 His Counsells ; or, his errant to debase :

In

In stead of recompence, he shall be sure,  
 Imprisonments or threatenings to procure :  
 And, peradventure (as those Prophets were,  
 Who did among the *Jewish* Peers declare  
 Their States enormities) his good intention  
 May be so wrong'd, that he, by some invention,  
 May lose his life, with publike shame and hate,  
 As one that is a troubler of the *State*.

But, not unlesse the *Priest* thereto consent :  
 For in those dayes shall few men innocent  
 Be griev'd (through any quarter of the Land)  
 In which thy *Clergie* shall not have some hand.  
 If ever in thy Fields (as God forbid)  
 The blood of thine own *children* shall be shed  
 By civill discord, they shall blow the flame,  
 That will become thy ruine, and thy shame.  
 And thus it shall be kindled. When the times,  
 Are nigh at worst ; and thy increasing crimes  
 Almost compleat ; the Devill shall begin  
 To bring strange crotchets, and opinions in  
 Among thy *Teachers* ; which will breed disunion,  
 And interrupt the visible communion  
 Of thy establish'd *Church*. And, in the stead  
 Of zealous *Pastors*, (who Gods flock did feed)  
 There shall arise within thee, by degrees,  
 A *Clegry*, that shall more desire to fleece,  
 Then feed the flock. A *Clegry* it shall be,  
 Divided in it selfe : and they shall thee  
 Divide among them, into sev'ral factions,  
 Which rend thee will, and fill thee with distractions :  
 They all in outward seeming shall pretend  
 Gods glory, and to have one pious end :  
 But, under colour of sincere devotion,  
 Their study shall be temporal promotion ;

Which

Which will among themselves strange quarrels make  
 Wherein thy other Children shall partake  
 As to the *Persons*, or the *Cause*, they stand  
 Affected, even quite throughout the *Land*.

One part of these will for preferment strive,  
 By lifting up the *King's* prerogative  
 Above it selfe. They shall perswade him to  
 Much more then *Law* or *Conscience* bids him do,  
 And say, God warrants it. His holy *Lawes*  
 They shall pervert, to justifie their cause ;  
 And, impudently wrest, to prove their ends,  
 What God to better purposes, intends,  
 They shall not blush to say, that ev'ry *King*,  
 May doe like *Solomon*, in ev'ry thing,  
 As if they had his warrant : and shall dare  
 Ascribe to *Monarchs*, rights that proper are  
 To none but *Christ* ; and mixe their flatteries,  
 With no lesse grosse and wicked blasphemies,  
 Then *Heathens* did : yea, make their *Kings* beleieve,  
 That whomsoever they oppresse or grieve,  
 It is no wrong ; nor fit for men oppressed,  
 To seeke by their owne *Lawes* to be redressed.

Such counsell shall thy *Princes* then provoke,  
 To cast upon thee *Rehoboams* yoake.  
 And, they not caring, or not taking heed  
 How ill that ill-advised *King* did speed,  
 Shall multiply thy causes of distraction.  
 For, then, will of thy *Priests*, the other faction  
 Bestir themselves. They will in outward shoves,  
 Those whom I last have mentioned, oppose.  
 But, in thy ruine, they will both agree,  
 As in one *Center*, though far oft they be  
 In their *Diameter*. With lowly zeale,  
 An envious pride they slyly shall conceale :

And,

And, as the former to thy *Kings* will teach  
 Meere *Tyranny*: so shall these other preach  
 Rebellion to the People; and shall straine  
 The word of God, Sedition to maintaine.

They shall not feare to say, that if thy *King*  
 Become a *Tyrant*, thou maist also fling  
 Obedience off; or from his Crowne divorce him;  
 Or, by the terror of drawne swords enforce him.  
 Which false *Divinitie*, shall to the Devill  
 Send many soules, and bring on thee much evill.

Oh! be thou therefore watchfull; and when e're  
 These *Lambs* with *Dragons* voyces doe appeare,  
 Repent thy sinne, or take it for a token,  
 That some great *Bulwarke* of thy peace is broken,  
 Which must be soone repaired; or els, all  
 The greatnes of thy glory, downe will fall.

Take heed of those *false prophets*, who will strive  
 Betwixt thy *Prince* and *People* to contrive  
 A disagreement. And, what euer come,  
 Thy due *Allegiance* never start thou from.  
 For, (their oppressions though we may withstand  
 By pleading *Lawes*, or *Customes*) not a hand  
 Must move against them, save the hand of God,  
 Who makes a *King*, a *Bulwark*, or a *Rod*,  
 As pleaseth him. Oh take ye therefore heed  
 Yee *People*, and yee *Kings* (that shall succeed)  
 Of these *Impostors*. Of the last beware  
 Yee *Subjects*: for, their Doctrines hellish are.  
 And though they promise *Liberty* and *peace*,  
 Your Thraldome, and your Troubles they'll increase.  
 Shun oh! yee *Kings* the first; for, they advise  
 What will your Crownes and honors prejudice.  
 When you doe thinke their *Prophecies* befriend you,  
 They doe but unto *Ramoth-Gilead* send you,

Where



Where you shall perish ; and poore *Micahs* word,  
 Though lesse esteem'd, more safety will afford.  
 They will abuse your *piety*, and all  
 Your *vertues*. To their wicked ends they shall  
 Apply the Sacred Story ; or what ever  
 May seeme to further their unjust endeavor.  
 Ev'n what the son of *Hannah* told the *Jewes*,  
 Should be their scourge (because they did refuse  
 The sov'raignty of God, and were so vaine  
 To aske a *King* which over them might raigne  
 As heathen *Princes* did) that curse they shall  
 Affirme to be a Law *Monarchicall*  
 Which God himselfe established to stand  
 Throughout all ages, and in ev'ry land.  
 Which is as good *Divinity*, as they  
 Have also taught, who doe not blush to say  
 That Kings may have both *Wives* and *Concubines* ;  
 And, by that Rule whereby these great Divines  
 Shall prove their *Tenet*, I dare undertake  
 (If found it hold) that I like prooffe will make  
 Of any *Jewish* Custome, and devise  
 Authority for all absurdities.  
 But, false it is. For, might all Kings at pleasure  
 (As by the right of royaltie) make ceasure  
 Of any mans possessions : why I pray  
 Did *Ahab* grieve, that *Naboth* said him nay ?  
 Why made he not this answer thereunto,  
 (If what the *Prophet* said some *Kings* would do,  
 Were justly to be done) *Thy Vineyard's mine* ;  
*And, at my pleasure*, *Naboth*, *all that's thine*  
*Affume I may*. Why, like a *Turky* chick,  
 Did he so foolishly grow fullen sick,  
 And get possession by a wicked fact  
 Of what might have beene his by royall act ?

Z

If

If such Divinity, as this were true,  
 The *Queene* should not have needed to pursue  
 Poore *Naboth*, as she did ; or, so contrive  
 His death ; since by the Kings *Prerogative*,  
 She might have got his *Vineyard*. Nor would God  
 Have scourg'd that murther with so keene a rod,  
 On *Ahab*, had he asked but his due.  
 For, he did neither plot, nor yet pursue  
 The murther ; nor (for ought that we can tell)  
 Had knowledge of the deed of *Iezabel*,  
 Till God reveal'd it by the Prophet to him.  
 Nor is it said, that *Naboth* wrong did do him,  
 Or disrespect ; in that he did not yeeld,  
 To sell, or give, or to exchange his Field.

The Iewish *Commonwealth* did so instate,  
 That, their possessions none could alienate,  
 But for a time ; who ever, for his mony,  
 Or in exchange, desir'd their patrimony.  
 And, doubtlesse, we offend, who at this day  
 Those *Freedomes* give, or lose, or sell away  
 Which were in common right posses'd of old,  
 By our Forefathers ; and, continue should  
 To all their *after-commers*. For, altho  
 We may dispose of what pertaines unto  
 Our persons : yet, those dues which former ages  
 Have left unto us for our heritages,  
 (And whereunto, the child that borne must be,  
 Hath ev'ry whit as good a right as we)  
 Those dues we should preserve with all our might,  
 By pleading of our just and ancient right,  
 In humble wise ; if so the Sov'raigne state  
 Our *Freedomes* shall attempt to violate.  
 But, when by peacefull meanes we cannot save it,  
 We to the pleasure of the King must leave it,

And

And unto God our Iudge : For all the pow'r  
In us, consists in faying, *This is our.*

A King is for a blessing, or a curse :  
And therefore (though a *Foole* he were, or worfe,  
A *Tyrant*, or an *Ethnick*) no man may  
So much as in their private cloffets, pray  
Against his person ; though they may petition  
Against the wickednesse of his condition.

Nor, is this suffrance due to those alone,  
Who subject are unto a *Monarchs* throne,  
But, from all those who either subjects are  
'To mixed Governments, or popular.  
For, though irregularities appeare  
In ev'ry State ; because but men they are  
Whom God exalts to rule : yet, it is he  
By whom all Governments ordained be.  
And ev'ry *Government* (although the *Name*  
Be different) is in effect the same.

In *Monarchies*, the *Counsell* (as it were  
An *Aristocracy*) one while doth beare  
The sway of all ; and though they name the *King*,  
Yet him they over-rule in ev'ry thing.  
Sometime againe, the pop'lar voice we see,  
Doth awe the *Counsell*, when in them there be  
Some pop'lar *Spirits*. *Aristocracies*  
Are otherwhile the same with *Monarchies*.  
For, one great man among them gets the pow'r,  
From all the rest, and like an *Emperour*,  
Doth act his pleasure. And, we know tis common  
To have some foolish *Favorite*, or *Woman*,  
To govern him. So in a pop'lar State,  
Affaires are manag'd by the selfe same fate ;  
And, either one or moe, away to steale  
The peoples hearts, and sway the Commonweale.

Z 2

Thus,

Thus God is pleas'd, to humble and to raise :  
Thus, he by sev'rall *names*, and sev'rall *ways*,  
The world doth govern. Yea, thus, ev'n in one nation,  
And in one State, he makes much alteration  
In formes of *Government* ; oft changing that  
Which is but accidentall to a *State*.  
And, such his *Iustice*, and his *Wisdome* is,  
That he preserveth by the meanes of this,  
Those things which do essentially pertaine  
To that great *Power*, which over all doth raigne.

Nor is he pleas'd thus it should be done  
In *States* that meerely civill are alone ;  
But, also, in the *Churches* governments,  
Allows the change of outward accidents.  
Yea, they to whom he gives the overights  
Of some particular *Church*, may change old *Rites*,  
The *Customes*, *Formes*, or *Titles* as occasions  
Are offred them ; or, as the Times, or Nations,  
Require a change : provided so, that they  
Take nothing which essentiall is, away ;  
Nor adde what shall repugne or prejudice  
*Gods Lawes*, his *Kingdome*, or the *Liberties*  
Of them that are his people. For, in what  
Hath any *Church* a pow'r, if not in that  
Which is indifferent ? Or, in what I pray  
Will men the *Church* authority obey,  
If not in such like things ? Or, who should be  
The *Judge* what is indifferent, if not she ?  
A private *Spirit* knowes what best agrees  
With his own fancy ; but, the *Church* best see  
What fits the *Congregation*. From what gives  
Offence to one ; another man receives  
Much comfort : and, his conscience edifies,  
By disciplines, which many doe despise.

A

A *Parish* is a little *Diocesse* ;  
 And, as of Cities, Townes, and Villages,  
 A *Bishoprick* consists : so, that doth rise  
 By sythings, Hamlets, and by Families.  
 And little difference would be in the same,  
 (Excepting in the largeness and the name)  
 If their opinions were allow'd of all,  
 Who favour not the stile *Episcopall* :  
 For, ev'ry *Priest* would then usurp the same  
 Authority, whereof some hate the *name*.  
 Yea, many a one would then his Parish make  
 A little *Popedome*, and upon him take  
 (Considering his meane pow'r) as much as he  
 That *Vniversall Bishop* claimes to be :  
 And, prove more proud, and troublesome, then they  
 Against whose *Lordlinesse* they now inveigh.

This therefore is my *Rule* ; that *Government*  
 (What e're it be) in which to me God lent  
 My birth and breeding ; that, until my end,  
 I will obey, and to my pow'r defend.  
 Yea, though it tyrannize, I will denay  
 No more obedience, then by Law I may :  
 Ev'n by those *Lawes* and *Customes* which do stand  
 In force, and unrepealed in that Land.

What right another had, e're I was borne,  
 Or how, or for what sinne, Gods hand hath torne  
 His Kingdome from him, I will never care,  
 Let them go answer that who *Subjects* were  
 (When lost it was) and had that meanes, and calling,  
 And yeares, which might prevented have his falling.

Or should another *Country* take me home  
 As one of hers ; when thither I did come  
 I would nor seek, nor wish to innovate  
 The *Titles*, or the *Customes* of that *State*,

Z 3

To

To what some other Countries better thought :  
But, leave such things to those to whom I ought.

And, there, if any *Faction* shall constrain  
That I one part must take, I will maintaine  
What bore the Sov'raignty when I came thither ;  
And, I and that will stand and fall together.  
The same obedience, also, keep I shall,  
To governments *Ecclesiasticall*

Where e're I come ; if nothing they command  
Which doth Gods word, essentially, withstand :  
Or, indirectly, or directly, thwart  
His glory, or the purity pervert  
Of Christian Principles ; nor further strife,  
Nor cause, nor countenance an evill life.

The *Hierarchy*, here, I will obey,  
And reverence, while I in *England* stay.  
In *Scotland* if I liv'd, I would deny  
No due respect to their *Presbyterie*.  
*Geneva* should I visit, I would there  
Submit my selfe to what their customes were.  
Yea, wherefoe're I am, I will suppose  
The *Spirit* in that *Church* much better knowes  
What best that place besitteth, then I do :  
And, I will live conformed thereunto,  
In ev'rything that's merely politick,  
And injures not the Doctrines *Catholick*.

To ev'ry temp'rall pow'r I'll be the same,  
By whatsoever cognizance, or name,  
Men please to call it. If I should be sent  
To *Poland*, where a mixed government  
Establisht is ; I would not tell them, there,  
That any other Custome better were.  
Were I in *Switzerland*, I would maintaine  
*Democrity* ; and, think to make it plaine,

That

That for these *Times*, those *Cantons*, and that *Nation*,  
There could not be a better *Domination*.

In *Venice*, far before a *Monarchy*

I would prefer an *Aristocracie*.

In *Spain*, and *France*, and in Great *Britaine* here,

I hold no Governments more perfect are

Then *Monarchies*. And, if Gods will should be,

Beneath a *Tyrant* to envassaille me,

I would perswade my selfe, that heavy yoake

Were best, for some respects ; and, to the stroke

Ev'n of an iron Mace would subject be,

In *body* : with a *minde* that should be free

From his inforcement, (if he did withstand,

Or bid me what Gods *Law* doth countermand.)

There is, I know, a *middle-way* that lyes,

Ev'n just betwixt the two extremities,

Which to *sedition*, and to *faction* tend.

To find which tract, my whole desire I bend ;

And with it follow'd more. For, if we tread

That harmlesse path, we cannot be misled ;

Nor sham'd, though blam'd we be. To ev'ry man

I faine would give his due ; and all I can

I doe endeavor it. I would not wrong

My *Country* ; neither take what doth belong

To *Cesar* : nor infringe, or prejudice,

The Univerfall *Churches* liberties ;

Nor for her outward *Discipline* prefer

Or censure, any *Church* particular ;

Or any *State*, but as besit it may

His *Muse*, which nought but needfull truths doth say.

Nor have I any purpose to withdraw

Obedience, or respect from any *Law*

That's positive ; or, to dishearten from

Those *Customes*, which a Christian state become.

Z 4

Nor

Nor have I any thought to scandalize,  
 Or speake amisse of Principalities ;  
 Or, to traduce mens persons : but, I fall  
 On errors of men's lives in generall,  
 And, on those great *Abuses*, which I see  
 To blemish ev'ry *Calling* and *Degree*.

Of *Dignities* and *Persons*, I observe  
 All meanes I can, their honors to preserve,  
 When I reprove their faults. And, ev'n as he  
 That hunteth *Foxes*, where *Lambes* feeding be,  
 May fright that harmlesse flock, and suffer blame  
 Of some *By-slanders*, (knowing not his Game)  
 When from his Dogs, those Innocents are free,  
 And none but their devourers bitten be.  
 So though my reprehensions, often are  
 Mistook by foolish *Readers* ; they are far  
 From reprehending those, or taxing that  
 Which is unfitting for my shooting at.  
 I speake those things which will advantage rather  
 Then harme : and hence this blinded age may gather  
 Much light. This little *Volume* doth relate  
 Nought else but what is like to be our *Fate* ;  
 If sin encrease ; and what in former times  
 Did fall on other *Nations* for their crimes.  
 I utter what our welfare may encrease,  
 And helpe confirme us in a happy peace ;  
 Which they will never compasse, who pursue  
 To speake what's pleasing, rather then what's true.  
 How ever, here my thoughts deliv'ed be :  
 Let God, as he shall please, deliver me.  
 And if what here is mention'd, thou dost heed  
 (Oh *Britaine* !) in those rimes that shall succeed,  
 It may prevent much losse, and make thee shun  
 Those mischiefes, whereby Kingdomes are undone.

But,



But, to thy other sins, if thou shalt adde  
 Rebellions (as false *Prophets* will perswade)  
 Which likely are to follow, when thou shalt  
 In thy profession of *Religion* halt :  
 Then, will thy *Kings* and *People* scourge each other,  
 For their offences, till both fall together :  
 By weakning of your pow'rs, to make them way,  
 Who seeke and look for that unhappy day.

Then, shall disorder ev'rywhere abound,  
 And neither just nor pious man be found.  
 The best shall be a *Bryer* or a *Thorne*,  
 By whom their neighbours shall be scratcht & torne.  
 Thy *Princes* shall to nothing condescend  
 For any merit, just, or pious end ;  
 But either for encreasing of their treasure,  
 Or for accomplishing their willful pleasure :  
 And unto what they sell or daigne for meed,  
 There shall be given little trust or heed.  
 For, that which by their words confirme they shall,  
 (The royall Seales uniting therewithall)  
 A toy shall frustrate ; and a gift shall make  
 The strictest *Orders* no effect to take.

The *Judge*, without a bribe, no *Cause* shall end :  
 No man shall trust his brother, or his friend :  
 The parents and the children shall despise  
 And hate and spoile each other : she that lies  
 Within her husbands bosome, shall betray him :  
 They who thy people should protect, shal slay them :  
 The aged shall regarded be of none :  
 The poore shall by the rich be trodden on :  
 Such grievous infolencies, everywhere  
 Shall acted be ; that good and bad shall feare  
 In thee to dwell ; and, men discreet shall hate  
 To be a *Ruler* or a *Magistrate* ;

Z 5

When

When they behold (without impenitence)  
So much injustice, and such violence.

And when thy wickednesse this height shall gain,  
To which (no doubt) it will e're long attaine,  
If thou proceed : Then, from the bow that's bent  
(And halfe way drawne already) shall be sent  
A mortall arrow ; and it pierce thee shall  
Quite through the head, the liver, and the gall.

The Lord shall call, and whistle from afarre,  
For those thy enemies that fiercest are :  
For those thou fearest most ; and they shall from  
Their Countries, like a whirlwind hither come.  
They shall not sleep, nor stumble, nor untie  
Their garments, till within thy fields they lye.  
Sharp shall their arrowes be, and strong their bow.  
Their faces shall as full of horror show  
As doth a Lions. Like a bolt of thunder,  
Their troops of horse shall come, & tread thee under  
Their iron feet. Thy foes shall eate thy bread,  
And with thy flocks both clothed be, and fed.  
Thy *Dwellers*, they shall cary from their owne,  
To *Countries* which their fathers have not knowne.  
And, thither shall such mischiefs them pursue,  
That they who seeke the pit-fall to eschew,  
Shall in a snare be taken. If they shall  
Escape the sword, a Serpent in the wall  
To death shall sting them : yea (although they hap  
To shun a hundred plagues) they shall not scape ;  
But, with new dangers, still be chac'd about,  
Vntill that they are wholly rooted out.

The *Plowman*, then, shall be afraid to sow ;  
*Artificers* their labour shall foregoe ;  
The *Merchant* man shall crosse the Seas no more,  
(Except to flye and seeke some other shore)

Thy

Thy *ablest-men* shall faint : thy *wife-ones*, then,  
 Shall know themselves to be but foolish men.  
 And they who built and planted by oppression,  
 Shall leave their gettings to the foes possession.  
 Yea, God wil scourge thee, *England*, seven times more  
 With seven times greater *Plagues* then heretofore.  
 Then, thy *Allies* their friendship shall withdraw ;  
 And, they that of thy greatnesse stood in awe,  
 Shall say (in scorn) is this the valiant Nation,  
 That had throughout the world such reputation,  
 By *victories* upon the shore ? Are these  
 That people which were masters of the seas,  
 And grew so mighty ? yea that petty Nation,  
 That were not worthy of thy indignation,  
 Shall mock thee too ; and all thy former fame,  
 Forgot shall be, or mention'd to thy shame.

Mark how God's *plagues* were doubled on the *Ieeus*  
 When they his mild corrections did abuse :  
 Marke what, at last, upon their Land he sent ;  
 And, look thou for the selfe same punishment,  
 If them thou imitatest. For their sin,  
 At first, but eight years *Bondage* they were in.  
 Their wickednesse grew more ; and God did then,  
 To *Eglon*, make them slaves, eight years and ten.  
 They disobeying, still, the God of heaven ;  
 Their yeares of *Servitude* were twenty seven,  
 To *Iabin* and to *Midian*. Then, prevailed  
*Philistia* forty yeares ; and, when that failed,  
 To make them of their evill wayes repent,  
 There was, among themselves, a fatall rent ;  
 And, they oft scourg'd each other. Still, they trod  
 The selfe same path ; and, then the hand of God  
 Brought *Ashur* on them ; and did make them beare  
 His heavy yoke, untill the seventieth yeare.

And

And last of all the *Romane* Empire came,  
 Which from their *Country* rooted out their *Name*.  
 That foolish project which they did embrace,  
 To keep in them possession of their *place*,  
 Did lose it. And, like *Cain*, that vagrant *Nation*,  
 Hath now remain'd in fearful *Desolation*  
 Nigh sixteene hundred yeares : and, (whatsoe're  
 Some lately dreame) in vaine, they look for here  
 A temp'rall *Kingdome*. For, as long agoe  
 Their *Psalmist* said ; *No Prophet doth foreshow*  
*This thraldomes end*. Nor shall it end untill  
 The *Gentiles* their just number doe fulfill :  
 Which is unlike to be untill that houre,  
 In which there shall be no more temporall pow'r,  
 Or temporall *Kingdome*. Therefore, gather them  
 (Oh Lord !) unto thy new *Ierusalem*,  
 In thy due time. For, yet, unto that place,  
 They have a promise right, by thy meere grace.  
 To those who shall repent, thy firme *Election*  
 Continues in this temporall rejection.  
 Oh ! shew thy mercy in their desolation,  
 That thou maist honor'd be in their salvation.  
 Yea, teach us also, by their fearfull fall,  
 To hearken to thy voice, when thou dost call ;  
 (Lest thou in anger, unto us protest,  
 That we shall never come into thy rest)  
 For we have follow'd them in all their sin :  
 Such, and so many, have our warnings bin :  
 And, if thou still prolong not thy compassion,  
 To us belongs the selfe same *Desolation*.  
 And it will shortly come, with all those terrors  
 That were on them inflicted, for their errors.  
 Then, woe shall be to them, that heretofore  
 By joyning house to house, expell'd the poore ;

And

And field have into field incorporated,  
Vntill their *Towneships* were depopulated.  
For, desolate their dwelling shall be made :  
Ev'n in their blood the Lord shall bathe his blade :  
And they that have by avarice, and wiles,  
Erected Pallaces and costly Piles ;  
Shall think, the stones and timbers, in the wall,  
Aloud, to God, for vengeance on them call.

Then, woe shall be to them who early rise  
To eate, and drinke, and play, and wantonize ;  
Still adding sin to sin : for, they the paine  
Of cold, and thirst, and hunger, shall sustaine ;  
And be the servile slaves of them that are  
Their Foes ; as to their Lusts they captives were.

Then, wo to them who darknesse more have lov'd  
Then light ; and good advice have disapprov'd :  
For, they shall wander in a crooked path,  
Which neither light nor end, nor comfort hath.  
And, when for *Guides*, and *Counsell* they do cry,  
Not one shall pity them, who passeth by.

Then, wo to them that have corrupted bin,  
To justifie the *wicked* in his sin ;  
Or, for a bribe, the *righteous* to condemne :  
For, flames (as on the chaffe) shall seize on them :  
Their bodies to the dunghill shall be cast ;  
Their flowre shall turn to dust ; their stock shall waist ;  
And all the glorious titles they have worne,  
Shall but encrease their infamy and scorne.

Then, wo to them that have beene rais'd aloft  
By good mens ruines ; and by laying soft  
And easie pillowes, under great mens armes,  
To make them pleas'd in their alluring charmes.

Then, wo to them, who being growne afraid  
Of some nigh perill, fought unlawfull aid ;

And

And, setting God's protection quite aside,  
Vpon their owne inventions have rely'd.  
For, God their foolish hopes will bring to nought ;  
On them, their feared mischief shall be brought ;  
And, all their wit and strength, shall not suffice,  
To heave that sorrow off, which on them lies.  
Yea, then, oh *Britaine* ! woe to ev'ry one,  
That hath without repentance evill done :  
For, those who doe nor heed, nor beare in mind  
His visitings, Gods reaching hand will find ;  
And they with howling cries and lamentation,  
Shall sue and seeke, in vaine, for his compassion.  
Because they carelesse of his Mercies were,  
Till in consuming wrath he did appeare.

But, still, we set far off that evill day ;  
In dull *security* we passe away  
Our pretious time ; and with vaine hopes and toyes,  
Build up a trust which ev'ry puffe destroyes.  
And therefore, still when healing is expected,  
New and unlookt for troubles are effected.  
We gather *Armies*, and we *Fleets* prepare ;  
And, then, both strong and safe we think we are.  
But, when we look for victories and glory,  
What followes, but events that make us fory ?  
And tis Gods mercy that we turne our faces  
With so few losses, and no more disgraces.  
For, what are most of those whom we commend  
Such actions to ; and whom we forth do send  
To fight those *Battels*, which the *Lords* we call,  
But such as never fight for him at all ?  
Whom dost thou make thy *Captaines*, and dispose  
Such *Offices* unto, but unto those  
(Some few excepted) who procure by friends,  
Command and pay, to serve their private ends ?

Their

Their *language*, and their *practices* declare,  
That entertained by Gods *Foe* they were.  
Their whoring, fwearing, and their drunkenness,  
Do far more plainly to the world expresse  
What *Generall* they doe belong unto,  
Then all their *Feathers* and their *Ensignes* doe.  
These, by their unrepented sins, betray  
Thy *Cause*. By these, the honor, and the day  
Is lost : and when thou hopest that thy trouble  
Shall have an end, thy danger waxeth double.

We wish for *Parliaments* ; and them we made  
Our God : for, all the hope that many had  
To remedy the publike discontent,  
Was by the wisdom of a *Parliament*.  
Well ; *Parliaments* we had ; and what in being,  
Succeedeth yet, but greater disagreement,  
With greater *grievances* then heretofore ?  
And reason good : for, we depended more  
On outward means, then on Gods will that sends  
All punishments ; and all afflictions ends.

Believe it should our *Parliaments* agree  
In ev'ry *nation* : should our *Sov'raigne* be  
So gracious, as to condescend to all  
Which for his weale and ours, propose we shall ;  
Ev'n that *Agreement*, till our sins we leave,  
Shall make us but secure ; and helpe to weave  
A snare, by whose fine threds we shall be caught,  
Before we see the mischief that is wrought.

Whilst we by *Parliaments* do chiefly seek  
Meere temp'rall ends, the King shall do the like :  
Yea, till in them we mutually agree  
To helpe each other ; and unfained be  
In lab'ring for a Christian *Reformation* ;  
Each Meeting shall beget a new vexation.

This

This *Iland* hath some sense of what she ayles,  
 And very much, these evill times bewayles ;  
 But, not so much our finnes, doe we lament,  
 Or mourne that God for them is discontent,  
 As that the *Plagues* they bring disturb our pleasures,  
 Encrease our dangers, and exhaust our treasures.  
 And, for these causes, now and then we *fast*,  
 And *pray*, as long as halfe a day doth last.  
 For, if the Sunne doe but a liitle cleare  
 That cloud, from which a tempest we doe feare,  
 What kind of griefe we took, we plainly shew  
 By those rejoycings which thereon ensue :  
 For, in the stead of such due thankfulnesse,  
 As Christian zeale obligeth to expresse ;  
 To Pleasure (not to God) we sacrifice ;  
 Renue our sins ; revive our vanities ;  
 And, all our vowed gratitude expires,  
 In Games, in Guns, in Bels, in Healths, or Fires.

We faine would be at peace ; but few men go  
 That way, as yet, whereby it may be so.  
 We have not that humility which must  
 Effect it : we are false and cannot trust  
 Each other ; no nor God with true confessions :  
 Which shewes that we abhor not our transgressions.  
 It proves, that of our errors, we in heart  
 Repent not, neither purpose to depart  
 From any folly. For all they that are  
 Sincerely penitent, doe nothing feare  
 So much as their owne guilt ; nor seeke to gaine  
 Ought more, then to be reconcil'd againe :  
 And, they that are thus minded, never can  
 Be long unreconcil'd to God, or man.

When we should stoop, we most our selves exalt ;  
 And (though we be) would not be thought in fault.

Nay,



Nay, though we faulty be, and thought, & known,  
 And proved so ; and see that we are throwne  
 By our apparant errors, into straits,  
 From which we cannot get by all our sleights :  
 Yet, still our selves we vaunt and justifie,  
 And struggle, till the snare we faster tye.  
 We sin, and we to boast it have no shame,  
 Yet storme when others doe our follies name :  
 And rather then we will so much as say  
 We did amisse (though that might wipe away  
 The staine of all) I think that some of us  
 So wilfull are, so proud, and mischievous,  
 That we our selves would ruine, and our *Nation*,  
 To keep our shadow of a *Reputation*.

Oh ! if we are thus headstrong, tis unlike  
 We any part of our proud sailes will strike  
 Till they have sunke our *Veffell* in the Sea,  
 Or by the furious windes, are torne away.  
 Twere better, tho, we did confesse our wound,  
 Then hide it till our state grew more unsound.  
 Twere better we some wealth, or office lost,  
 Then keep them, till our lives, and all, it cost :  
 And therefore, let us wisely be advised,  
 Before we by a tempest be surprised.  
 Downe first with our *Top-gallants*, and our *Flags* ;  
*In stormes, the skilfull'st Pilots make no brags.*  
 Let us (if that be not enough) let fall  
 Our *Misne-yard*, and strike our top-sailes all.  
 If this we find be not enough to doe,  
 Strike Fore-faile, Sprit-faile, yea and Maine-faile too.  
 And, rather then our *Ship* should sink or rend ;  
 Let's overboard, goods, mast, and tackling send.  
 Save but the *Hull*, the *Master*, and the *Men* ;  
 And we may live to scoure the seas agen.

Beleeve

Beleeve it *England*, howsoever some  
 (Who should foresee thy *plagues* before they come) \*  
 Endeavor to perswade thee that thou hast  
 A hopefull time, and that the worst is past.  
 Yet I dare boldly tell thee, thou hast nigh  
 Worne out Gods patience by impiety.  
 And, that unlesse the same we doe renue  
 By penitence, our folly we shall rue.

But, what am I, that me thou should'st beleeve?  
 Or, unto what I tell thee, credit give?  
 It may be this adulous *Generation*  
 Expecteth tokens of her desolation;  
 And therefore I will give them signes of that  
 Which they are almost now arrived at.

Not *signes*, so mysticall as most of those  
 Which did the ruine of the *Iewes* disclose;  
 But, *signes* as evident as are the day.  
 For, know ye *Britanies*, that what God did say,  
*Ierusalem*s destruction should foreshew,  
 He spake to ev'ry *State* that should ensue.  
 And, that he nought of her, or to her spake,  
 For hers alone, but also for our sake.

One *signe* that Gods long-suffering we have tired,  
 And that his *patience* is almost expired,  
 Is this; that many Iudgements he hath sent,  
 And still remov'd them e're we did repent.  
 For, God (ev'n by his *Holineffe*) did sweare,  
 (Saith *Amos*) such a Nation he will teare  
 With Bryers, and with Fish-hookes rend away  
 The whole posterity of such as they.

*Cleane teeth* (saith God) *I gave them; and with bread*  
*In many places, them I scanty fed;*  
*And yet they fought me not: Then I restrained*  
*The dewes of heav'n; upon this Field I rained,*

*And*

*And not on that; yea, to one City came  
Some two or three, to quench their thirsty flame;  
Yet, to returne to me, no care they tooke;  
With Blastings then, and Mildewes, I them strook;  
And mixt among their Fruits the Palmer-worme;  
Yet, they their lives did not a jot reforme:  
Then did I send the Pestilence (saide he)  
Devoured by the Sword, their youngmen be;  
Their Horse are slaine, and up to heaven ascends  
Their sinke; yet I discover no amends.*

The selfe same things thy God in thee hath done,  
Oh *England*! yet, here follows thereupon  
So small amendment, that they are a *signe*  
To thee; and their sharp Iudgement, will be thine.

The second *Token* which doth fore declare  
When *Cities, States, and Realmes*, declining are,  
Ev'n *Christ* himselfe hath left us: For, (saith he)  
*When Defolation shall approaching be,  
Of wars, and warlike rumors ye shall heare;  
Rare signes and tokens will in heaven appeare;  
Downe from the Firmament the Stars shall fall;  
The hearts of many men, then, faile them shall;  
There will be many scandals and offences;  
Great Earth quakes, Schismes, Deaths, and Pestilences;  
Realme, Realme; and Nation, Nation shall oppose;  
The nearest friends, shall be the greatest foes.  
Against the Church shall many tyrannize;  
Deceivers, and false Prophets, shall arise;  
In ev'ry place shall wickednesse abound;  
And, Charity shall very cold be found.*

This, *Christ* himselfe did prophecy: And we  
Are doubtlesse blind, unlesse confest it be,  
That at this houre, upon this Kingdome here,  
These marks of Defolation viewed are.

How

How often have we seene prodigious *lights*,  
 O'respread the face of heav'n in moonlesse nights ?  
 How many dreadfull *Meteors* have there beene  
 In this our *Climate*, lately heard and seene ?  
 Who knoweth not that but awhile agoe  
 A *Blazing Star* did threat, if not foreshew  
 Gods Iudgements? In what age, tofore, did here  
 So many, who did *Saints* and *Stars* appeare,  
 Fall (as it were) from heav'n ? Or who hath heard  
 Of greater *Earth-quakes*, then have lately scar'd  
 These quarters of the world ? How oft, the touch  
 Of *Famine* have we had ? But, when so much  
 Devoured by the *Pestilence* were we,  
 As in this present yeare our people be ?  
 Of *Wars*, and martiall rumors, never more  
 Were heard within these confines heretofore ;  
 When were all Kingdomes, and all Nations through  
 The world, so opposite as they are now ?  
 We know no Country, whether nigh or far,  
 But is engag'd or threatned with some *War*.  
 All places, either present woes bewaile ;  
 Or else things feared make mens hearts to faile.  
 False *Prophets*, and *Deceivers* we have many ;  
 We scarcely find integrity in any :  
 The Name of *Christ*, begins in ev'ry place  
 To suffer persecution and disgrace ;  
 And, we the greatest jeopardies are in,  
 Among our neighbours, and our nearest kin.  
 Strange *Heresies* do ev'rywhere encrease,  
 Disturbing *Sion*, and exiling peace.  
 Impietie doth multiply. True love  
 Growes cold. And, if these *tokens* doe not prove  
 Our fall drawes on, unlesse we doe amend :  
 I know not when our folly shall have end.

A

A third apparant *signe* which doth declare  
 When some devouring *Plague* approacheth neare,  
 Is when a Nation doth anew begin  
 To let Idolatry to enter in ;  
 And openly, or secretly give place  
 To *Hereſie*, where *Truth* eſtabliſht was :  
 Or when like *Ieroboam*, to poſſeſſe  
 An outward profit, or a temporall peace,  
 They either change *Religions*, or deviſe  
 A worſhip which doth mixe Idolatries  
 With truth. For this, ev'n for this very crime,  
 The King of *Aſhur*, in *Hoſhea's* time  
 Led *Iſr'el* captive. And, both from the fight  
 Of God ; and from the houſe of *David* quite,  
 They were cut off for ever, and did neither  
 Serve *God* or *Idols* ; but ev'n both together ;  
 In ſuch a mixt *Religion* as is that  
 Which ſome among us, now, have aymed at.

Marke, *England* ; and I prethee marke it well,  
 If this offence which ruin'd *Iſrael*,  
 On thee appeare not : and, if ſo it be,  
 Amend ; or looke for what it threatens thee.

The fourth true *token* which doth fore expreſſe  
 The ruine of a Land for wickedneſſe,  
 Is when the *Prieſts* and Magiſtrates begin,  
 To grow extreemly impudent in ſin.  
 This *Signe*, the Prophet *Micah* giveth us ;  
 And he (not I) to you cryes loudly thus :  
*Heare, oh ye houſe of Iacob, and all ye*  
*That Princes of the houſe of Iſrael be :*  
*Ye Juſtice hate ; and ye pervert what's good ;*  
*Ye build the walls of Sion up with blood ;*  
*Ieruſalem with ſin ye up have rear'd ;*  
*Your Judges paſſe their cenſures for reward ;*

*Your*

*Your Priests doe preach for hire, your Prophets doe  
Like them; and prophecy for mony too.  
And, for this cause shall Sion mount (faith he)  
Ev'n like a plowed field become to be;  
And like a Forrest hill where bushes grow,  
The City of Ierusalem shall show.*

Change but the names, oh *Britain*, and that token  
Of defolation, unto thee is spoken.  
For, what this day thy *Priests* and *Princes* are,  
Their actions, and the peoples cries declare.

A fifth sure *evidence* that God among  
Thy ruins will entomb thy fame e're long,  
(If thou repent not) is ev'n this, that thou  
Dost ev'ry day the more ungodly grow,  
By how much more the blessed meanes of grace  
Doth multiply it selfe in ev'ry place.  
God sends unto thee many learned Preachers,  
*Apostles, Pastors*, and all kind of teachers;  
His *Visions*, and his *Prophecies* upon thee  
He multiplies. And (that he might have won thee  
To more sincerity) on all occasions,  
By counsell, by entreatie, and perswasions,  
He hath advis'd, allured, and besought thee:  
With precept upon precept, he hath taught thee;  
By line on line; by miracle; by reason;  
In ev'ry place; in season, out of season;  
By little and by little; and by much  
(Sometime) at once: yet is thy nature such,  
That still thou waxest worse; and in the roome  
Of pleasant Grapes, more Thistles daily come:  
And, thou that art so haughty, and so proud,  
For this, shalt vanish like an empty cloud;  
And, as a Lion, Leopard, or a Beare,  
Thy God, for this, shall thee in pieces teare.

If

If thou suppose my *Muse* did this devise,  
Goe take it from *Hosea's* propheties

The sixth undoubted *signal* when the last  
Good dayes of sinfull *Realmes* are almost past,  
Is when the people neere to God shall draw  
In word, to make profession of his *Law* :  
And, by their tongues his praises forth declare ;  
Yet, in their hearts from him continue far.

To such a *Land*, their destiny displays  
*Isaiah* : for even thus the Prophet sayes :  
*God will produce a marvell in that State,*  
*And doe a worke that men shall wonder at ;*  
*The wisdom of their wisest Counsellor,*  
*Shall perish, and their prudent men shall erre.*  
*On their deepe Counsels, sorrow shall attend ;*  
*Their secret plots shall have a dismal end ;*  
*Their giddy projects which they have devised,*  
*Shall as the Potters clay be quite despised.*  
*Like Carmel, Lebanon shall seeme ; and be*  
*Like Lebanon, shall make mount Carmel be.*  
*Their pleasant Fields like Defarts shall appeare ;*  
*And, there shall Gardens be, where Defarts are.*

God keep (thou *Brittish Ile*) this plague from thee ;  
For, signes thereof upon thy Body be,  
Thou of the purest worship mak'st profession ;  
Yet, waxest more impure in thy condition.  
Thou boastest of the knowledge of God's word,  
Yet, thereunto in manners to accord  
Thou dost refuse. Thou makest protestation  
Of pietie ; yet hatest reformation.  
Yea, when thy tongue doth sing of praise divine,  
Thy heart doth plot some temporall designe.  
And, some of those, who in this wise are holy,  
Begin to shew their wisdom will be folly.

For

For, when from fight their snares they deepest hide,  
By God Almightyes eyes they are espide.

The feaventh *Symptome* of a dreadfull blow,  
(If not of a perpetuall overthrow)

Is when a slumbring *Spirit* doth surprize

A nation ; and hath closed up their eyes :

Or when the *Prophets* and the *Seers* are

So clouded, that plaine truths do not appeare :

Or when the *Visions* evidently seene

Are passed by, as if they had not beene :

Or when, to Nations who can reade, God gives

His *Booke* ; and thereof doth unseale the leaves,

And bids them reade the same, which they to do

Deny ; or plead unablennesse thereto.

Black *signes* are these. For if that *Book* to them,

Still darke ; or as a *Book* unsealed seeme ;

Or, if they heed no more what here is said,

Then they that have the *Booke*, and cannot reade ;

The *Judgements*, last repeated, are the doome,

That shall on such a stupid *Nation* come.

This *Signe* is come on us ; for, loe, unsealed

Gods *Book* is now among us ; and revealed

Are all the *Mysteries* which doe concerne

The children of this present age to learne.

So well hath he instructed this our Land,

That we not only reade, but understand

The secrets of his *Word*. The prophecies

Of his chiefe *Seers*, are before our eyes,

Vnveiled : true interpretations.

Are made, and many proper applications

Ev'n to our selves ; yet is our heart so blind,

That what we know and see, we do not mind.

We heare, and speake, and much adoe we keepe ;

But we as senselesse are as men asleep

What



What then we doe. Yea, while that we are talking,  
 What snares are in the way where we are walking,  
 We heed not what we say, but passe along ;  
 And, many times, are fast enfnar'd among  
 Those mischiefes, and those faults we did condemne,  
 Before our tongues have left to mention them.

For our neglect of God in former times,  
 (Or for some present unrepented crimes)  
 A slumbring *Spirit* so possesseth us,  
 That our estate is wondrous dangerous.  
 We see and heare, and tell to one another  
 Our perils, yet we headlong hast together  
 To wilfull ruine : and are growne so mad,  
 That when our friends a better course perswade,  
 Or seeke to stop us (when they see we run  
 That way in which we cannot ruine shun)  
 We persecute those men with all our soule,  
 That we may damn our selves without controule.

The eight plaine *Signe*, by which I understand  
 That some devouring mischiefe is at hand,  
 Is that malicioufnesse which I doe see  
 Among *Professors* of one Faith, to be.

We that have but one *Father*, and one *Mother*,  
 Doe persecute and torture one another.  
 So hotly, we oppose not *Antichrist*,  
 As we our fellow brethren doe resist.  
 The *Protestant*, the *Protestant* defies ;  
 And, we our selves, our selves doe scandalize.  
 Our *Church* we have exposed to more scorne ;  
 And her faire seamlesse *Vestment* rent, and torne,  
 By our owne fury, more then by their spight  
 Who are to us directly opposite.  
 To save an Aple, we the Tree destroy ;  
 And, quarrels make for ev'ry needlesse toy :

&

From

From us, if any brother differ shall  
 But in a crotchet, we upon him fall  
 As eagerly, and with as bitter hate,  
 As if we knew him for a *Reprobate*.  
 And, what event all this doth signifie,  
 Saint *Paul* (by way of caveat) doth imply.  
*Take heed* (saith he) *lest while ye bite each other,*  
*You, of your selves, consumed be together.*

Another *Signe* which causeth me to feare  
 That our confusion is approaching neere,  
 Are those *Disunions* which I have espide,  
 In *Church* and *Commonwealth* this present tide.  
 We cannot hide these rents ; for they doe gape,  
 So wide, that some their Iawes can hardly scape.  
 Would God, the way to close them up we knew,  
 Else what they threaten, time will shortly shew :  
 For, all men know, a *City* or a *Land*,  
*Within it selfe divided, cannot stand.*

The last black *figne* that here I will repeat,  
 (Which doth to kingdomes defolation threat)  
 Is when the hand of God Almighty, brings  
 The people, into bondage, to their Kings.  
 I say, when their owne *King* shall take delight,  
 Those whom he should protect, to rob, and smite.  
 When they who fed the Sheep, the Sheep shall kill,  
 And eate them ; and suppose they doe no ill.  
 When God gives up a Nation unto those  
 That are their neighbours, that they may, as foes,  
 Devoure them. When (oh *England*) thou shalt see  
 This come to passe, a signe it is to thee  
 That God is angry ; and a certaine token  
 That into pieces thou shalt quite be broken :  
 If not by forraine strength, by force at home ;  
 And, that thy greater torment will become.

This

This *Vengeance*, and this fearfull preparation,  
 Of bringing ruine on a finfull Nation,  
 (If they remaine impenitent) the Lord  
 Doth menace ; and, by *Zachary* record,  
 To make us wise. Oh ! let us therefore learne,  
 What now is comming on us, to discern.  
 For, (well considered if all things were)  
 From this *Captivity* we seeme not farre.  
 It now already seemes to be projected ;  
 Nay, little wants of being quite effected.  
 For, they that are our *Shepheards*, now, are they  
 That fleece us, and endeavor to betray  
 Our lives and freedoms. Those great men that be  
 Our neighbours (and can claime no more then we)  
 Would fell us : and, attempt to gaine a pow'r,  
 Whereby they may, at pleasure, us devoure :  
 And, had not we a King, as loth to make  
 His people slaves, as from himfelfe to take  
 His lawfull right ; (or, were there not some lett  
 Vnheeded, which is unremoved yet)  
 E're this (and justly too) the hand of heaven  
 Into perpetuall bondage us had given.  
 And, if we do not more Gods will regard,  
 That mischief is but for a time deferr'd.

Our *King* is just and mercifull ; and tho  
 Some may (with loyall, and a gilded shew  
 Of pious equity) a while assay  
 To lead his judgement in his youth astray ;  
 Yet, God (I hope) will keep him so, that he  
 Shall still be just, (though we ungodly be)  
 And, make him in the fittest houre expresse  
 His royall *Judgement*, and his *Righteousnesse* :

But, if God should from us, (as God forbid)  
 Take him, as once he good *Iofiah* did,

& 2

He

He also will (unlesse we mend) perchance,  
 In times to come, a *Shepherd* here advance,  
 Who shall not plead for what his *Youngmen* say  
 Is just ; but, take the same, perforce, away.  
 An Idoll *Shepherd*, who shall neither care  
 To find or seek, for those that strayed are ;  
 Nor guard the *Lambs* ; nor cure what hath a wound ;  
 Nor cherish those that firme to him are found ;  
 But, take the fat, and rob them of their fleeces ;  
 And eate their flesh ; and break their bones in peeces.

More *Signes* I might, as yet, commemorate,  
 To shew Gods *patience* is nigh out of date.  
 But, these are signes enough, and so apparant,  
 That twenty more will give no better warrant  
 To what I speake. Yet, if these false appeare,  
 That's one signe more, our *fall* approacheth neere.

Be mindfull, therefore, while it is *to Day* ;  
 And, let no good occasion slip away.  
 Now rend your hearts, ye *Britains*, wash & rinse them  
 From all corruption : from all evill cleanse them.  
 Goe offer up the pleasing sacrifice  
 Of *Righteousnesse* : from folly turne your eyes.  
 Seeke peace, and follow it, with strict pursuit :  
 Relieve the needy ; Iudgement execute :  
 Refresh the weary ; right the fatherlesse :  
 The strangers, and the widowes wants redresse :  
 Give praise to God ; depend with lowly faith,  
 On him ; and what his holy *Spirit* faith :  
 Remember what a price thy ransome cost ;  
 And, now redeeme the time that thou hast lost.

Returne, returne thou (oh back-sliding Nation)  
 And, let thy teares prevent thy desolation.  
 As yet, thou maist returne ; for, Gods embrace  
 Is open for thee, if thou hast the grace,

To

To give it meeting. Yet, repentance may  
Prevent the mischiefes of that evill day,  
Which here is menace'd: yet, thou maist have peace,  
And by discreet endeavoring, encrease  
Each outward grace, and ev'ry inward thing,  
Which will additions to thy comfort bring.

If this thou doe; these fearfull threatnings all,  
(Repeated here) to mercies change he shall.  
We cannot say, it will excuse thee from  
All chastisement; or that no blow shall come.  
For, peradventure, thou so long hast bin  
Vnpenitent, that some *loud-ering-sin*  
Hath wak'd that *Vengeance*, which upon thy crimes  
Must fall (as once in *Jeremiahs* times)  
Without prevention; to exemplifie  
Gods hate of sin to all posterity.

But, sure we are, that if he doth not stay  
His threatned hand, the stroke that he doth lay  
Will fall the lighter; and become a blessing,  
Thy future joyes, and vertues more encreasing,  
Then all that large prosperity and rest  
Which thou, so long together, hast possessest.

God (with a *writers inke horne*) one hath sent,  
To set a *marke* on them that shall repent;  
And bids him promise in his *Name*, that they  
Who shall (recanting) leave their evill way,  
And in their hearts, bewaile the grievous crimes,  
And miseries of *Sion*, in their times;  
That they shall be secure, and saved from  
The hand of these *Destroyers*, which must come:  
Or else by their destruction find a way  
To that repairing which will ne're decay.

Yea thou, oh *Britaine*! if thou couldst reforme  
Thy manners, might'st expell the dreadfull storme

& 3

Now

Now threatned ; and thy foes (who triumph would,  
 The ruine of thy glory to behold.  
 And jeere thee when thou fallest) soone shall see  
 Thy God returning, and avenging thee  
 On their insultings : yea, with angry blowes  
 He would effect their shamefull overthrowes,  
 Or turne their hearts. For when from sin men cease,  
 God makes their enemies, and them, at peace.

Moreover, thou shalt have in thy possessing,  
 Each inward grace, and ev'ry outward blessing ;  
 Thy fruitfull *Herds* shall in rich pastures feed ;  
 Thy foile shall plentifully encrease thy feed ;  
 Thy Flock, shall neither Shepherds want, nor meate ;  
 Cleane provander, thy stabled beast shall eate ;  
 There shall be Rivers in thy Dales ; and Fountaines  
 Vpon the tops of all thy noblest Mountaines :  
 The *Moone* shall cast upon thee beames as bright  
 As now the *Sunne* ; and with a sevenfold light  
 The *Sun* shall blesse thee. He that reignes in thee,  
 To all his people reconcil'd shall be ;  
 And they shall find themselves no whit deceived,  
 In those good hopes which are of him conceived :  
 But he, (and they, who shall his throne possesse  
 When he is gone) shall reigne in righteousnesse ;  
 And be more carefull of thy weale (by far)  
 Then parents of their childrens profits are.

Thy *Magistrates*, with wifdome shall proceed  
 In all that shall be counsell'd or decreed.  
 As *Harbours*, when it blows tempestuously ;  
 As *Rivers*, unto places over dry ;  
 As *Shadowes* are to men oppress'd with heat ;  
 As to a hungry stomach, wholsome meat ;  
 To thee, so welcome, and as much contenting,  
 Thy *Nobles* will become, on thy repenting.

Thy

Thy *Priests* shal preach true doctrine in thy *Tēples* ;  
 And make it fruitfull by their good examples.  
 Thy God, with righteousnesse shall them aray,  
 And heare and answer them, when they do pray.  
 Thy eyes, that much are blinded, shall be cleare ;  
 Thy eares, that yet are deafned, then shall heare ;  
 Thy tongue, that stāmers now, shall then speak plain ;  
 Thy heart shall perfect understanding gaine ;  
 The preaching of the *Gospell* shall encrease ;  
 Thy God shall make thy comforts and thy peace,  
 To flow as doth a River ; they who plant,  
 The blessing of their labour shall not want ;  
 Thy poorest people shall at full be fed ;  
 The meek, shall of no tyrant stand in dread ;  
 Thou shalt have grace and knowledge, to avoid  
 Those things, whereby thy rest may be annoyd ;  
 Thou shalt possesse thy wished blessings all ;  
 And, God shall heare thee still before thou call.

But, as a *Chime*, whose frets disord'red grow,  
 Can never cause it selfe in tune to goe,  
 Nor chime at all, untill some cunning hand  
 Doth make the same againe in order stand :  
 Or, as the *Clock*, whose plummetts are not weight,  
 Strikes sometimes one for three, and fixe for eight ;  
 So fareth it with men and kingdomes all,  
 When once from their integrity they fall.  
 They may their *motion* hurry out of frame,  
 But have no pow'r to rectifie the same.  
 That curious hand which first those pieces wrought,  
 Must mend them still ; or they will still be nought.

To thee I therefore now my speech convert,  
 Thou famous *Artist*, who Creator art  
 Of heav'n and earth, and of those goodly *spheres*,  
 That now have whirled many thousand yeares,  
 & 4 (And

(And shall untill thy pleasure gives it ending)  
 In their perpetuall *motion*, without mending.  
 Oh ! be thou pleased, by thy pow'rfull hand,  
 To fet in order this depraved *Land*.

Our whole *foundation, Lord*, is out of course ;  
 And ev'ry thing still groweth worse and worse ;  
 The way that leads quite from thee, we have tooke ;  
 Thy *Covenant*, and all thy *Lawes* are broke ;  
 In mischiefs, and in folly, is our pleasure ;  
 Our crying sins have almost fill'd their measure ;  
 Yet, ev'ry day we adde a new transgression,  
 And still abuse thy favour and compassion.

Our *Governors*, our *Prelats*, and our *Nobles*,  
 Have by their sins encrease, encreast our troubles.  
 Our *Priests*, and all the *People*, have misgone ;  
 All kind of evill deeds, we all have done.  
 We have not lived as those meanes of grace  
 Require, which thou hast granted to this place :  
 But rather worse then many who have had  
 Lesse helps then we, of being better made.  
 No Nation under heav'n so lewd hath bin,  
 That had so many warnings for their sin,  
 And such perpetuall *callings* on, as we,  
 To leave our wickednesse, and turne to thee.  
 Yet, we in stead of turning, further went ;  
 And when thy *Mercies* and thy *Plagues* were sent  
 To pull us backe ; they seldome wrought our stay,  
 Or moved to repentance one whole day.  
 No blessing, no affliction, hath a pow'r  
 To move compunction in us, for one houre,  
 Vnlesse thou worke it. All that I can speake  
 (And all that I have spoken) till thou breake  
 And mollifie the heart, will fruitlesse be,  
 Not onely in my hearers, but in me.

If



If thou prepare not way for more esteeme  
 All these *Remembrances* will foolish seeme.  
 Nay these, in stead of moving to repent,  
 Will indignation move and discontent ;  
 Which will mens hardned hearts obdurate more,  
 And make their fault much greater then before.

Vnlesse thou give a blessing, I may strive  
 As well to make a marble stone alive,  
 As to effect my purpose : yea, all this  
 Like wholesome counsell to a mad man is,  
 And, I for my good meaning shall be torne  
 In pieces, or exposed be to scorne.  
 For, they against thy word doe stop their eare ;  
 And, wilde in disobedience, will not heare.

In this, we all confesse our selves to blame,  
 And that we therefore have deserved shame.  
 Yea, Lord we doe acknowledge, that for this  
 There nothing else to us pertaining is,  
 (Respecting our owne worth) but desolation,  
 And finall footing out, without compassion.

But gracious God, though such our merit be,  
 Yet, mercy still pertaineth unto thee.  
 To thee the act of pard'ning and forgiving,  
 As much belongs (oh Father everliving)  
 As plagues to us : and it were better far  
 Our sinnes had lesse then their deservings are,  
 Then that thy Clemency should be outgone,  
 By all the wickednesse that can be done.

As well as theirs whose lives now left them have,  
 Thou canst command those bodies from the grave,  
 Who stink, and putrifie, and buried be  
 In their corruption. Such, oh Lord ! are we.  
 Oh ! call us from this grave ; and shew thy pow'r  
 Vpon this much polluted *Land* of our,

& 5

Which

Which is not only sick of works unholy,  
But almost dead and buried in her folly.

Forgive us all our slips, our negligences,  
Our sins of knowledge, and our ignorances ;  
Our daring wickednesse ; our bloody crimes ;  
And all the fault of past and present times.  
Permit not thy just wrath to burne for ever ;  
In thy displeasure doe not still persevere ;  
But, call us from that pit of *Death*, and *Sin*,  
And from that path of Hell which we are in.

Remember, that this *Vineyard* hath a *Vine*,  
Which had her planting by that hand of thine.  
Remember, when from *Egypt* thou remov'dst it,  
With what entire affection, then, thou lov'dst it.  
How thou didst weed and dresse it heretofore ;  
How thou didst fence it from the Forrest Bore ;  
And think, how sweet a vintage then it brought,  
When thy first worke upon her thou hadst wrought :

Remember, that without thy daily care,  
The choicest plants, soone wilde and fruitlesse are ;  
And, that as long as thou dost prune and dresse,  
The sowrest *Vine* shall bring a sweet encrease.

Remember, also *Lord*, how still that *Foe*,  
Who first pursued us, doth seek to sow  
His tares among thy wheat ; and to his pow'r,  
Break downe thy fence, and trample, and devour  
The feeds of grace, as soone as they doe sprout ;  
And is too strong, for us to keep him out.

Oh ! let not him prevaile, such harme to do us,  
As he desires, but, Lord, returne unto us  
Returne in mercy. Though thou find us slack  
To come our selves, fetch, draw, and pull us back  
From our owne courses, by thy grace divine,  
And fet, and keep us, in each way of thine.

W

We from our foes have saved beene by thee ;  
And in thy love, oh Lord ! triumphed we.  
But now behold, disgrac'd thou throw'st us by,  
And we before our adversaries flye.  
At us our neighb'ring Nations laugh and jeere,  
And, us they scorne, whom late we made to feare.  
Oh God arise, reject us not for aye ;  
No longer hide from us thy face away :  
But, come, oh come with speed to give us aid,  
And let us not be lost though we have straid.

Vouchsafe that ev'ry one in his degree,  
The secret errors of his life may see ;  
And, in his lawfull calling, all his dayes,  
Performe his Christian duty, to thy praise.  
Give peace this troublous age ; for, perilous  
The times are growne, and no man fights for us  
But thou oh God ! nor do we seek or crave,  
That any other *Champion* we may have.  
Nay give us troubles, if thy will be so,  
That we may have thy strength to beare them too ;  
And in affliction thee more glorifie,  
Then heretofore in our prosperity.

For when thy countenance on us did shine,  
Those Lands that boasted of their corne and wine,  
Had not that joy which thou didst then inspire,  
When we were boyld and fryde, in blood and fire.

Oh ! give againe that joy, although it cost us  
Our lives. Restore thou what our sin hath lost us.  
Thy *Church*, in these Dominions Lord preserve  
In purity : and teach us thee to serve  
In holinesse and righteousnesse, untill  
We shall the number of our dayes fulfill.  
Defend these *Kingdomes* from all overthrowes,  
By forraine enemies, or home-bred foes.

Our *King* with ev'ry grace and vertue bleſſe,  
 Which may thine honour and his owne encrease.  
 Inflame our *Nobles* with more love and zeale,  
 To thy true *Spouſe*, and to this *Common-weale*.  
 Inſpire our *Clergie* in their feveral places,  
 With knowledge, and all ſanctifying graces;  
 That by their lives and doctrines they may reare  
 Thoſe parts of *Syon*, which decayed are.  
 Awake this *People*, give them ſoules that may  
 Beleeve thy word, and thy commands obey.  
 The *Plagues* deſerv'd already, ſave them from.  
 More watchfull make them, in all times to come.  
 For bleſſings paſt, let hearty thanks be given.  
 For preſent ones, let ſacrifice to heav'n  
 Be daily offred up. For what is needing  
 (Or may be uſeſull in the time ſucceeding)  
 Let faithfull prayers to thy throne be ſent,  
 With hearts and hands upright and innocent:  
 And let all this the better furthred be,  
 Through theſe *Remembrances*, now brought by me.

For which high favour, and emboldning thus  
 My ſpirit, in a time ſo dangerous;  
 For chuſing me, that am ſo deſpicable,  
 To be employed in this honorable  
 And great employment (which I more eſteeme,  
 Then to be crowned with a *Diadem*)  
 For thy enabling me in this *Embaffage*;  
 For bringing to concluſion this my *Meſſage*;  
 For ſparing of my life, when thouſands dy'd,  
 Before, behind me, and on ev'ry ſide;  
 For ſaving of me many a time ſince then,  
 When I had forfeited my ſoule agen:  
 For all thoſe griefes and poverties, by which  
 I am in better things made great, and rich,

Then

Then all that wealth and honor brings man to,  
Wherewith the world doth keepe so much adoe :  
For all which thou to me on earth hast given ;  
For all, which doth concerne my hopes of heaven ;  
For these, and those innumerable graces,  
Vouchsafed me, at sundry times, and places,  
(Vnthought upon) unfained praise I render :  
And, for a living sacrifice, I tender  
To thee (oh God) my body, soule, and all,  
Which mine I may, by thy donation, call.

Accept it blessed *Maker*, for his sake  
Who did this offering acceptable make,  
By giving up himselfe. Oh ! looke thou not  
Vpon those blemishes which I have got  
By naturall corruption ; or by those  
Polluted acts which from that ulcer flowes.  
According to my skill, I have enroll'd  
Thy *Mercies* ; and thy *Iustice* I have told.  
I have not hid thy workings in my brest ;  
But as I could, their pow'r I have exprest.  
Among our great assemblies, to declare  
Thy will and pleasure, loe, I doe not feare :  
And though by Princes I am checkt and blamed ;  
To speake the truth, I am no whit ashamed.  
Oh ! shew thou, Lord, thy mercy so to me,  
And let thy Love and Truth, my guardians be.

Forgive me all the follies of my youth ;  
My faulty deeds ; the errors of my mouth ;  
The wandrings of my heart, and ev'ry one  
Of those good workes that I have left undone.  
Forgive me all wherein I did amiffe,  
Since thou employd'st me in performing this :  
My *doubtings* of thy calling me unto it ;  
My *feares*, which oft disheartned me to doe it ;

My

BRITTAN'S

My *sloth*, my *negligences*, my *evasions*,  
 And my deferring it, on vaine occasions,  
 When I had vowed that no worke of mine,  
 Should take me up, till I had finisht thine.  
 Lord, pardon this ; and let no future sin,  
 Nor what already hath committed bin,  
 Prophane this *Worke* ; or caufe the fame to be  
 The lesse effectual to this land, or me.  
 But to my selfe (oh Lord) and others, let it  
 So moving be, that we may ne're forget it.  
 Let not the evill, nor the good effect  
 It takes, or puffe me up, or me deject :  
 Or make me thinke that I the better am,  
 Because I tell how others are to blame :  
 But, let it keep me in a Christian feare,  
 Still humbly heedfull what my actions are.  
 Let all those *observations* I have had,  
 Of others errors, be occasions made  
 To mind me of mine owne. And, lest I erre,  
 Let ev'ry man be my *Remembrancer* ;  
 With so much charity, as I have fought  
 To bring their duties more into their thought.  
 And, if in any sin I linger long,  
 Without repentance ; Lord, let ev'ry tongue  
 That names me, check me for it : and, to me  
 Become, what I to others faine would be.  
 Oh ! let me not be like those busie *broomes*,  
 Which having clenfed many nasty roomes,  
 Doe make themselves the fouller : but sweet *Father*,  
 Let me be like the precious *Diamond* rather,  
 Which doth by polishing another stone,  
 The better shape and lustre, set upon  
 His owne rough body. Let my life be such,  
 As that mans ought to be, who knoweth much

Of

Of thy good pleasure. And, most awfull God,  
 Let none of those, who spread of me abroad  
 Vnjust reports, the Devills purpose gaine,  
 By making these my warnings prove in vaine  
 To those that heare them : but let such disgraces,  
 Reflect with shame upon their Authors faces,  
 Till they repent. And let their scandall serve  
 Within my heart true *meeknesse* to preserve ;  
 And that *humility*, which else, perchance,  
*Vaine glory*, or some naturall arrogance  
 Might overthrow, if I should think upon  
 (With carnal thoughts) some good my lines have done

Restraine, moreover, them who out of pride,  
 Or ignorance, this Labour shall deride  
 Make them perceive, who shall prefer a story  
 Composd for some temporall friends glory,  
 Before those Poems which thy works declare,  
 That vaine and witleffe their opinions are :  
 And if by thee I was appointed, Lord,  
 Thy *Iudgements* and thy *Mercies* to record,  
 (As here I do) for thou thy mark on those ;  
 Who shall despightfully the same oppose :  
 And let it publicly be seene of all,  
 Till of their malice they repent them shall.

As I my conscience have discharged here,  
 Without concealing ought for love, or feare ;  
 From furious men let me preserved be,  
 And from the scorne of fooles, deliver me.  
 Vouchsafe at length some comforting refection,  
 According to the yeares of my affliction.  
 On me, for good, some *token* please to show,  
 That they who see it, may thy bounty know ;  
 Rejoyce, with fellow-feeling of the fame,  
 And joyne with me, in praising of thy *Name*.

And

And left (oh Lord!) some weake ones may despise  
 My words, because of such necessities,  
 As they have brought upon me, by their spight,  
 Who to my *Studies* have beene opposite :  
 Oh ! give me that which may sufficient be,  
 To make them know that I have served thee.  
 And that my labours are by thee regarded,  
 Although they seeme not outwardly rewarded.

Those *Honors*, or that *Wealth*, I doe not crave,  
 Which they affect, who most endeavored have  
 To please the *World*. I onely aske to gaine  
 But *food* and *rayment*, Lord, for all my paine ;  
 And that the slaunders, and the poverties,  
 Wherewith my patience thou shalt exercise,  
 Make not these *Lines*, or me, become a scorne,  
 Nor leave me to the world-ward, quite forlorne.

Yet, in preferring of this humble *Suit*,  
 I make not my request so absolute,  
 As that I will capitulate, or tye  
 To such conditions, thy dread *Majesty*.  
 For, if to honour but an earthly *Prince*  
 My *Muse* had sung ; it had beene impudence  
 To prompt his bounty ; or, to doubt he might  
 Forget to doe my honest Labours right.

Doe therefore as thou pleasest : only give  
 Thy *Servant* grace contentedly to live,  
 And to be thankfull, whatsoever shall  
 In this my weary *Pilgrimage* befall.

Such things thou dost command me to require,  
 With earnest, and an absolute desire :  
 With which I come : beseeching I may finde  
 Thy love continue, though none else be kinde ;  
 That blessednesse eternall I may get,  
 Though all I lose on earth, to compasse it ;

And



And that, at last, when my accompt is eaven,  
My payment may be summon'd up in heaven.

*Lord, this will please me : call me quickly thither,  
And pay me there my wages all together :  
Not that which mine by merit seemes to be ;  
But, what by thy meere grace is due to me.*

## The Conclusion.

*S*O now (though not so fully as I ought)  
My Vow is paid ; and to an end is brought  
This worke, for which God pleas'd my life to spare,  
When thousands round about me slaughtred were.  
Now, live or dye I care not : for I see  
But little usefullnesse, or need of me.

*Because none knowes what God may call him to ;  
I will not say precisely what I'll doe :  
But, in this kind of musing, to endeavor,  
Or be employ'd againe, I purpose never.  
For, if this profit not, it will be vaine  
For me to strike upon this string againe.*

*If these doe not prevaile, I shall suppose,  
Words are not wanting here so much as blowes :  
And that the filthy will be filthy still,  
Till they the measure of their sin fulfill :  
Or, that God will to free us from pollution,  
Put some unusuall Plague in execution.*

*Which to prevent, to him I'll humbly pray,  
And, whilst I live, endeavor what I may  
My Countries welfare ; seeking meanes to finde,  
To spend for her availe, my dayes behinde ;  
And lab'ring so, my Talent to employ,  
That I may come into my Masters joy.  
And, though (when all is done which I am able)  
My service will be but unprofitable :*

*Yet,*

## The Conclusion.

*Yet, still I will be doing, that, when he  
Shall come, I be not idle found to be.*

*If any blame what is or shall be done ;  
My Conscience knoweth I would injure none ;  
And that I doe not meddle further, than  
Becommeth me that am a private man.  
Though otherwise it seeme to those who weigh not  
When private men may speake, and when they may not.*

*The building of a Towne we doe preferre  
Vnto the Mafon and the Carpenter ;  
But, when it is on fire, we care not who  
Doth come to quench it, so the same he doe.  
And, though in settled times, the Statutes awe  
The ruder sort, sometime there's Martiall-Law.*

*Tis true indeed, that ordinary times,  
And those that are but ordinary crimes,  
May by the Common Iustice be amended,  
And should not be by others reprehended ;  
Except it be in termes, respecting all  
States, persons, times, and sin in generall.  
Yet (as King David sayes) If overthrowne  
Foundations be ; what then amisse is done,  
By honest men, if God to shew our fall,  
Shall some, in extraordinary, call ?*

*We now have those that neither stand in awe  
Of ordinary Magistrate, or Law.  
Nay, Law is made a mockage, and a scorne,  
And, they who have appointed beene, and sworne  
To judge us by the Lawes, deny their pow'r,  
Except, when they may serve them to deuoure.  
We now have sinners, who are got above  
The reach of men appointed to reprove  
In ordinary course. Yea, sins have we,  
Which brook not, toucht, or mentioned to be :*

*No not so much as pray'd against, through feare  
Of angring those that their wel willers are.  
And, this great impudency daily growes  
So strong, that all our freedoms we shall lose,  
And Natures Lawes e're long will all be broken,  
If none should speake; and therefore I have spoken.*

*And, if for this I may not live as free  
As I was borne (and as I ought to be)  
I hope to dye, doe malice what it can,  
An honest and a constant Englishman,  
Whose fall shall be no blemish to his Name;  
But, infamy to those, who caus'd the same.*

*But, suffer this (will Politicians dreame)  
And, such a president will hearten them  
To libellize, who wanting grace, and reason,  
Divulge their sharp-fang'd Poems out of season:  
And they who Write for nothing but to show  
Their spleens, or that the world may come to know  
Their Faculty, mens persons may abuse,  
And brave it thus, their boldnesse to excuse.*

*But, what is this to me? (If others will  
Because I have done well, be doing ill)  
Let them and those, whom thereby they offend  
About that matter, by themselves contend.  
Tis fit for sober men their swords to weare,  
Although by drunkards they abused are.  
Which freedom I, have claim'd, and us'd you see;  
And from the claime will never beaten be.*

*In ev'ry Worke some passage will discover  
To knowing men, what was the chiefeſt moover:  
Which they who have the Spirit of discerning,  
Should marke; for, tis a matter worth the learning.  
And, when they find an Author should be ſhent,  
Let him receive his worthy chaſtiſement.*

*But,*

## The Conclusion.

*But, when his paines deserveth a reward.  
Afflict him not, though him you nought regard.  
A Libeller is impudently bold,  
When he hath Times, or Patrons to uphold  
His biting Straines; and foone is he descry'd;  
For he, to strike all faults, is terrifi'd:  
And feares what perills may his act attend,  
If none he knowes save God to be his Friend.  
But, they who have my minde, will be so far  
From feare to write, although you doe not spare  
To punish me, that they will write the more;  
Make up the summe that wanteth on my score;  
And reprehensions forth so loud will thunder,  
That at your follies times to come will wonder.  
For, outward hopes, have not my tongue unloof'd,  
Nor can my mouth by outward feares be clos'd  
What I have done is done: and I am eas'd,  
And glad, how ever others will be pleas'd.  
Let them who shall peruse it, praise, or laugh,  
Revile, or scoffe, or threat, or sweare, or chafe,  
All's one to me; So I within be still,  
Without me, let men keepe what noise they will.  
For, sure I am, though they my flesh confound,  
The soule, I seeke to save, shall still be found.  
And this I know; that nor the brutish rages  
Of this now present, or succeeding Ages,  
Shall root this Poeme out; but, that to all  
Ensuing times, the same continue shall,  
To be perused in this Land, as long  
As here they shall retaine the English tongue:  
Or, while there shall be Errors, and offences,  
Disorders, Discords, Plagues, or Pestilences.  
And, if our evils we depart not from,  
Before the day of our destruction come,*

*This*

*This Book shall to the times that follow show,  
 What sins they were which caus'd our overthrow :  
 And testifie to others (for their learning)  
 That Vengeance did not seize us without warning.*

*If they who know the state of this our Land,  
 Can justly say that her Affaires doe stand  
 In such a posture as was ordinary ;  
 Or, that these Times the face doe seeme to cary  
 Which they have had : or, if they see not here,  
 More wants, more doubts, and terrors, then there were :  
 Or, if this Message (whatsoe're succedeth )  
 Be more (or more insisted on) then needeth :  
 Or, if it giveth any just suspicion  
 That thence may spring occasions of sedition ;  
 Nay if that all my Readers may not gather  
 Good motives thence, to stop sedition, rather ;  
 And such like meanes of rectifying that  
 Which is, or may be harmfull to the State :  
 Let me be strictly questioned, and blamed,  
 And censur'd too ; as one that hath defamed  
 Or injured his Country. Or, if they  
 Who shall peruse this Booke, can truly say,  
 That I have caused this REMEMBRANCE  
 To speake like ev'ry vulgar Messenger ;  
 If any circumstance can prove, I bend  
 My purposes, to worke my private end ;  
 Or, that I persons scandalize, or flatter ;  
 Or that I in the manner, or the matter,  
 Resemble such a Pamphleter, as fears  
 The losing of his liberties, or eares :  
 Or, that I speake like them who railing come,  
 They neither care at what, nor yet at whom,  
 So they may raile ; Or, if I have not shewed  
 My Messages from such a Spirit flow'd,*

*As*

## The Conclusion.

*As is well knowne unto him, and whereby  
He can defend them, with good warrantie :  
If these, or ought like these things may be said,  
(To prove the part of an Impostor plaid)  
Let him who thinks he can unmask me, strive  
To do it, and as he shall doe, beleve.*

*But if they find (which doubtlesse they shall find)  
Who view this Poeme with a single minde)  
That I have here delivered things exceeding  
My meanes of knowledge, or my helps of breeding,  
So far, as that my Readers cannot chuse  
But know some pow'r divine did them infuse :  
If they shall find, by my confessions here,  
That I am subject to the selfe same feare  
Which others feelee ; and yet have dared more  
In some respects, then others heretofore :  
If they perceive, that I did oft desire  
Through frailty, from this action to retire ;  
And, that I had a supernaturall Will,  
My naturall Desires resisting still,  
And forcing me, ev'n in my owne despight,  
That matter of this Volume to endite :  
If they perceive, as well perceive they may,  
That I had many lets within my way,  
So cumbersome, as made the Work appeare  
Scarce possible, to him that willing were ;  
And, how God made such hindrances become  
More helpfull at the last, then troublesome.*

*If they observe, how when my fortunes all  
At hazard lay (and were to stand or fall  
According to their wils, who may, with me,  
For this, if God forbid not, angry be)  
That I, though many did the same condemne,  
Did (this to finish) quite give over them,*

*Which*

*Which then I might have settled; had I thought  
Gods kingdome ought not first to have been fought.*

*If they did know how well I know the rage,  
The sottishnesse, and malice of this age;  
How little conscience some doe make to kill,  
Oppresse, or ruinate, to get their will;  
Or what small meanes, or hope of friends I have,  
My body from their violence to save:*

*If these, and such like things as these were heeded,  
All these preventions should not now have needed:  
For, they would see, this had not bene effected,  
Vnlesse Gods hand had strengthned and directed:  
And they who else my person may contemne,  
Would feare, that they in me would injure him.*

*I know, some please to say, that thus I vent  
Bold words; because I seeke imprisonment:  
As if to me thereby there might arise  
A profit, by conceal'd Gratuities.*

*Thus many Schismaticks indeed have done,  
And honest men and women prey'd upon,  
To charities abuse: But, God doth know  
That yet with me it never hath bene so:  
But that my heart both scornes and hates to be  
So false and base, as these doe censure me.*

*I doe, and will confesse unto the praise  
Of him, who unto me my friends did raise,  
That when I did, in thrall oppressed grow,  
With wants, which none but God and I did know;  
And was mew'd up so close, that to no friend,  
I might a Prayer, or Petition send,  
But unto God: he mov'd the hearts of some  
To send me succour: And, I vow, to whom,  
Except to him, I should my thanks repay,  
(For much thereof) I know not to this day.*

*It*

## The Conclusion.

*It was enough to show me, that God will  
In all extreames, provide things needfull still.  
And decently and well did it suffice  
In my restraint, for all necessities.  
But, whatsoe're some thinke, I brought not forth  
Into the world with we, one farthing worth  
Above my charge : but, there just eaven made  
Of all which from Gods bountious hand I had.  
For, what was more then serv'd to set me free,  
I gave to others, as he gave to me.  
Which, not in boast, I mention ; but, I speake  
The truth, that this the more effect may take.*

*A foolish policie in me it were  
( For such a base uncertainty as here  
Objected is ) to venture as I doe  
The losse of that which I had reacht unto  
E're now : had this beene left, to settle that  
Which doth concerne my temporall estate.*

*The King hath showne me favour : at this houre,  
I doe not know that man, of Name, or pow'r  
Whose person I envy or disaffect,  
Or whom of any malice I suspect  
To me or mine : with me they all are friends,  
That were at odds ; and to attaine my ends  
In my Affaires, I never had a day  
So probable as now, if I would stay  
This Message : and perchance, this bring me shall  
In all my outward hopes unto a fall ;  
Yet, this shall first be told, that you may see,  
My Hopes are greater, then my Feares can be ;  
And that it may be knowne, I doe disclaime  
Those ends, at which most thinke I basely aime.  
These Arguments, as such like words as may  
Anticipate, I here beforehand, say ;*

*Not*



*Not that I thinke it possible, by them  
 To change their mindes that will this Book contemne,  
 For, tis not in the pow'r of Argument,  
 Or words, to make the wilfull provident.  
 It lieth not in honest protestations  
 To overthrow malicious combinations ;  
 No nor in Miracles, till God shall please  
 ( Who of all hearts doth keepe the locks and keyes,  
 To shut and open them.) For they that heard  
 And liv'd to see fulfill'd, what was declar'd  
 By Ieremy againſt Ierusalem ;  
 His counsell they did natheleſſe contemne,  
 When he their flight to Ægypt did oppoſe ;  
 And ſo became of their owne overthrowes  
 The wilfull cauſe. Nay, when our Saviour ſpake  
 To Iudas, and that Band which came to take  
 His perſon ; to the ground thoſe men he ſtrooke  
 Ev'n with his voice : and, on the Croſſe, he ſhooke  
 The Earth, and rent the Temple with his cry ;  
 Yet, that and all the reſt was paſſed by  
 Of moſt beholders, as if they had beene  
 Unſenſible of what was heard and ſeene.  
 I therefore, theſe Preventions doe inſert,  
 To aggravate the hardneſſe of their heart  
 Who ſhall be obſtinate. And here declare  
 What may be ſaid or done, e're done they are ;  
 That all may know, when ſuch things come to paſſe  
 Nought fals on me, but what expected was ;  
 And that the better working this may have  
 On thoſe who ſhall Gods Meſſages receive  
 By this Remembrancer. For, God hath ſent,  
 Though I (unworthy) am his inſtrument.  
 Him, unadviſedly compos'd I not,  
 Nor was he by a miracle begot.*

\*

To

## The Conclusion.

*To fit him for this purpose ; I have thrice  
Imprisonment endur'd : Clofe-prison twice.  
Much trouble I have past which thence ensu'd ;  
Through wants and slaunders not a few I seru'd ;  
And, being guarded by Gods Providence,  
I lately walked through the Pestilence,  
And saw, and felt, what Nature doth abhor,  
To harden me, and to prepare me for  
This Worke. And therefore he, who thinks he shall  
With his big lookes or speeches me appall,  
Must look more grim then Death ; more ugly, far,  
Then Vizards, or the shapes of Devils are ;  
Breathe ranker poison then a plague fill'd grave ;  
And stamp, and rore, and teare, and stare, and rave,  
More dreadfully, and louder then a man  
Infected with six Pestilences can :  
Else, I (to play with terrors being borne)  
Shall laugh both him and all he doth, to scorne.  
And, though I may, perchance (as did the best  
Of all Gods children when they were oppress'd)  
Sometime bewaile my suffrings, or declare  
That I doe feele them when their waight I beare ;  
Yet murmur will I not, at what is laid  
Vpon me, neither seeke to flesh for aid.  
By what's here done, may trouble come vpon me ;  
But, not performing it, had quite undone me :  
Since, I through feare of what the world may doe,  
Neglected had, what God had call'd me to.  
For, of his calling me, the meanes and wayes  
Whereby my weaknesse he to this did raise,  
Vnquestionable evidence doe give.  
And, they who doe not, yet, the same beleeeve,  
Will think the same, perhaps, when they shall see  
Themselves enclosed with new Plagues to be.*

Thus

*Thus I beleeving, and considering,  
 What fearlesnesse this act therewith doth bring,  
 ( With what assurances, I doe possesse )  
 Me thinks it were a matchlesse wickednesse  
 To disobey. Yea sure, I more in that  
 Wrong'd God, then I shall seeme to wrong the State,  
 In uttring what some few are loth to heare.  
 However divers thinke; this is my feare.  
 Yea, to my soule, so horrible a thing  
 The wilfull disobeying that great King  
 Appeared hath; that, never should I sleepe  
 In peace againe, if I did silence keepe.  
 And therefore, neither all the royall graces  
 Of Kings; nor gifts, nor honourable places,  
 Should stop my mouth. Nor would I smother this,  
 Though twenty Kings had fworne that I should kisse  
 The Gallowes for it: lest my Conscience should  
 Torment me more, then all men living could.*

*Yea, though this minde were but my ignorance,  
 Or fancy ( as it will be thought, perchance )  
 Yet, since this Fancy may present to me  
 As hideous feares, as things that reall be,  
 I'le hazard rather twenty deaths to dye,  
 Then to be tortur'd by my Fantasie.  
 For, I had rather in a dungeon dwell  
 Five yeares; then in my soule to feele a hell  
 Five minutes: and, so God will be my friend,  
 I shall not care how many I offend.*

*And, yet, ( now I remember ) troubled is  
 My heart a little, for one thing amisse  
 Which I have done. This Messenger hath bin  
 Long time kept out; and I did thrust him in  
 Without a Licence; lest he comming late,  
 Might shew you a Commission out of date.*

I

## The Conclusion.

*I could excuse the fact, and lay the crime  
Vpon the much disorder of the time :  
For, most men know, that in a Watch or Clocke  
When it is out of order once or broke,  
The wheeles that are unfaultie move awry  
As well as they in whom the faults doe lye.  
But, that you may not thinke I doe professe  
Against the State, as wholly mercilesse,  
Or that I thinke it nothing to misdoe  
Against good Order, though compell'd thereto ;  
For this I aske forgivenesse ; and submit,  
My selfe to them, who shall in judgement sit  
Vpon the fact. For which if I obtaine  
My Pardon, I shall humbly entertaine  
Their favours with my thankefullest respects,  
And, hope this Message will have good effects.  
If otherwise I finde ; my Body shall  
Be ready to subiect it selfe to all  
Their strictest Penalties : and when I am  
Enough afflicted for what is to blame  
In this, or me : I know, God will release  
By Body, or my Soule, againe in peace.  
To him alone, for Patronage, I run :  
Lord, let thy pleasure, and thy will be done.*

The glory be to God.

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**T**He faults escaped in the printing, wee had not such meanes to prevent, as we desired ; nor could we conveniently collect them, by reason of our hast, or hazard, and other interruptions : wee therefore leave them to be amended, censured, and winked at, according to the Readers courtesie or discretion.











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